



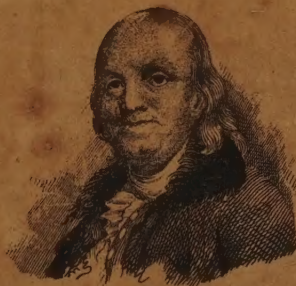






**BENNET'S**  
**GLASGOW MAGAZINE.**

Nº II. — AUGUST, 1832.



**GLASGOW:**

Printed and Published by

**WILLIAM BENNET & CO.,**

*at the Glasgow Free Press Office,*

**161, TRONGATE.**

Price One Shilling.

*Designed & Lithographed by D. Allan.*







*William M. G. Murray*

TO THE PUBLIC

**BENNET'S**

# GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

No. I.—JULY, 1832.

## CONTENTS.

|                                                           | Page. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| REVOLUTION OF 1832.....                                   | 1     |
| DIALOGUE WITH THE SHADE OF FRANKLIN.....                  | 9     |
| THE CALL OF ABRAM.....                                    | 13    |
| THE INDIAN.—NO. I.....                                    | 18    |
| A DAY IN JUNE.....                                        | 23    |
| NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—ASSASSINATION OF PERCEVAL..... | 26    |
| SCOTTISH PROVERBS.....                                    | 28    |
| HOW IS BRITAIN TO BE SAVED?.....                          | 30    |
| POLITICAL AND LITERARY COMMENTARY.....                    | 34    |
| MONTHLY REGISTER.....                                     | 39-56 |

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JULY, 1832.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

At length our vessel is launched! and the present is a specimen of her build and other qualities. We trust we shall be allowed here to quote, with a few alterations necessary in this stage of our progress, such passages from our Prospectus as explain the nature and object of our undertaking:—

BENNET'S GLASGOW MAGAZINE will be continued Monthly, Price only One Shilling, and will be published in the Office of the GLASGOW FREE PRESS Newspaper, on the last day of each successive month.

It will be chiefly devoted to the discussion of Politics, Commerce, and Literature; and will contain a full Record of Public Events, and of the State of Agriculture and Trade, in each successive Number; besides Notices of New Publications,—Lists of Markets, &c. &c.

In Politics, it will be fearless and impartial,—on Commercial subjects, it will strive to inculcate sound principles and disseminate useful information,—in Literature it will study to display refinement of taste, elevation of sentiment, and candour of opinion; and in its Monthly Register of Markets, Public Occurrences, Parliamentary Proceedings, State of Trade, &c., &c., it will spare neither expense nor labour to be comprehensive, correct, and interesting.

The Editor has been known to the public, by his labours as a Journalist, for several years past. While his present avocations afford him not sufficient leisure to enter upon any large specific work, requiring much lengthened research and abstract study, they yet allow him full opportunity to superintend and carry forward a Periodical of the kind here announced; and he is anxious to improve every spare moment he possesses, for the advancement of political and really useful knowledge,—of literary refinement,—and of moral and social virtue, among his countrymen. We are in the midst of a great crisis. The national mind, like Samson aroused from his fettered sleep, has burst through the old fallacies, and cast off many of the old pernicious prejudices, by which it has hitherto been bound. The present is the time for moulding it anew, and placing it in the path along which it may run a long career of improvement, happiness, and true glory. He, therefore, who is in the slightest degree capable of contributing to such a result, is neglectful of the best interests of his country and his kind, if at this moment he carelessly or indolently refrain from exertion.

The size and appearance of the MAGAZINE, will be observed from this its first Number. At the end of every year, an Index of its contents for the twelve months preceding will be given; so that each year's Series will form a goodly volume, complete in itself, and worthy, the Editor trusts, of being preserved, both as a general record and a guide to opinion, by every class of readers.

From its size and getting up, its great cheapness must at once be perceived. It contains, and will always contain, a much larger quantity of matter, in proportion, for ONE SHILLING, than the usual Magazines do for TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. The Editor trusts for remuneration to extensiveness of support,—the price being such, that even the poorest may be purchasers. He has a band of staunch and able friends, on whom he can depend for steady assistance as Contributors; and to the public,—to the intelligent and liberal of all classes, he looks for at least a courteous welcome, and an amount of patronage proportioned to their candid opinion of the merit he displays.

Glasgow, the Commercial Metropolis of Scotland, ought long ago to have had a well-supported Monthly Periodical, representing her intelligence, and paying due attention to the support of her general interests, as well as of those of the numerous Towns and important Counties that lie around her. Such a Periodical is now respectfully offered to her acceptance.

This much said, we hasten to commence our labours.

FREE PRESS OFFICE,  
Glasgow, 30th June, 1832. }

\* \* In the Prospectus we stated, that the amount of pages in each Number should be 48,—the utmost we then thought it likely our circulation would enable us to give. But, even at present, so extensive has been the patronage obtained, that we find we can with profit give HALF-A-SHEET MORE. The Magazine therefore contains, and will regularly contain *Fifty-six*, instead of *Forty-eight* pages; which will allow of it being much more diversified and generally interesting than it otherwise could have been.

We have also engaged an able literary friend in the Metropolis, to write for each Number a LONDON LETTER, containing a Political and Literary Commentary for the Month, which we trust will be found to add to our pages much additional value and lively interest.

### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Many valuable contributions have reached us too late for insertion in this Number: among others, those on "Improvements in Husbandry," the "Miller's Daughter of Malines," and "Isabella, a Tale of Spain." These, and several others, shall have places in our next.



# BENNET'S GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

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## REVOLUTION OF 1832.

LET no one start at the above title, and fancy that he sees in it more than it actually implies. Revolution, in its direct and simple sense, as relative to our present subject, means merely *a great change*, and it is as expressive of this meaning alone, that we here use it. No one will deny, that the triumph of Reform just obtained in this country, is a very great change indeed : hence the applicability to it of the term Revolution.

The two previous Revolutions, that stand parallel in British history to the present, are those of 1215, in which the Barons of England obtained the GREAT CHARTER from King John at Runnemede ; and of 1688, in which the final expulsion of the Stuarts took place, and William and Mary were called over from Holland, to occupy, on distinctly understood principles, the vacant Throne.

The difference in the nature of those two Revolutions and of the present, consists in this,—that they were brought about solely by, and for the benefit of, the Feudal Aristocracy ; that they were instances of power wrenched back by that Aristocracy from the Crown, which had in both cases usurped it ;—and that the present has been brought about solely by the people at large for the general good,—that the present is an instance of power wrenched from the Aristocracy, who had usurped it from both the Crown and the People.

At the time of the Norman invasion, the free laws of our Saxon ancestors were subverted, and Feudalism introduced in their stead. This latter system, the last tenacious root of which we have now happily destroyed, cannot be more concisely or accurately delineated, than in the following words of an able judicial writer\* of last century—

“ The Idea of a King, where the Feudal Law took place, is not that of a Chief Magistrate, or Governor ; but that of a Paramount Superior, having the whole Property of the Kingdom vested in him ; having his Vassals attached to him by Homage and Fealty, and supported by him out of the Produce of his Lands ; which makes a strict Connexion and Union betwixt them. The Idea of a Parliament, is that of a Court where all the King's Vassals are obliged to attend, for administrating of Justice, and for making Regulations to bind the whole Society.”

In this Parliament, according to its original constitution under the system above described, the King could do nothing but by and with the consent of his vassals, assembled to consult with him ; but in those times of violence and war, the Monarchs were perpetually exceeding this limited authority,—confiscating the estates of their Barons, often depriving them even of their lives ; and still more frequently exacting from them, for the support of their domestic extravagance, or military expeditions, much greater contributions

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\* See British Antiquities, p. 28. Ed. 1747.



than the Barons were bound to render by the terms of their suit and service. It was to free themselves from those intolerable grievances, that the Barons rose in arms in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and forced from King John the immortal Charter at Runnemedede.

Large bodies of men, opposed to only one whose ever-active motive is his own aggrandisement, are generally apt, after victory, to relax from the vigilance and energetic course of action that secured it to them, and thus, in a great measure, forego its beneficial consequences; the more especially, if no third body exist on the opposite extremity, to imbue them with the same fear of encroachment from beneath by which a Monarch is naturally actuated, and thus render their position one of necessary activity and watchfulness. This was the case with the Barons of Runnemedede. The Crown and their own Order, were at that time in effect the only real powers in the State. They were, consequently, in perpetual antagonism, without either jealousy or dread of a third party that might have proved troublesome to both. Hence, with the victory the Barons obtained, departed that prestige of their cause which had kept them together. They failed to follow up the victory to its legitimate consequences; mutual jealousies begot mutual coldness and quarrels; they soon were in a state of separation as at first; and the King, only a short while after he had signed the Charter, found himself in a condition to violate many of its most essential provisions.

It were needless to go minutely over the period intervening between the epoch we have been considering, and that of 1688. The only great point to be marked throughout all the civil and foreign wars, the changes of religion and of government, that occurred during that eventful period, is the importance to which the Commons, or Third Estate, gradually arose, and the consequent growing jealousy with which it came to be regarded by the two other Estates that had theretofore been pre-eminent. In order to counteract the power of the Nobles, it had long been the policy of the Crown to erect and foster towns, and, by incorporating these by Royal Charter, to render them direct vassals of the Crown, the same as the greater Barons, and call them up to Parliament to give additional weight and efficacy to the Royal will. This, in an especial manner, was the policy of the first and third Edwards; during whose brilliant reigns, in order the more readily to obtain supplies for the military enterprises in which they were almost constantly engaged, they conceded, with a liberal hand, many most important privileges to their subjects, and allowed the rights and powers of Parliament to acquire a definite and tangible shape, of the greatest consequence to its future legislative and coercive authority. Until within a little of this time, it had been the custom for all the King's vassals to attend personally on his summons in Parliament; but this being found inconvenient and burdensome, the smaller vassals were, like the Burgesses in towns, allowed to send representatives of their own number in their stead.\* Hence is to be traced the origin of a separate House of Commons in England,—a division of the general Parliament which we never had in Scotland; and as this separation of the lesser from the greater vassals in the business of legislation, is a matter of first-rate importance, it may be neither inappropriate nor uninteresting to relate the circumstances under which it took place.

Originally, the Parliaments were ambulatory, and were held sometimes in one principal town, sometimes in another, according to the place where the King might chance to be, and the local or general nature of the business to be transacted. The Spiritual and Temporal Barons, as well as the smaller ones, or their representatives, and also the representatives of towns, all sat and voted together in one House, presided over by the Monarch, or some one appointed as his Commissioner, or Deputy. It is generally agreed that the

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\* The Statute originating this system of representation in England has been lost; but it is supposed to have been enacted early in the reign of Henry III. The Statute to the same effect in Scotland, bears date 1427.

first instances of separation occurred in some of the lesser towns, where accommodation could not be had in one building for so large a number ; and that, having once experienced the convenience and agreeableness of sitting and acting apart from their reputed inferiors, the Temporal and Spiritual Barons established as perpetual, an arrangement which at first was only casual and temporary ; and, to impart to their own division of the Legislature the greater dignity, carried with them the Monarch as their President, leaving with the Commons the right to elect a Speaker, or President, from their own number. The first Speaker of the House of Commons mentioned in history, is Peter de la Mare, who presided in the Parliament of 1376 ; and it is believed that this marks nearly the time at which the separation of the two Houses was regulated and made permanent.

In this separation, then, of the Commons from the Barons, or Peers, we have the first marked, unequivocal proof of that jealousy (with pride, no doubt, superadded,) with which the Third Estate came to be regarded, as it in process of time grew formidable. We beg the reader particularly to mark this. Some of the most vital constitutional questions depend on it. For example, it has all along been an express constitutional maxim, that the Barons, or Peers, have no right to interfere with, or attempt in the slightest degree to influence, the elections of the representatives to the Third Estate,—nay, that the Peer who does so, commits a high misdemeanor, and subjects himself to exemplary punishment. If, then, the Commons and the Peers had never been divided, those violent collisions that have from time to time taken place between them, might probably have been averted, and a better system of legislation borne the country onward in a happier career ; inasmuch as the one body might have been checked and rendered less hostile by the presence and voice of the other ; and the Commons never have been provoked to vote the Lords a nuisance ; nor the Lords tempted to acquire over the election of the Commons that corrupt influence, which now for so long a period has rendered the latter merely their deputies, or servants. At all events, even had the present amount of corrupt influence been required, the system of joint voting would have rendered it quite ineffectual in the late instance of the passing of the Reform Bill ; since the greater numerical strength of the Commons, would have given the majority to the side of reason and of justice. And here arises a consideration of first-rate importance.

Seeing that, under the early system of an undivided Parliament, all collisions of a direct and irreconcilable nature between the Estates composing it, were effectually obviated by majorities resulting from the general vote,—how was this admirable specific supplied under the new system of two separate Houses ? Why, by the clumsy expedient of vesting in the Crown the prerogative, of,—*first*, when the two Houses came into collision, dissolving the Commons, and trying the effect of a new election ; and, *second*, when the effect of that election proved a confirmation and not a removal of the difficulty, creating a sufficiency of new Peers to coerce the Lords into a favourable decision. Of the embarrassing and dangerous results to which a specific of this nature may lead, we have just had a striking example ; and history furnishes us with a still more striking parallel to it, in the reign of Charles I. These two examples show, that, under this state of things, a bad or a weak King may combine with a hereditary oligarchy in the Upper House, to oppose the Commons, and frustrate the wishes and the will of their constituents ; and then there is just the alternative left to the Commons of withholding the supplies, and voting the House of Lords unnecessary and mischievous, as during the Long Parliament ;—or, before matters have proceeded thus far, the King and the faction may, as recently, agree to avert such a danger, by a sufficient number of the latter absenting themselves while the measure to which they are hostile is pending, and then return immediately to their posts, to throw the same impracticabilities in the way of any future improvements ! The danger to which this exposes both the hereditary Peerage and the Throne, must be obvious to even the most unreflecting. It calls aloud for instant remedy ; for, even admitting that our Kings might always be disposed to go along with their people, and create new Peers whenever that body



should oppose itself to the public welfare,—to what would this continual increase of the Peerage ultimately lead? To the extension of the Order beyond what it was even in France, prior to the first Revolution there,—to its consequent insignificance and degradation, and to the necessity of at length sweeping it entirely away, as calculated to bring public honours only into contempt, and remove all respect from the solemn business of legislation! Was it without cause, that, a short while previous, we begged of the reader to mark this point, of the way in which the Three Estates of Parliament are relatively situated, in reference to the joint passing of their respective measures? It may be said to be the great peg, on which depends the keeping of the whole legislative part of our constitutional machinery together!

The Three Estates can never work harmoniously, and without danger of collision, so long as this clumsy arrangement shall be adhered to. It therefore is a public duty to consider in what manner the King, Lords, and Commons, might be made to act and re-act on each other in the great work of passing Bills, so as to ensure the steady and regular despatch of public business, in spite of any one of the three opposing it, and yet without the necessity of applying to the dissentient what may be termed constitutional force, or violence. This can be effectually done in only one way, which will require but a short explanation to render obvious both its justice and expediency.

In the event of the House of Lords rejecting any Bill forwarded to it by the Commons, the Lower House should be obliged once more seriously to discuss and consider it; and if, on its being again forwarded to the Lords, their Lordships should again reject it, the Bill should forthwith be carried up to the King, and if agreed to by his Majesty, become, from the moment of his Assent, the law of the land, just as if the whole of the Three Estates had given it their sanction. Thus would be introduced among those Estates the principle of a Majority, which would peaceably and easily obviate all differences between them, in the same manner as all conflicting opinions are practically reconciled by the same principle in individual public assemblies, and indeed in the two Houses of Parliament separately themselves. But, does the Monarch coincide in opinion with the Peers, and refuse his Assent to the Bill? Then, the alternative ought to be a Dissolution of Parliament, in order that the Commons may receive the instructions of their constituents on the subject in dispute; and if the new House of Commons should be instructed to take up and prosecute the measure twice insisted on by the last, the King and the Lords would have no alternative but submission: they would go through the form of Assent with a good grace; or if not, the Commons should have it in their power to declare the measure law, notwithstanding the want of such formality.

In like manner, if the two Houses chanced to concur in any measure, but to be opposed by the King, it ought to be made incumbent on both the Lords and Commons again to discuss and consider that which they had agreed to; and if, after jointly presenting to the Throne their measure a second time, his Majesty still refused to it his Assent, then it ought to be declared law within a given time after such second presentation, the same as if his Majesty's seal had been put to it in the usual way. It is thus that difficulties of the same nature are obviated in the United States; and the provision in the Constitution to that effect, has been attended with the happiest consequences. We shall hear quote it, in order to bring it more distinctly before the mind of the reader:—

“Every Bill, which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it become a law, be presented to the President of the United States. If he approve, he shall sign it: but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their Journal, and proceed to re-consider it. If, after such re-consideration, two-thirds of that House shall agree to pass the Bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be re-considered; and, if approved by two-thirds of that House, it shall become a law.”\*

\* “Constitution of the United States,” 8vo., page 21.—Section vii., Article ii.

It will be observed, that here the President is the only one of the three Estates composing the United States' Legislature, against whose probable opposition this clause is provided. The reason is obvious. The President is the only one whose opposition could be effectual in staying the progress of any necessary measure for an injurious length of time, inasmuch as he holds office for four years, whereas the House of Representatives is elected annually, which serves the same purpose as a dissolution of the Commons in this country; at the same time that the Senate is also elective, one-third of it being chosen every second year,—so that it is as much, though not so immediately, dependent on the people as the House of Representatives, and cannot therefore league with the Head of the Executive, like our hereditary and irresponsible Upper House, against the popular will.

It is because both King and Lords in this country are hereditary and irresponsible, that we would establish over them this controlling power on the part of the Commons; while, on the other hand, we would limit their power over the Commons, simply to the authority to dissolve the latter in cases of collision. This authority on the part of the King, when concurring and acting with the Lords, would by no means be arbitrary, seeing that they could not resort to a dissolution more than once to defeat the same measure, but would be compelled to pass that measure, if the new House of Commons were of the same mind as the old. Neither would the power given to the Commons to compel ultimate assent to their measures, involve any danger of democratic tyranny, precipitation, or violence; since the necessity to go twice through all the forms of discussion, and incur the risk and inconvenience of a new election before being able to carry their point, would impose a diffidence of opinion, and a considerateness of conduct, preventive alike of indiscreet haste and dictatorial violence.

With this arrangement, Triennial Parliaments would be most compatible: from the moment of its adoption, a salutary respect and deference for each other would be inspired among the three branches of the Legislature: as they could never permanently differ, so they never could come into violent collision; and as the King and the Peers could never permanently thwart the wishes and will of the community, so could the community never be provoked to insult or destroy them. Hereditary Monarchy might continue under such a check for ages; the Peerage, without any necessity for adding to its numbers in whatever exigency, might remain what it was intended to be,—an honour distinctive of eminent public virtue and services; and thus, a vital and self-regenerating principle being infused into the most immobile parts of our Institutions, those Institutions would become productive of the greatest benefits, by giving a fixity to all the great pillars of our Constitutional System, and keeping up a high tone in opinions and manners, of the last consequence to a steady progress in refinement and civilization.

The extreme importance of this part of our subject, has caused us to dwell upon it at greater length than was at first intended. We now proceed in the train of historical observation we were pursuing.

The point which led to the above digression, was, the importance to which the Third Estate ultimately attained in the Government, and the jealousy with which it consequently came to be viewed by both the Crown and the Peers. Down to the Revolution of 1688, this generally led the Crown and the Peerage to combine against the Commons; as the many struggles with the Lower House during that period abundantly testify. But, in the reign of James I. a correlative cause had birth, which occasionally operated a division of the two combining Powers, and at length, in the time of James VII., substantially placed the authority of the Crown under that of the Aristocracy, and thenceforward bent the whole attention of the latter upon curbing the authority and curtailing the privileges of the people. This cause was the royal chimera of the Divine Right of Kings! to establish which, was the leading policy of all the Stuart Princes who filled the Throne of England. In pursuance of this policy, they committed the most flagrant acts of despotism,—so flagrant, that Charles I. was brought by such to the scaffold,



and James VII. banished from the kingdom, and William, Prince of Orange, invited over from Holland to fill the throne in his stead.

It was this latter act that constituted the Revolution of 1688. It was an act performed entirely by the Aristocracy and the Church, inasmuch as the influence of the people was by that time almost entirely excluded from Parliament, by the Superiority system of voting in counties, and the Nomination system in towns. The Prince of Orange came over the invited of the Aristocracy and the Church; his policy was consequently framed in accordance with their views; with him commenced the strict reign of Protestant Ascendancy; with him commenced the Bank of England Monopoly, Paper Money, and the Public Debt; and with him also commenced that system of unprovoked and profitless wars on the Continent, which, from his own and Marlborough's days to those of Wellington, have advanced the Public Debt from *Nil*, to upwards of *eight hundred millions sterling!!*

It was not until the commencement of that most iniquitous of all wars,—our war against the United States, that the people became fully sensible of the extent and deadliness of the Oligarchical despotism, insidiously and by degrees established over them. The Triennial Act, the Septennial Act,—the hundreds of Parliamentary decrees and deeds of the Government, intended to fetter the Legislature, and limit the rights of the subject; all passed over with but little notice, amid the excitement of almost perpetual foreign war, and the factious clamour and petty strife of Whigs and Tories at home—the two great parties that then absorbed and divided the whole community. But, when the cry of natural and constitutional right arose among our descendants and brethren across the Atlantic; when we heard those who lived with us under the same Government, proclaim the great constitutional maxim, that **TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION, IS TYRANNY**; when we saw those men demand the practical concession to them of this principle, and resolutely prepare to fight for it when it was denied them;—when we heard and saw all this, the scales fell from our eyes at once; Liberty reared her altars in our hearts, and kindled upon them her long-extinguished fires; we said to ourselves, The absence, among us, of what those men demand, has led to all our degradation and sufferings; let us also insist upon that for which they are contending,—let us henceforward have a voice in the disposal of those enormous imposts, that are constantly levied on our property and industry.

From that time commenced the existence of a third party among the people, distinguished by the name of Reformers,—a party, intelligent and grounded on just principles from the first, and therefore calculated rapidly to increase, and extend its influence over the public mind. It was to oppose and defeat this tendency, that the Aristocracy and the Church forced Pitt, in opposition to his own will, into the late iniquitous war against French Liberty; it was to oppose and defeat this tendency, that, during the long and bloody contest thus wickedly waged, the Habeas Corpus Act was so often suspended,—that laws were passed utterly subversive of the liberty of the subject,—that spies were employed to entrap the people into breaches of those laws, and then have them imprisoned, banished, or massacred,—that yeomanry corps were raised, to tread down and sabre the people as at Manchester,—that the standing army, after the establishment of peace, was continued at its war-standard,—that the dead-weight was created,—that pensions were lavished;—in short, that every act of injustice, profligacy, and oppression, that could be invented, was had recourse to, rather than that Reform should be allowed to subvert the system, whose natural fruits were all these enormities.

But there is a law of necessity peculiar to all such systems, which dooms them to ultimate and irretrievable destruction by their own agency. The Debt in which we were now involved, was enormous; the taxes required to pay the interest of it, and maintain its attendant abuses, exceeded the contributive powers of the people; poverty, therefore, and misery in all its forms, became the nation's portion subsequent to the war; this generated discontent, and sharpened the public perception of the misgovernment productive of such

evils ; again arose, stronger and louder than ever, the cry for Reform ;—and it is at this point we shall drop our historical narrative, and briefly review the circumstances in which the present measure of Reform originated, and the relative positions and conduct of the parties by whom it has been supported and opposed.

Early in 1830, William IV. ascended the Throne. From the profession to which he had been bred, from his politics having all along been those of the Whigs, and from his having received many gross insults (particularly when filling the office of Lord High Admiral) from the party then in the Ministry, the public were led to anticipate, from his accession, the most favourable results to freedom. At first this anticipation was somewhat checked, by the retention of Wellington and his colleagues in office ; but events soon occurred to bring both hopes and suspicions on this point, to actual proof. The ignorance and stolidity of the Duke of Wellington had in some instances amused, but, in the majority, disgusted and irritated the nation. The cry for better measures, for greater reductions of expenditure, and for improvement in the system of representation, was general and vehement. In the midst of this state of things, the French Revolution came like a thunder-clap, startling tyrants everywhere, and rousing the people to a sense of their own rights and powers, and a determination no longer to hesitate to use the one for the recovery of the other. Reform was shouted in this country, from extremity to extremity ; Unions and Associations of the people, were organized in almost every town and district, to agitate for its attainment. Wellington, from his well-known hatred of Reform, and of all kinds of popular liberty, became an object of universal execration ; and so strong was this feeling in the Metropolis, that he and his colleagues shrunk from attending a public banquet there, to which the King had been invited, and from which his Majesty consequently staid away.

In the midst of this excitement, Parliament assembled. Wellington emitted his memorable declaration against *all* Reform, and his equally memorable praise of the present system, as the most perfect which the wisdom of man could possibly invent ! The tempest of public indignation which this insolent declaration called forth, was tremendous. Wellington was driven ignominiously from power,—and Earl Grey, who, forty years previously, had the honour of being the first to introduce a motion for Reform in the House of Commons, and who has since distinguished himself by unflinching and honourable devotion to the cause,—this venerable Nobleman, to the great joy of the country, was sent for by his Majesty, and entrusted with the task of forming an Administration.

Earl Grey accepted the charge, on conditions to which his Majesty readily assented. A new Ministry was consequently formed ; Bills, to improve the representation of England, Scotland, and Ireland, were prepared, approved of by the Monarch, submitted to Parliament, received with gratitude and delight by the people ; opposed with implacable bitterness by the friends of corruption in both Houses ; read a second time in the Commons by a majority of *one*, but afterwards defeated by a side-wind motion, suggested by the faction to General Gascoigne. On this, Ministers put it to his Majesty, either to accept their resignations, or dissolve Parliament, and try the effect of a new election. The King chose the latter alternative, and thereby became irredeemably bound to stand by his present Cabinet until their measure of Reform should be consummated, provided the people should return a new Parliament favourable to that measure.

The people *did* return such a Parliament, by exertions the most patriotic and noble of any recorded in history. This new House of Commons passed the Reform measure in all its fulness and efficiency, after a long and tantalizing delay, caused by the frantic and obstinate opposition of its enemies. It was then carried to the House of Lords, and there *rejected* on the second reading. Here, then, was another point on which the King must still farther commit himself to the support of his Ministers, as connected with this measure, or stultify his previous conduct in resorting to a dissolution. He again chose the proper alternative. He prorogued Parliament, in order that the



Bill might again be brought forward, and allowed another opportunity of success. But, at this point, more than the act of prorogation was necessary. The two Houses were now come into direct collision, on a subject affecting only the purity and independence of the one, with which the other had no right to intermeddle. It therefore was the plain, bounden duty of his Majesty to use his prerogative for adjusting this difference, by creating a sufficiency of liberal Peers to overrule the despotism which the oligarchical part of them wished to exercise over the other House, at the expense of its independence and integrity. His Majesty *did not* so use his prerogative; and here began that resilience, on his part, from the straightforward, thorough-going course to which he was pledged, that afterwards led to such extraordinary consequences.

Parliament re-assembled after the prorogation. The Bill was again, after much factiously-caused delay, passed through the Commons, and carried up to the Lords. The people anxiously urged the creation of Peers; still none were created; the Lords, influenced by fear of the consequences of once more rejecting the Bill upon the general principle, allowed it to pass the second reading by a small majority; but, immediately on its introduction into Committee, they defeated it by an insidious motion on one of its essential clauses, and thus placed its supporters in the same dilemma as formerly. Nothing now remained for Ministers, but to hasten to the King, and peremptorily demand liberty to create Peers; and, in the event of that being refused, to abandon office. They acted thus. The King *refused* to grant them the only means of carrying the Bill!—on which they gave in their resignations.

And to whom, in this dilemma, did the Monarch apply to succeed them? To those very men, who, up to that hour, had waged against the Bill the most incessant and rancorous warfare,—to Wellington, the ink of whose solemn Protest against it was not yet dry; who, but eighteen months previously, had been driven from power because of his declaration against all Reform whatever,—yet who now ran eagerly back to his old station, offering to forswear his former declaration, his recent Protest, his every act of hostility to the Bill, and *to carry it*, in conjunction with his renegade friends, if only repaid for his matchless profligacy by a renewed lease of office!! *The terms were accepted!!!* The nation stood aghast,—horror-struck at such consummate perfidy; such reckless disregard of all that renders character pure and honourable. One general thunder of execration, of warm resentment, of invincible resolution, never to submit to so unparalleled an outrage of all morality and public honour, burst the next instant on the faction's ear. The next, the nation was all in stern commotion, like the great deep in a storm. Its energy, its enthusiasm, its union, its tempered but fierce resolution, withered, as with the sinoom's breath, the hearts of its enemies. They flitted to and fro for a moment in front of the blackening and advancing tempest, with their hardened leader at their head: a short while, and he was the only remaining phantom; a short while longer, and he also, like Milton's Satan,

“ fled bellowing,

And with him fled the shades of Night.”

*To triumph!* Safe ground is reached! The dark sea of troubles, on which the Ark of the Constitution has just been tossing, is calmed with the new morning light shed over it by the recall,—the forced recall, of Earl Grey. The Court keeps distant, in mortified pride and impotent hostility; the baffled intriguers in the House of Lords, absent themselves at convenient seasons, that their strength may not be broken in present hopeless conflicts, beyond the chance of its proving available in future opposition to the public good: but the people's Administration is meanwhile placed with its feet on the necks of our enemies; already the most important of the three Charters of Freedom is our own; the others will speedily follow it; and, when they all are secured,—then, let Court intrigues and party enmities lead those whom they actuate into whatever follies they please, sufficient will it be for us, that we have really achieved our freedom, and shall know how to use it for those good purposes that alone make freedom valuable.

## DIALOGUE WITH THE SHADE OF FRANKLIN.

(EDITOR in his Study.—*The Shade of FRANKLIN suddenly appears before him.*)

EDITOR, *starting up*.—Can I believe my eyes? Am I really honoured, while thus meditating on my new undertaking, with a visit from the Shade of the great and good American Philosopher,—the man I so much reverence and admire, that I have assumed his likeness to illustrate my work, and indicate the character by which I wish it to be distinguished?

FRANKLIN.—You indeed see before you the Shade of the man you speak of in terms of such undeserved eulogy. I have remarked your present design, and the objects to which you wish to make it subservient; and as I approve of these, and am also pleased with your notion of the analogy of times and circumstances which suggested to you the idea of selecting my image to preside, in appearance, over your labours, I have thus obtruded myself upon you for a little, to discuss the subject of the analogy I have mentioned, and to ascertain your sentiments as to the nature and probable effects of the crisis in which your country is at present placed.

EDITOR.—This is as kind as it is condescending. As to the analogy you speak of, you are correct in stating, that a perception of it in our respective times and circumstances, had some share in influencing my adoption of your image; although that adoption was mainly induced by the boundless esteem in which I hold your character as a man and a philosopher. I should like you put most stress upon this latter consideration, because I am afraid there is some latent egotism in saying to myself, “Franklin was a printer,—so am I: he lived and wrote in the great crisis of his country’s freedom,—so do I: therefore, who so proper to be selected as the patron genius of my new undertaking, which I wish to be instrumental in assisting to achieve what Franklin achieved,—the wresting of sceptres from tyrants, of whatever kind, and placing them in the legitimate hands of the people?”

FRANKLIN.—Your sensitiveness as to motives in this particular, indicates more good feeling than sound philosophy. It is not egotism in individuals to perceive and apply analogies between themselves and the Great of former times, and to be fired with the ambition of emulating the deeds which obtained for those former Great their glory. It is neither less nor more than an awakening of the higher and more generous faculties of our nature,—an evoking of that spirit of lofty emulation, which lifts man from partnership with the brutes to an alliance with the gods, and which has stimulated and led him on to all the conquests he has yet achieved over animal passions, mental ignorance, and physical difficulties. For example, when I was young, and alike unread in books and in knowledge of the world, good fortune cast in my way a copy of that valuable remnant of ancient literature,—PLUTARCH’S LIVES. I perused it, and re-perused it. In scarcely one of the characters there delineated, did I not find some point or other susceptible of home application. One had been born poor and without friends, and yet, by his own talents and perseverance, had raised himself to the height of greatness and of fame: another had triumphed over some inherent or acquired vice, which long formed a bar to his advancement and celebrity;—in short, in every species of character and series of circumstances, I discovered many particulars indeed, from which I could trace analogies and deduce valuable inferences personal to myself; and thus, from that moment forward, the pictures of those characters remained vividly impressed upon my mind,—my ambition was roused by their achievements, my principles matured and fortified by their example; and to the fact of such ideal patterns being present with me, to refer to for encouragement and inferential counsel in every season of difficulty and danger, am I disposed to attribute much of the success with which I afterwards raised myself from obscurity and neglect, to eminence and power. Was I an egotist in picking up those analogies, and



applying them with a degree of self-complacency sufficient to rouse my ambition, and spur me on to a vigorous and undeviating pursuit of whatever was virtuous, great, and manly?

EDITOR.—Pardon my hasty and unreflecting acquiescence in a prejudice unfortunately too common. The stream of general opinion is yet only in its state of first excitement. Its waters are consequently still mixed with all the sediment stirred up from the bottom of the long stagnant pool of general ignorance; and little wonder is it then, that, in diving for truth in so muddy an element, we should often be deceived, and pick up a sophistry instead. By and by, the waters will settle, the sediment will be precipitated to the bottom, and we shall come to see just principles clearly, through their own transparent medium of thoroughly-enlightened opinion.

FRANKLIN.—And it is because you have the power of contributing to the accomplishment of this great result, that I felt it my duty thus to check you, and put you on your guard against incautiously admitting, and giving currency to fallacies, that ought with all speed to be extinguished. You have remarked, on the mountains and in the glens of your own native land,—so haunted with romantic and heart-stirring memories!—that wherever a fountain wells forth into the sunlight, mirroring, perhaps, some protecting rock that beetles above it, a species of light, active, energetic creatures are to be seen shooting hither and thither over its surface; and that, from the fact of the waters being always limpid over which those creatures play, they are called by the common people “well-clearers,” and their presence looked upon as a guarantee of the clearness and excellence of the water in which they are observed. Now, what those creatures are, or are supposed to be, to the waters of the fountain, you and your competitors should be to those of public opinion. You should agitate them, not to stir up or keep afloat their sediment, but to purify and utterly clear them. You should be to them what the angel was to the pool of Bethesda,—a cause of healing and of healthiness to all whose minds they reach and influence.

EDITOR.—To be this, is the great object of my ambition. I love truth and just philosophy, for their own sakes; but shall henceforth love them still more, if possible, in consequence of so impressive a recommendation from you. Never did I more deeply feel, than at this moment, the responsibility of my situation, as an humble aspirant to the guidance of public opinion; and never was my resolution more sincere to acquit myself, under that responsibility, as becomes an honest man and a good citizen.

FRANKLIN.—My point, then, in connexion with this branch of our dialogue, is gained. Let us now turn to a more practical topic,—the crisis to which the affairs of your country have at length come, and the public course you have shaped out for your pursuit, as, in your opinion, the best calculated to bring this crisis to a happy issue. I believe that, as to the nature of the crisis, and the many ways of wickedness and folly by which it has been produced, our opinions are one. On this, therefore, we need not retrospectively expatiate; but I should like to have a distinct enunciation of your sentiments, as to the analogy it bears to the crisis through which my young country of late so gloriously came, and through which, since then, France has twice come; and also of the respects in which you think the means of your regeneration ought, and are likely to differ, from those employed in the two great instances alluded to.

EDITOR.—You impose on me a difficult task; but I shall, with your indulgence, do my best to discharge it. Nominally considered, the situation of this country at present, and of yours prior to your Revolution, presents few points of analogy, because you were merely Colonists, opposed to the unjust rule of a distant mother country; whereas we are an entire nation, (not a detached part of one, as you only were,) determined on regaining our rights from a faction,—a mere handful of our own numbers,—by whom those rights have been fraudulently usurped. But, considered virtually, and in reference to a great general principle of political liberty, the analogy between our present and your previous situation, is almost complete, inasmuch

as you stood out against the infamous system of taxation without representation, and we are standing out against precisely the same. The analogy, on the other hand, between our situation and that of France, both under Louis XVI. and Charles X., is, both nominally and virtually, almost perfect. Under Louis, France was staggering under the weight of an enormous debt, and tyrannized over by an ignorant, haughty Aristocracy, and a bloated and intolerant Priesthood: under Charles, she was insulted by the creation of another debt, and by the most flagitious and persevering attempts to restore the monstrous order of things that existed before the first Revolution: and hence the causes of her two Revolutions were the same in kind, though not in degree, and corresponded exactly with that which has induced the present extraordinary crisis in Great Britain.

FRANKLIN.—Right! I concur with you on this, the analogical part of our subject. But I am afraid I shall feel some difficulty in assenting to the opinions which I suspect you entertain, as to your power of righting yourselves by other means than those employed both by France and us,—namely, open force.

EDITOR.—I trust that on this point I shall succeed in commanding your assent also. In America you must, doubtless, have felt aware, from the moment the certainty of a final rupture with the mother country became apparent, that had you, like us, had only a small faction amongst yourselves, and not a distant and powerful nation to deal with, you would have accomplished your Revolution without violence or bloodshed. And for this reason,—that your population was descended from men who had fled from tyranny in their own land, taking with them and establishing their principles in the new land of their adoption; that, consequently, you were all thoroughly imbued with those principles, and well-accustomed to their practical operation, by the machinery of your local legislatures and other free institutions. You were, moreover, all educated, and subject to the influence of a generally pervasive and enlightened public opinion, created and kept alive by an unfettered Press. You thus had the means of acting with unity and discretion; and this moral power, lodged in and actuating the whole mass of your people, would at once have defeated the schemes and extinguished the pretensions of any small band of servile traitors that might have sprung up amongst you. Your Revolution, therefore, was not quietly accomplished, solely because you had the foreign power of a tyrannical mother country to oppose and baffle. And as to France, both its Revolutions have been effected by violence, only because the people had no part of the lever of Government in their own hands, in the form of institutions of a popular nature, calculated to diffuse amongst them a knowledge of the true principles, and familiarize them with the staid and prudent practices, of constitutional liberty, as well as to give them a coercive influence over the official administrators of power. Their first effort was one of mere frenzied despair, and was soon followed by abject submission to another tyranny under Napoleon; their second effort, though of a much more noble and exalted kind, was still one of violence also, arising from the fact, that their social and political institutions gave them yet no power of remedying their grievances in any other manner. Nor even now is their case otherwise, notwithstanding their heroic exertions to improve it. Their system of representation,—the only means by which a nation can peaceably control its Government, is a bitter farce,—an impudent mockery; and there seems to be no prospect of them being able to obtain the power of effecting quietly the essential reforms they so justly desire, but by yet another Revolution, as violent as the last! They have, it is true, at length got into their hands the lever of public opinion; but their institutions afford them no vantage-ground on which to use its motive-power with effect.

FRANKLIN.—I now see the drift of your arguments, and am already shaken by the force of them. Pray, proceed.

EDITOR.—The point to which I was hastening, is this: That in regard to our means of overcoming those by whom this great country has been brought to the verge of ruin, we stand in circumstances precisely parallel to those



which would have distinguished your situation prior to your Revolution, had you had no power but such as existed within yourselves to oppose and vanquish. We have, even during the darkest days of the late dark period of our history, still had the skeletons of our free institutions left amongst us, as well to remind us of their once fair proportions, as to excite our disgust and kindle our indignation at the state of degradation and nonentity to which they have been reduced. We have, too, had our schools of education, pouring into the general mind that degree of intelligence, before which tyranny can never long maintain its disguise; and out of this intelligence has sprung, like a young giant, THE PRESS, which, by its voice of truth and never-ceasing energy, has at length roused up the entire people from their sleep of indifference, even as Ezekiel called into life and action the dry bones in the valley without Jerusalem. This general awakening to a sense of our rights, has been attended by a coincident perception of the relative fewness of our actual enemies,—of the fact, that our laws and institutions still afford a sufficiency of openings into which to thrust effectively the lever of public opinion; and also of the consequent fact, that it is by a peaceable, yet energetic use of this great lever alone, that we can, with most security and success, extinguish the hopes and frustrate the schemes of our enemies. Thus, the faction we oppose, being too contemptible to venture on a trial of physical strength with an entire nation, and having, in the alternative war of reason and of constitutional right, not one legitimate or valid weapon with which to defend themselves,—it follows, that, to consummate our victory, not the slightest necessity lies upon us to follow the example of either your country or France, in resorting to open violence and force. Indeed, recent events may be said to have already placed this point beyond the range of argument, inasmuch as our Oligarchy have now given way before the concentrated and aroused strength of public opinion. You must be aware, that, in the stronghold of this Oligarchy, the House of Lords, Reform has lately become triumphant, and that, consequently, the question as to the means by which we should bring the present crisis to a happy issue, has been decided.

FRANKLIN.—In all this I perfectly agree. But my question had reference, not merely to the issue of the present struggle for *Parliamentary* Reform, but to the attainment and probable consequences of those great measures of *absolute practical reform* in the *institutions and policy of your country*, to which the present measure is merely an introduction. The question, I admit, is now decided as to the mode of getting the *instrument* of Reform into your hands; but this question branches out into another not less important,—the probable peacefulness or violence with which the use of that instrument may be attended.

EDITOR.—You estimate the nature of our crisis most correctly. Its ulterior, or rather consequential stage, is, I agree with you, not less important than the introductory one through which we may now be said to have come. It is here, more than ever, that the active energy and sleepless vigilance of an enlightened Press will be necessary, to regulate and guide public opinion,—to restrain violence,—to correct error,—to reason down extravagance,—to direct attention to the abuses calling most loudly for early removal,—to keep up the general hostility to these until they be removed; and, at the same time, so to influence the great moving mass of society, as that it shall plunge unthinkingly into no act subversive of public order, or the general welfare and security. I confess, that, when I sometimes reflect on the many and dreadful difficulties and dangers with which our position is surrounded, I almost feel inclined to despair of seeing them surmounted in this rational and safe manner; yet hope again springs within me at thought of the wonders we have already achieved, and of the immense amount of good sense and correct feeling that exists throughout the country, to establish and maintain a high tone of reason in every thing, if only appealed to with ability and disinterested good faith. It is to this great task that I, with all humility of self-estimation, but with a zeal that yields to that of none other, from henceforth address myself. The many great questions that now must be perpetually

arising, to call into action the utmost talents and extent of practical knowledge that every good citizen can command, shall be treated of in a spirit of calm investigation, of unbiassed reasoning, and of sincere regard for the true interests of the public ; and, if all who have the like opportunity, improve it to the like purpose, our beloved country may yet be safely extricated from her difficulties, and raised to the proud eminence which her natural position and resources fit her to assume.

FRANKLIN.—I delight to hear you speak thus ! Your sentiments are just, —your object sublime. Pursue the career you have thus prospectively indicated, and, though you may not be successful, you will at least have the inward consolation of knowing that you deserved to be so. You have cleared away much of the dubiety I felt as to the actual present position of your country. May your views be all confirmed,—your hopes all verified,—your wishes all realized ! I say this sincerely ; for, independently of the cosmopolitan spirit which leads me to rejoice at the advancement and happiness of every nation and of every people, I cannot resist a certain feeling of home affection in the case of yours, arising from the ever-present remembrance, that it was the land of my forefathers, and the mother in the bosom of which was nursed to manhood my own young country. Farewell ! I yet shall often return to discuss with you such questions as interest me, among those on which I may from time to time find you engaged.

EDITOR.—Most grateful do I feel for this parting promise. My labours will in no small degree be lightened by knowing, that at times I shall be cheered and honoured by the presence of so illustrious a Visitor, with whom it is impossible to meet without largely profiting in the ways of genuine wisdom.

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## THE CALL OF ABRAM ;

A POEM.

[THE following poem was commenced by its author when he was a mere lad, and was broken off in the midst, on account of the demands made upon his time and attention by the more immediate business and cares of life. He yet hopes to have an opportunity of finishing it ; but, in the meantime, he presumes to bring before the public that part already in existence, in order that, from the general opinion of its merits, he may obtain some idea of whether or not it would be worth his while to resume the lyre upon such a subject.]

BOOK FIRST.

AWAKE, angelic MUSE ! whose sacred task  
Is, like the Tishbite scaling Heaven, to throw  
Thy hallowed mantle o'er the favoured few,  
Who at thy shrine sincere devotion pay ;  
And thence to lead them through each varied scene,  
Which fancy to their raptured view displays,  
And thou them aid'st to celebrate in song !

Divine INTELLIGENCE ! who sit'st enthroned,—  
Not, as the ancients deemed, on Grecian mount,  
Sunning thyself in bright Apollo's beams ;  
But, basking in the ETERNAL's fuller glory—  
The friend of Angels—and presiding o'er  
Their hymns of praise, in solemn cadence sung,  
By harps accompanied, whose dulcet sounds  
Would make a heaven themselves ;—May I implore  
Thee, from those regions nightly to descend—  
Fair as those visions holy men have seen,  
When 'mid their slumbers they have dreamt of Heaven,—  
And, in such whispers as enchant the soul  
Like distant music played by fairy hands,  
Breathe in my ear what I desire to sing ?



Say—for thou know'st—how faithful Abram came  
 From fair Euphrates and Ur's fruitful land,  
 Led by the ETERNAL's promise, to Canaan—  
 Forsaking that idolatry which he  
 For seventy years had practised, to become  
 The father of a race, ordained to live  
 Beneath the exclusive love and light of Heaven—  
 With God himself to thunder in their cause,  
 His arm to fight their battles, and His wisdom  
 To guide their steps in safety, till the STAR  
 Of Bethlehem should arise upon the world !

Three days were past, since, out of Haran's land  
 The Patriarch removing, journeyed on  
 —With Lot, his brother's son, and all his house—  
 To reach the Land of Promise ; musing much  
 On that Almighty BEING's dark designs,  
 Who lately in such majesty appeared  
 Before his eyes, and, from the lucid cloud  
 Uttering his voice, forewarned him to depart,  
 And graciously revealed that in his seed  
 Should every nation of the earth be blessed.

Fair Sarai, blooming as the purple morn,  
 When, from his watery bed, the sun arisen,  
 Sheds lustre o'er the sky, walked by his side,  
 Engaged in converse sweet ; and with her smiles  
 —The smiles of love that for him knew no bounds—  
 Deceived the tedious hours, which, gliding on,  
 Brought evening, yellow with refulgent gold ;  
 For now the sun behind a lofty hill  
 Bisected shone, withdrawing from the plains  
 His cheering presence ; while succeeding shades  
 Fast stealing on behind, closed up the scene,  
 The forerunners of slow-approaching night.

Abram, whose soul was ever quick to feel  
 The magic influence of a scene like this,  
 Walked on in silence ; marking, in succession,  
 The gorgeous hues of Even, by slow degrees,  
 Like fading rainbows, vanish in the west ;  
 Until at length, in accents half subdued  
 By powerful feeling, to his dearer self  
 He thus the language of his heart addressed :

“ See'st thou, my love ! how HE, so late revealed  
 As God Omnipotent, and LORD of all,—  
 Whose footstool is the clouds ; whose voice, the thunder ;  
 Lightning, whose steeds ; whose chariot is the winds—  
 Smiles on this fair Creation, which His power  
 Called forth from nought, and scatters from His hand  
 Each beauty that can captivate the eye—  
 Each thing conducive to the good of man !  
 How is His Majesty and power imprest  
 On every object—whether we survey  
 The mighty sea, whose billows lash the shore  
 In tumult wild, or these delightful plains  
 Clothed in ambrosial verdure, where the warblings  
 Of birds on every bough, one chorus form  
 In praise of HIM whose presence, though unseen,  
 Inspires the cheerfulness that prompts their song !  
 How dense the cloud of ignorance that shrouded  
 My intellect from infancy till now,  
 And made devotion but a madman's dream !  
 To earth enchained, my grovelling thoughts ne'er rose  
 —Nor knew to rise—beyond that setting sun ;  
 But, reasoning blindly, fancied that in him  
 Existed Deity ; or, when the moon  
 Run her nocturnal round, I blindly paid  
 To her, or to the stars that form her train,  
 That holy reverence and devotion, due  
 To Nature's mighty ARCHITECT alone.  
 But now the cloud is broken, and a morning

Of purer radiance dawns upon my mind;  
 By which illumined, I in thought can rise  
 From finite to infinity, and feel  
 Convinced that, at the head of all, some Being  
 Must of necessity exist, in whom  
 All causes centre—and whose essence knew  
 No interval, no growth, nor point in time  
 When 'twas more recent, or less universal,  
 Less wise, or less omnipotent than now.  
 Yes, such exists! And, doubtless, 'tis that God  
 Who, when in Ur we dwelt, Himself revealed  
 —As known to thee—and called on me to leave  
 My country and my kindred, and to rest  
 My faith upon His promise to bestow  
 A home upon me in some distant land.  
 Then, with all due submission to His will,  
 —The cause of this the journey we pursue—  
 Let us our steps direct to where that pass,  
 On either side with rocks and trees o'erhung,  
 Must southward lead us through these lofty hills  
 Not doubting that His all-protecting power,  
 As heretofore, is present with us still,  
 To guide and guard us to our journey's end."

So spake the Father of the Hebrew race;  
 While, still with greater fondness on his arm,  
 His lovely partner leaning, thus replied:

"Too well, my Abram! thou already know'st  
 Thy sway o'er this fond heart, to doubt that I  
 Should ever from thy side desire to part,  
 Or hesitate with thee to leave our home  
 In fair Chaldea—dear to memory still!—  
 Where we our youthful years so happy spent,  
 And I first yielded to thy manly love.  
 Those blooming fields, the Tigris' flowery banks,  
 The towers of Ur—to all I bid adieu!  
 To be with thee is all on earth I wish—  
 When God is with us, every place is home."

Thus they, conversing, on together walked;  
 While Lot, who afterward by Heaven was saved  
 From Sodom's flames, drove on with watchful care  
 The asses, laden with their household goods,  
 And what provisions were required to serve  
 Them on their journey;—also with him came  
 Those who at Haran to his house belonged,  
 And with their master left their native land.

Dim evening's latest glories now had fled  
 Beyond the far horizon; while a wave  
 Of softest twilight, through the welkin stealing,  
 Like melancholy o'er a Poet's mind,  
 Robbed every object of its native hue,  
 Each figure of its outline, and imparted  
 One common spectral aspect to them all.  
 Colour with colour blended; form with form,  
 Seemed like an ocean, when its mountain waves  
 Commingle, as in mutual embrace,  
 And, with the winds that waked them, sink to rest.  
 Each mountain, too, with solitude invested,  
 As with a mantle, in the distance seemed  
 The shadow only of its former self;  
 While, as the darkness deepened,—faint at first,  
 Like hope of maiden in her earliest love,—  
 The star of evening in the west arose!  
 Yet 'twas not such a night as lifts the soul  
 To that sublimity which Heaven inspires,  
 When all into a starred Mosaic wrought.

Dark, massy clouds, like rocks at random piled,  
 Were mounting 'bove the summits of the hills,



Upon whose ragged skirts, the golden tinge  
Of setting sunbeams now had died away;  
While, higher still, a dingy haze o'erspread  
The clear ethereal blue, and wrapt the world  
In gloom portentous,—such as at the first  
The process of Creation's birth concealed,  
When the ALMIGHTY'S Spirit moved unseen  
Upon the surface of the shoreless deep,  
Before He yet had said,—“Let there be light!”

The lonely pass our travellers now had reached,  
Through which they must their unknown path explore;  
Whose jutting cliffs, with twining ivy crowned,  
Hung beetling over-head, and filled their minds  
With deep mysterious awe. It was a place  
Which Silence seemed to have chosen, there to hold  
An everlasting Sabbath. Nought was heard  
Amid the stillness, save the hollow sound  
Of their own footsteps, echoed from above,  
At which some bird, oft starting from its rest,  
With a slight rustle and a feeble cry,  
Would sink again to slumber. Something, too,  
As if some spirit's voice, at times, was heard  
To sob and murmur wildly to the air,  
Which, deepening by degrees, like ocean's swell,  
Gave indication of a coming storm,—  
Till, falling 'mid the rocks with stunning sound,  
A clap of thunder burst upon their ear.

Now Nature was convulsed!—the lightnings gleamed  
In awful grandeur, while each thunder-peal,  
Re-bellowing through the deep-mouthed caverns, shook  
The mountains to their base,—and soon the rain,  
As if the heavens were burst asunder, poured  
With violence, and o'er the beetling cliffs  
In huge brown torrents, with a giant's power,  
Swept all before it; while the maniac winds,  
From still small whispers maddened to a roar,  
Wrenched by the roots, from out the tortured soil,  
The leafless groaning trees, whose crashing fall,  
Mingling with each stern feature of the scene,  
Enhanced its sum of terrors!

Drenched with wet,  
And almost sinking 'neath their seeming fate,  
Did Abram and his train pursue their way.  
No human habitation in that wild  
Could they expect to find, where all around  
Grim Darkness reigned, save when the lightning's flash  
Diffused a horrible and livid brightness  
Athwart the gloom, succeeded by a peal  
More terrible than those that overthrew  
The giant Titans, when they vainly warred,  
—As fable tells,—against Olympian Jove.  
The owl, disturbed amid its lone repose,  
Shrieked wildly solemn through the raving blast,  
And, bounding over-head from cliff to cliff,  
Seemed like the Demon of the Storm, when seen  
Far, far above them, by each fitful gleam,  
That, through the almost palpable profound  
A moment struggled, and then died for ever,—  
Like hope within a malefactor's mind.

Trembling and pale, the servants gathered round  
Their master; who, supporting in his arms  
His consort, strove to dissipate her fears;  
And, kneeling in the attitude of prayer,  
Devoutly thus the DEITY addressed:—

“O Thou! who, high above the stars enthroned  
In glory infinite, as suits Thy will,  
Assign'st to every element its bounds,

And on the storm rid'st awfully sublime,  
 Speaking in thunder to the quaking world,—  
 While forked lightnings, flaming through the sky,  
 Precede thy presence!—condescend to hear  
 My voice, in mercy, through the dread uproar  
 That here subdues it; and command a calm,  
 That we, uninterrupted, may proceed  
 Beneath a sky as cloudless as our hopes,  
 To where Thy will hath fixed our place of rest!  
 O, aid us, Lord! while here we trembling stand,  
 Unknowing and unknown, 'midst hideous wilds,  
 Where human foot perhaps ne'er trode before,  
 Unshielded from the heart-depressing rage  
 Of rude, tempestuous winds, and drenching rain,  
 Where lightnings mingle, and loud thunders roll  
 In conflict so appalling, that the mind  
 Starts at the thought of death in every sound,  
 And images a fate in terror's glass,  
 More dreadful than reality could be!"

That POWER, by whom is as distinctly heard  
 The falling of a leaf, when sleeps the wind,  
 As is the earthquake's intonations, when  
 It like a cradle rocks the world, and tosses  
 Mount Etna's lava, flaming, into Heaven,—  
 Heard with a gracious ear His servant's prayer,  
 And, from the immensity of that recess,  
 Where more immediately His Godhead dwells,  
 —The centre of His attributes, the depth  
 Of His infinity,—that angel called  
 Who, mightiest of Heaven's Hierarchs, led on  
 Her flaming legions in the ETERNAL'S cause,  
 Against rebellious Satan's adverse host,  
 Before Creation was, or Time was born,—  
 And, in a voice like that in which the Law  
 Was afterwards announced from Sinai's top,  
 Commanded him to summon straight the Powers  
 Of Heaven, to meet in council round His throne.

The Archangel rose, and from his zone unstrung  
 A golden trumpet, whose sonorous blast  
 Through all the regions of the blessed is heard,—  
 Perhaps the same which shall the dead arouse  
 From their long slumbers, when, as Christians hope,  
 To judge the world, the Son of God shall come,—  
 Which, loudly sounding,—at the potent call,  
 From rainbow couches where they lay reclined  
 In bliss ineffable, or, musing, strayed  
 Along the margin of the stream of life,  
 Heaven's countless millions thronged the Mount of God;  
 And, with their faces veiled beneath their wings,  
 Submissly bowing, waited his commands.

Silent as is the hour when mortals sleep,  
 Was at this moment every thing in Heaven,—  
 Till, like the sound of waters heard afar,  
 Through the deep stillness thus the ALMIGHTY spake:—

"Inhabitants of glory! well ye know,  
 How I in mercy to the first of men,  
 When he from innocence in Eden fell,  
 Did in his stead My willing Son ordain  
 To bear the punishment was thus incurred,  
 And, by His merits and vicarious death,  
 The culprit's peace with Heaven again restore.  
 Hear, then, My purpose! Man is now become  
 Immersed in guilt: that rectitude of soul,  
 Which, when at first created, he possessed,  
 Is prostituted by his first offence,  
 And lost for ever;—and, regardless still  
 Of all My judgments sent upon the world,  
 With its destruction by a mighty flood,—



He scorns My laws, and, as his heart inclines  
 Its dictates follows, heedless of that Power  
 Who gave him being, and at pleasure can  
 With equal right resume the boon he gave.  
 Earth groans beneath the load of guilt it bears,—  
 All is perverse! I, therefore, have made choice  
 Of one called Abram, who till late hath dwelt,  
 An humble shepherd, in the plains of Ur,  
 To learn my future counsels, and become  
 The father of a people, set apart  
 From all the Heathen,—and from whom shall spring.  
 —When time hath rounded its full period,—He  
 Who with almighty power descends to save.  
 This man by me from out the land was called,  
 Where, from the flood, his fathers lived and died;  
 And where, besides, the thousand other ties  
 Of home and kindred, lent their mystic charms  
 To bind him to the soil;—yet My behest  
 He cheerfully obeyed, though darkness wrapt  
 His destiny from view; and now he kneels,  
 —A solitary suppliant of Our throne,—  
 Beset with dangers, 'mid a stormy night,  
 Where Syria's northern skirts the mountains bound.

“Abdiel! Thou who alone, 'mid Satan's host,  
 When he in Heaven rebellious war commenced,  
 Stood'st faithful to thy God,—in haste descend  
 To Almadaron's lone and wild abode,  
 Where, from the world retired, his days are spent  
 In holy meditation. Near his cave  
 My chosen servant stands, whom thou shalt cause  
 Thither to be invited, and detained  
 Till thou, again appearing, shalt declare  
 The time of his departure.”

Quick as light,  
 The seraph, on refulgent wings upborne,  
 Flew through the assembled multitudes of Heaven;  
 And, plunging amid ether, lighted soon  
 Before the mouth of Almadaron's cave.

*(End of Book First.—To be continued.)*

## THE INDIAN.

### No. I.

No country in the world has been found to present, in all ages, a finer field for the cupidity of the enterprising part of mankind, than India. Its rich soil, varied climate, great extent of sea-coast, immense rivers, large clusters of islands, with its rare and valuable productions, entitle it to be looked upon as one of the most interesting regions on the face of the globe. Its population, also, in a moral point of view, presents a spectacle of deep interest to the eye of the philanthropist, and affords such exhibitions of human character under the degrading influence of superstition, as are scarcely to be found amongst any other portion of the human race.

For these reasons, we have resolved to devote a portion of our Magazine to the elucidation of this very important subject; rendering it thus, in part, a medium for bringing before the public, in an accessible form, accurate information in regard to our political, commercial, and, to a certain degree also, our religious relations with the East. The subject is, no doubt, extensive, and, to the City of Glasgow in particular, it must, for many reasons, be considered as highly interesting. That the time is fast approaching when enlarged opportunities of general intercourse with Hindoostan, China, and the Oriental Islands, will be presented to the enterprising mercantile population

of this country, is a proposition which no individual, possessed of even common political sagacity, can for a moment be inclined to controvert; and, in such circumstances, it may be considered as certain that Glasgow will not be behindhand in following out the advantages that will then be offered for her attainment. These interests and advantages it will be the constant aim of this Periodical to advocate and to promote, in every way in which a literary work, conducted on liberal and constitutional principles, can possibly produce a proper effect upon the public mind.

With this view, we intend to introduce occasionally into the pages of our Magazine, dissertations on the moral, political, and religious condition of the inhabitants of India, China, and the Islands of the Eastern Ocean; notices of the most remarkable events recorded in history regarding those countries; the nature and effects of the system carried on by means of the monopoly at present in the hands of the East India Company, and the probable advantages that may arise from the adoption of a more liberal system of policy in conducting the trade and government of our possessions in the East. We shall, at present confine ourselves to a few general observations regarding the knowledge of India possessed by the ancients.

From the earliest times, India seems to have afforded to the wise men of the West, a theme for the propagation of the most outrageous falsehoods. Thus an Arabian historian, by way of information regarding India, gravely brings forward the following choice item:—"Our pious forefathers (may God be gracious to them!) relate, that there is an island among the islands of India, which is under the equinoctial line; and this is an island in which there are born men without father and mother, and in which a tree bears women as fruit!"

In short, the Indian region seem to have been reckoned by our sage ancestors the general depository of every thing deserving the name of rare or wonderful in existence. Virgil speaks of it as the only country that could produce *ebony*,—*Sola India nigrum Fert eburnum*;\* and Horace designates it *Dives India*,—"India the rich,"—confirmed by Strabo, who describes it as the richest country in Asia, in gold and silver, and precious stones: and hence, says Horace,

"That worst of evils, poverty, to shun,  
Dauntless through seas, and rocks, and fires you run  
To farthest Ind."

The country of Siam, or, more properly, Malacca, which stretches southwards into the sea, several hundred miles, in the form of a *peninsula*, was anciently denominated *Aurea Chersonesus*, or the *Golden Chersonese*,—one of the five famous *Chersoneses*, or *Peninsulas* of the early writers; the other four being the *Morea*, or *Peloponessus*, in Greece,—the *Thracian Chersonese*, near Propontis,—the *Taurican Chersonese*, called now the *Crimea*, in the Black Sea,—and the *Cimbrian Chersonese*, in the north of Germany, now part of Denmark. The peninsula of Siam had the name of *Aurea*, or the Golden, superadded to it, from its abounding in gold, for which it was much celebrated by the ancients, both Greeks and Romans. It is thought by some, not improbably, to be the country of *Ophir* mentioned in Scripture, to which the servants of Hiram went with the servants of Solomon, "and took thence four hundred and fifty talents of gold, and brought them to King Solomon."† "And the navy, also, of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug trees and precious stones."‡ This peninsula, together with the rest of the country of Siam, is still famous for abundance of gold, silver, tin, and other metals; as also pepper, elephants' teeth, canes, and gums. The diamond mines of Golconda, in the peninsula of Hindoostan, have been famous also in modern times; so that in regard to the productions of its mines, as well as other things that have

\* G. ii. 116.

† 2 Chron. viii. 18.

‡ 1 Kings, x. 11.

been mentioned, India seems fully entitled to the epithet, "the rich," bestowed upon it by Horace ; and, indeed, the poets in general, when they would convey to us the idea of something superlatively magnificent, never fail to refer us to "gorgeous Ind," as affording the most appropriate illustration of such ideas. Thus Milton :—

" High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat."

Dionysius Periegetes, who lived in the time of Augustus, and wrote a System of Geography in Greek hexameters, represents the continent of India rather fancifully, as forming a *rhomboid* ; bounded on the east by the river Ganges ; on the south by the Erythræan ocean ; on the west by the river Indus ; and on the north by the Caucasian mountains. His general description of India is as follows :—" Towards the east is stretched the pleasant country of the Indians, the remotest of all, on the shores of the ocean, which the sun, rising for the employments of Gods and men, lightens with his first rays. Hence, indeed, the inhabitants of the land have dark-coloured bodies, remarkably gross ; and they have excessively greasy hair upon their heads, in appearance like a hyacinth. Of these, some are employed in searching out the particles of gold, digging in the sand with crooked spades fitted for the purpose ; others weave linen webs of elaborate texture ; others cut and scrape the white teeth of elephants ; others search diligently among the gushing torrents for the azure-coloured gem of the beryl, or the glancing diamond, or the pellucid green-coloured jasper, or the also azure-coloured resplendent stone of the elegant topaz, and the pleasant slightly purple-shaded amethyst. For the land produces to those people riches of every kind, being irrigated in all quarters by rivers that never fail. The meadows, indeed, are perpetually covered with thick verdure ; for in one place springs the millet, and in another flourish the groves of the Erythræan reed. Attend, now, while I recount to you the figure, and the rivers, and the lofty mountains, and the nations of this same land. It is constituted, then, in a sort of four-sided form, oblique on all sides, resembling the figure of a rhomb,—for the Indus bordering on the western waters, bounds the country on that quarter. On the south it is bounded by the billows of the Erythræan ocean ; on the east by the Ganges ; and by Caucasus towards the North Pole. This country, indeed, is inhabited by multitudes of wealthy men, not dwelling together under one denomination, but separately under divers names." Our author then goes on to enumerate the different nations ; but, to a modern reader, we are afraid his Gazeteer of India would be found to convey no great degree of information, and certainly, upon the whole, but very little amusement : therefore, we shall here bid adieu to the geographical hexameters of Dionysius.

The writers of former times, however, have not been contented with describing to us the actual productions of India, rare and wonderful as these in reality are ; but they have indulged their imaginations in the conjuring up of innumerable phantasies regarding those regions, such as no man in his sober senses would ever suppose to have existed in the world. Thus we find certain Indian islands, called *Maniola*, in number ten, mentioned by Ptolemy, which, he says, were so stored with *adamant* stones, that they violently drew to them any ships or vessels that had iron in them ; for which cause, the people who frequented those seas had the planks of their ships fastened with wooden pins. " But our later navigators," says Dr. Huelyn, " find no such matter, unless, perhaps, it may be in the exploits of Sir Huon of Bourdeaux, where, indeed, we meet with such an island in the course of his *errantrie*. This story was invented to give a reason, why no iron was used in the ships that were employed on this coast ; as very little or none was before the *Portuguese* came thither. This is mentioned in *Hackluyt's*



Voyages, very frequently and alone by this very author, and, in all probability, was the custom in Ptolemy's time.\*

India, according to certain writers of Gulliver's vein, has also been fruitful in giants and satyrs, or men with tails, and dwarfs—

——“That pigmean race,” says Milton,  
“Beyond the Indian mount.”

Nor do we want stories enough regarding many other races of men, which were supposed by early writers to have existence in this much-calumniated quarter of the globe;

“And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

“Concerning the monstrous fables,” says Dr. Huelyn, “which the ages foregoing have delivered to us of this country, give me leave to say, that as the poets used of old to fill up the times of which they were ignorant, with strange fictions, and prodigious *metamorphoses*; or, as our modern geographers, in their maps of the world, fill up those unknown parts thereof, of which they can give us no certain description, with strange and uncouth pictures of beasts and trees,—so, also, the writers in former ages have filled the most remote countries, of which they knew little, with such impossible and incredible relations. Hence there have been attributed to this India, the fables of men with dogs' heads, of men with one leg only, yet of great swiftness; of such as live by scent; of men that had but one eye, and that in their foreheads; and of others whose ears did reach unto the ground. It is reported also that this people, by eating a dragon's heart and liver, attain to the understanding of the language of beasts; that they can make themselves, when they list, invisible; that they have two tubes, whereof the one opened, yields wind, the other rain, and the like. But these relations, and the rest of this strain, I doubt not but the understanding reader knoweth how to judge of, and what to believe. The country (to report no more of it than it doth deserve) enjoyeth an exact temperature of the air, two summers, or one as long as two, and a double increase, blessed with all things which are either necessary to the life of man, or of convenience and delight, particularly with mines of gold and silver, and with precious stones; with spices of all sorts, and civets; with the best medicinable drugs; metals of all kinds, except *copper* and *lead*; abundance of all sorts of cattle, except horses; somewhat defective also in wheat and vines, that so this country might be beholden unto others, as well as others to this; famed also for abundance of camels, apes, dragons, serpents, rhinoceros, and elephants. These last more savouring of reason and humane ingenuity, or else more tractable and docile than any brute creature whatsoever. Of this we have a fair instance in the story of the Acts of Alexander. The elephant which King Porus sat upon, finding his master strong and lusty, rushed boldly into the thickest of the enemy's army; but when he once perceived him to be faint and weary, he withdrew himself out of battle, kneeled down, and into his trunk received all the arrows which were directed at his master. The greatness of the creature makes it yet more admirable, that either he should have soul enough of his own to actuate so vast a body; or, being of such strength and bigness, should submit himself to the instructions of another. Some of these Indian elephants, as Arrianus hath affirmed, being nine *cubits* high, and as many long; and in breadth or thickness about five cubits. Nor doth the sea afford less plenty or variety than we find on shore, yielding abundance of the richest and fairest pearls, huge shoals of fish, and amongst them the whale, or great leviathan, exceeding the proportion of that land-monster the elephant. For

\* Huelyn's *Cosmography*, vol. ii. p. 816.

though the ordinary dimensions of the whale be but 46 cubits in length, and 8 in thickness, yet Nearchus in *Arrianus*, is said to have measured one in these Indian seas, which was of the length of 50 cubits, and of breadth proportionable,—not to say any thing of that incredible report of Pliny, who speaketh of some Indian whales, which were nine hundred and threescore feet, or four acres long.”

It is curious to observe here, that this good old writer, at the very time when he is entering his caveat against speaking lying wonders regarding India, seems in fact almost carried away with the same spirit, towards the end of the passage which we have just quoted ; so true it is, that admiration frequently leads to the indulgence of falsehood. The whale spoken of above, as mentioned by Pliny, was, most probably, an animal of the same breed with that celebrated one recorded in the first voyage of Sinbad the sailor, and which he, with some others of the ship’s company, mistook for an island, and began to cook their dinners on its back !

The vague ideas entertained by the early writers concerning India, are, indeed, extremely well illustrated by the tales of “The Arabian Nights,” “The Thousand and One Days,” and others of a similar stamp. “We set sail,” says Sinbad, in the voyage above mentioned, “and steered our course toward the East Indies, through the Persian Gulf, which is formed by the coasts of Arabia Felix on the right, and those of Persia on the left, and is, according to the general opinion, seventy leagues over in the broadest part. Without the Gulf, the Levant, or Eastern Sea, is very spacious. It is bounded on one side by the coasts of Abyssinia, and extends four thousand five hundred leagues to the Isles of Vakvak.”

The islands called Vakvak, according to the Arabians, are beyond China, and are so denominated from a tree which bears a fruit of that name. They are, without doubt, the Japan Isles, but which are not situated so far by one half of the distance here mentioned, or about 7000 miles from Abyssinia.

Sinbad, of course, is not behindhand in describing the wonderful animals that he met with in various parts of India. “From the Isle of Salahat,” says he, “we shaped our course to another, where I furnished myself with cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. As we sailed from that island, we saw a tortoise that was twenty cubits in length and in breadth. We also observed a fish, which looked like a cow, and gave milk ; its skin is so hard that bucklers are usually made of it. I saw another which had the shape and colour of a camel !” In his journey to the island of Cassel also, he saw fishes of a hundred and two cubits long, “but which occasion more fear than hurt ; they are so timorous, that they are put to flight by striking upon boards. I remarked other fishes about a cubit in length, which had heads like owls !”

The wonderful bird called a *roc*, which makes a conspicuous figure in these tales, is mentioned by Marco Polo\* in his travels, and by Father Martini in his History of China, who say that it is of such surprising bigness and strength, that it will take up an elephant or a rhinoceros ! This is, certainly, pretty well ; but even this is not enough for Sinbad, who, accordingly, *clinches* the story as follows :—“The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, runs his horn into his belly, and carries him off upon his head ; but the blood and fat of the elephant running into his eyes, and rendering him blind, he falls on the ground ; and, what is astonishing, the roc comes and carries them both away in her claws, to feed her young !”

In short, this amusing voyager finds in India islands whose rocks consist of emeralds ; and which produce all sorts of rare plants and trees, especially cedars and cocoas. Pearls also are fished up along the shores, and at the mouths of rivers ; and in some of the valleys diamonds are found. No wonder that the king of such an island as is here described, should, in the vanity of

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\* Nicolo, Matteo, and Marco Polo were famous travellers, chiefly to the East : their travels were first given in Ramusio’s “Collection of Voyages,” published at Venice in 1557. They flourished about the year 1262.

his heart, be led to style himself thus : " The king of the Indies, before whom march a thousand elephants, who resides in a palace that shines with a hundred thousand rubies, and who has in his treasury twenty thousand crowns enriched with diamonds !"

## A DAY IN JUNE.

Summer is come in,  
Loud sings cuckoo ;  
Groweth seed,  
Bloweth meed,  
And spring the woods now.  
*Old English Song.*

THE month of June ! What a train of pleasing associations do not these words awaken in all the lovers of nature ! They bid us rejoice once more in the return of summer, with all its glorious sunshine, azure skies, green fields, and glittering waters. They invite us forth again to listen to the lark, chaunting her matin hymn at the gate of Heaven,—to rejoice in the joy of nature, and to forget for a while our own wearisome identity, in the contemplation of the wonders of the glorious universe. Then let us, for one day, bid farewell to the smoky city ; and, since it is now the month of June, let us up and away to inhale the pure air of the country. Welcome, once more, ye sylvan shades, ye murmuring streams, ye slumbering lakes, and cloud-robed mountains !—welcome, thrice welcome, the ever-varying sights and sounds of nature's holy reign ! What have we longer to do in you, ye crowded cities ! with all your ceaseless toils, your sickening cares, your agitating bustle, and heartless vanities ?—we bid you farewell ; and we call upon all who love the blooming vale, the twilight forest, and the wide and waving ocean, to take with us the wings of the morning, and, flying away from the haunts of the sordid and the soulless, to seek and find in the seclusion of nature, that blessed rest, that enviable calm, which the din and the glare of the city can never allow. There the cool breeze of the morning shall fan our cheek, as it whispers through the leafy depths of the forest glade ; we shall list to the lonely waterfall, as it lifts up its voice in the wild and rocky glen ; and, while heaven above and earth beneath are hushed and tranquil, we shall commune with our own hearts, and find, in the solemn stillness and silence of nature, the fittest and noblest temple of our God.

For is it not in the country that we most intensely feel that our Almighty Creator is indeed a Being who delighteth in goodness ? In the crowded town, man's crime is continually labouring, and often, alas ! too successfully labouring, to convert this earth into a hell. The poison-drop of sin is mingled in the cup, and, like demons evoked by the spell of the enchanter, uprise the horrid and avenging forms of poverty, disease, and death. Fraud spreads the snare for the unwary ; murder steals upon his unsuspecting victim ; and pestilence smites in darkness, and turns the city into one vast charnel-house. How different is the country ! There all joins to testify the greatness and the goodness of our Father who is in heaven. Every gentle breeze that cools our burning brow—every mossy bank that spreads for us its couch of rest—every crystal fountain that quenches our thirst—the bright beams of day, that gladden our souls and bid all nature rejoice—the bird's light carol,—all, all proclaim that God is good.

But now behold,

" The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,  
Laughing away the clouds with playful scorn,  
And living as if earth contained no tomb."

The sun hath already left his couch, and see, the eastern heavens are glowing in crimson and gold ! The white mists are rising from the valley, the voices



of a hundred streams are greeting the glorious fountain of light, and a thousand feathered minstrels are welcoming his advent with songs of joy. Up, up, and away where the morning breeze is rustling among the greenwood foliage, or the merry bee is humming among the crimson heath-bells. Up, up, and away to the mountain's side, to enjoy the spectacle of awakening nature.

We wave our magic wand, and, lo! quick as lightning, we are transported to the lovely shores of Clyde—the Queen of the streams of the West. Yes, there lies before us the noble river, gleaming in the morning ray, with its sublime boundary of blue and lofty mountains rising beyond it like a mighty wall! Hail, lovely and romantic scenes, consecrated to us by the bright and hallowed recollections of our early days,—scenes among which we *have* tasted true bliss, in spite of all the sour and heartless prosers who pretend to deny its existence in our lower world. Ay, yonder roll the blue waves of the spreading Firth, even as we used to watch them in the days of other years. Yonder, too, at the foot of that sloping hill which rises from the water's edge, still stands among its embowering trees the pretty little cottage, where

But why recal those images of departed felicity, which only render the loneliness of the present hour oppressive and cheerless? The voices which used to waken the echoes of that lovely spot, are hushed for ever,—the eyes that once shone brightly, are closed in death.

The sea! the sea! Look how the deep blue waters are curling in the breeze into millions of restless little waves, which seem to leap and sport in the bright sunbeam. Dost thou not love to look upon the sea? What is more light and joyous than its merry waves, while their brother-winds sing to them from above? And see! over the bosom of the yielding deep, sweeps on the gallant ship. Her white sails are beautifully contrasted with the darkly-heaving waters, and her colours are waving in the favouring gale. Away and away she goes, “she walks the waters like a thing of life,” and soon will the rugged coast of Caledonia have faded away from the lingering gaze of her passengers, and she will be sailing in loneliness and beauty over the trackless wastes of the mighty Atlantic. Yet are not those passengers sad or fearful. They know that soon other sunny lands shall rise over the bow, amidst the shouts of the joyous mariners, and that, while they are wandering over the ocean's breast, their God is with them, and he who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand, will lead them safely over all its lonely wastes.

Let us follow the flight of the winged ship, as she silently but rapidly descends the widening Firth, and mark each mountain range, each peaceful vale, each romantic shore, which successively rises upon our view. See far to the south the skies and waters meet, while on the left lies in its rich mantle of green, the lovely “land of Burns.” On the right, frown the stern and gigantic mountains of Arran; and more near, the bright white beach and broken hills of Cowal bound the view. But who can speak the strange, solemn, and sublime appearance which the innumerable mountains rising to the northward present from this height on which we have now placed ourselves? There they stand, dim and hoary,

—————“At random hurled,  
The ruins of an earlier world.”

Bare and rugged, they proudly lift their giant heads to the sky, stretching far beyond the lower region of clouds and vapours, which often, like a veil, conceal their summits from the view of mortals. O, ye eternal hills! who, that hath gazed upon you as you clustering stood, dark and silent, while your hoary heads were thus wrapped in their cloudy coverings, could despise the sublime, though superstitious belief of the days of old, that on you descended, in their aerial chariots, the spirits of departed heroes, to hold their spectral courts upon your awful summits! Or who, that had marked with philosophic eye, your rifted, torn, and fire-scathed sides,—your mysterious confusion,—your broken fragments and crumbling masses,—could forbid his busy imagination from desecrating in your time-worn ranges, the dim and melancholy ruins of a former

world, over which the blast of destruction had swept,—and from believing that this world we now inhabit, with all its continents, its oceans, and its thousand isles, are but the wretched remnants of a more beautiful creation, of which the records are for ever lost,—when perhaps the rainbow shone with tenfold splendours, when the sun set with tenfold glory, when our yet fair world was infinitely more beautiful, and its inhabitants holy and happy as the angels of Heaven!

And why should we not believe such a mighty change to be possible? Are not all things around us daily changing still? In the physical and moral world alike, the same wonderful process is continually going on. "Even creeds must fail, religions take their turn." Nations rise and perish. Languages are formed, to be again forgotten. Where are now the might and the majesty of Greece and of Rome? The eagle that was borne victorious over so many fields by the conquerors of the world, gleams upon the shock of battle no more. The palaces, the temples, the monuments of the great, and the godlike of ancient days, are crumbling in ruins;—the voice of the orator, the philosopher, and the poet, is hushed for ever;—and barbarism, imbecility, or ignorant superstition, rule over those glorious lands, where once shone the light of heaven-born genius! Where, again, is the romantic chivalry of more recent times? Where the undoubting, deep devotion of the middle ages? Where the heroic enthusiasm of the Crusades? What knight now dons his bright armour to do battle in defence of the Holy City with the infidel Saracen, or appears in the lists in the name of his gay ladye? All, all must fade and pass away. The good, the wise, the brave, the beautiful, alike must bow before the destroying stroke of time and death. The loveliest eye must become dim,—the sweetest voice must be hushed,—the kindest heart must grow cold,—the wisest mind must be darkened,—empires must fall,—cities disappear,—continents become the bed of the ocean,—and what was once covered with the blue waters, shoot up into new lands, the homes of nations yet to be.

And lo! even while we have been thus moralizing, unmindful of the rapid lapse of time, nature herself has been contributing her aid to afford us another illustration of the changeability of all things, for the bright day in which we have thus wandered among streams, and seas, and mountain peaks, has insensibly sobered down into evening; the hills have put on their robes of grey, and the lovely moon, arising in beauty, now comes forth, surrounded by a thousand glowing stars to gladden the silent night. How sweetly her silver radiance falls upon this glorious landscape, while the now calm and slumbering sea reflects back with unutterable splendour her sparkling beams! How glorious is the night! The eye, no longer, as in the blaze of day, confined to our own planet, wanders through the immeasurable regions of space. The sunlight, which, as a veil, hid from our view the sublime and glorious universe, is withdrawn, and the vast and wondrous works of God, the innumerable suns and systems which fill the immensity of space, are revealed to man. Now indeed do we feel that we are in the immediate presence of our Maker. There is no voice. All yon eternal lamps of night are burning clearly but silently, yet are they most eloquently discoursing of the greatness and the glory of God. O ye glorious orbs! now glowing in countless myriads over our heads, unchanging and tranquil,—say, do your bright inhabitants look down with pity on the weak, sinful, dying creatures, who people this world of woe? How many generations of human beings have successively looked upon you, and then sunk back into the dust from which they sprung; and still you roll on unchanged! And thou, silvery moon—earth's lovely hand-maid—thou couldst speak as never man spoke of the shortness of human life, and the uncertain nature of earthly happiness. Thou couldst tell of the laugh of youthful mirth, and the soft whisper of the lover's tale, overheard by thee in thy nightly watchings, soon succeeded by the groans of disease, the shrieks of anguish, the ravings of delirium, and the agonies of dissolution!

"Thou lookest on man;—thou see'st him blest  
In the light of his little day;

Thou lookest anon;—he is gone to rest,  
 The cold worm creeps in his lordly breast,  
 He sleeps in the grave's decay.  
 Thou hast seen his rise, thou shalt see his fall,  
 Thou shalt wait till the dust has covered all,  
 Till Death has crushed them one by one,  
 Each frail, yet proud ephemeron."

## NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.\*—ASSASSINATION OF PERCEVAL.

THE perfection to which the Arts have arrived in this country, the facility with which their products can be multiplied, and the consequent comparative cheapness of price at which they can be purchased, may be said to have at length brought the works of the painter as much within the reach of the general public, as those of the man of letters. A striking illustration of this, is the work whose title we have just quoted. It is designed as a pictorial and literary pantheon of all the most distinguished men of the nineteenth century, and, so far as it has gone, (the three first volumes are at present before us,) bids fair to realize this design in a very able and interesting manner. The engravings are all beautiful,—some of them, indeed, eminently so; and the biographical notices, though not written with that discrimination, impartiality, and maturity of thought, which perhaps are not to be expected in observations on those who are still alive to operate on our sympathies, our hopes, or our fears, are yet characterized by much cleverness of delineation, much vivacity of style, and much skill in filling up a concise outline, with whatever is most interesting in character and incident.

This brief description will convey a general idea of the work; and as it will be a constant object in this Magazine, to dwell no longer on the mere description of volumes under review, than is necessary to convey such a general idea,—we shall now, in accordance with that object, plunge at once into its contents, and set before the reader such portions of these, as may enable him to form an opinion for himself. Where the biographical notices are so many, and the subjects of not a few of them so prominent and interesting, it is probable we may frequently be tempted to return to the same source, to furnish forth our pages with matter of entertainment and instruction. At present we content ourselves with extracting the following graphic and impressive account of the assassination of Spencer Perceval, one of the worst Ministers produced in this country under the Pitt system of Government, but whom his biographer here describes, and perhaps truly, as in domestic life an amiable and good man. We have always hesitated to subscribe to the too common doctrine, that a bad public, may be a good private man; because it appears to us that the two characters are incompatible, and that, if a man be either really good or bad in one sphere, he must be the same, under certain modifications, in all others. We shall not, however, dwell upon this point, but proceed at once to our author's narrative of the unjustifiable deed of blood:—

"On Monday, the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Perceval fell by the hand of an assassin, in the lobby of the House of Commons, into which he was proceeding for the discussion of the Orders in Council: and, for the reason we have already given, we trust we may be allowed, without the imputation of presumption, to relate the particulars of this calamity, with the additional interest of speaking in the first person.

"I had ascended the stair which leads to the folding door of the lobby, and was about to push it open for myself, when, turning partly round, I saw the Premier (with whom I had the honour of a very slight personal acquaintance) mounting the steps immediately behind me. I bowed to him, and was saluted in return with that benevolent

\* "National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century; with Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A. &c. Dedicated by permission to the King.—London: Fisher & Son; and Jackson, Newgate. 1830."



smile which I was so instantly destined to see effaced for ever; for, as I held back the door on the right to allow the precedence of entering, the mortal bullet was sped by the villain, who had (as was afterwards proved) long stationed himself on the spot to watch for his victim, and commit this unholy murder. It is an extraordinary fact, (and I leave it to be explained on any system of moral or physical sensation,) that though so near Mr. Perceval at this moment that I could have touched him, and if the ball had passed through him it must have struck me, yet I did not hear the report of the pistol, but only saw a wreath of smoke mount from the place. In the first confusion, indeed, no one of the many individuals present precisely knew what had really happened, and it was the fall of the martyr of assassination only, that developed the nature of the atrocious deed. On receiving the wound, the unfortunate gentleman fell almost back towards his left, against the angle formed by the door and the wall, exclaiming very faintly, "*O God!*"<sup>1</sup> or, "*O my God!*" the last words he ever uttered; for immediately, as if moved by an innate impulse to seek for safety in the House, he made an effort to rush forward, but merely staggered a few paces, and dropped down on the spot, in the midst of the four pillars in the lobby. I observed Mr. William Smith, the member for Norwich, Lord Francis Osborne, (I think) a Mr. Phillips, and several other persons, hasten to raise him up: there was an effusion of a little blood on the mouth, and the pale features bore the stamp of death. The body was carried into the Speaker's room by the opening on the left.

"This was the dreadful work of not more than fifteen seconds; and, during the same period, (having first run forward to render any assistance to Mr. Perceval, in which I was anticipated by the instant interposition of the parties I have just mentioned,) my attention was directed to the assassin by a gentleman (whom I since knew to be Mr. Eastaff, of the Vote-office, at the door of which he stood,) pointing out Bellingham, and exclaiming, "That is the murderer!" He had, with apparent calmness, retired from the fatal spot, and was sitting down upon the bench on the hither side of the fire-place, when I arrested him by the collar. This was no act of which to be vain, for he neither offered resistance, nor seemed for a time to regard what was passing about him. His breast was stripped open, and a second pistol (loaded), and other things, were taken from his person, by Mr. Dowling and others. Of these, the manuscript copy of his Petition of Grievances in Russia, and the want of redress for which led to his insane revenge, is in my possession, identified by the initials of Joseph Hume, to be produced, if requisite, at a future period. I also possess a common-looking, but powerful opera-glass, found upon him, with which he had, on several preceding nights, made himself acquainted with Mr. Perceval's personal appearance, from the gallery of the House of Commons—a circumstance which, in my opinion, contradicts the supposition that he equally meditated the assassination of Lord Leveson Gower; though, unquestionably, he bore a strong resentment to that nobleman, for what he considered to have been his neglect of him in his northern mercantile transactions. But to return to my painful narrative. Bellingham, with his breast exposed, and now extremely perturbed, was in a state of great excitation when General Gascoyne appeared, and recognised him as a man whom he knew, from having seen him at Liverpool. No words, indeed, can picture his frightful agitation: large drops of agonizing sweat ran down his pallid face, (I am not exaggerating in this description of extreme human emotion, when I declare, that the former resembled rain-drops on a window, in a heavy storm, and that the latter was of the cadaverous hue of the tomb;) and, from the bottom of his chest to his gorge, rose and fell a spasmodic action, as if a body as large as the hand were choking him with every breath. Never, on earth, I believe, was seen a more terrible example of over-wrought suffering: yet, in language he was perfectly cool and collected. Some one came from the Speaker's room, and said, "Mr. Perceval is dead! Villain, how could you destroy so good a man, and make a family of ten or twelve children orphans?" To which he feelingly replied, "I am sorry for it." He afterwards justified the sacrifice on the same grounds which he took at his committal, and on his final trial.

"It is not my province to describe the scene of anxiety and tumult which followed the perpetration of this monstrous crime. Doors were guarded, messengers were running to and fro,—all was disorder. But in a few minutes, when the nature of the calamity was ascertained, the Speaker of the House of Commons recalled men to their senses, by assuming the chair of that assembly, and ordering the guilty to be brought before him. Mr. Taylor, the ancient door-keeper, for once opened it to all that came, and I, on one side, and, I think, General Gascoyne on the other, conducted the unresisting prisoner to the bar. The forms of Parliament, however, refused cognizance of the transaction, and the House was adjourned, in order that the county magistrates present might proceed according to law: in consequence of which, the two magistrates I have named, repaired to the inquest in an apartment above, where Bellingham hardly spoke, and whence he was, with due precautions, soon after committed to Newgate."

\* I am particular in mentioning these circumstances, as they were differently, and not altogether accurately, represented at the time by various witnesses.

## SCOTTISH PROVERBS.\*

PROVERBS are the pearls of practical wisdom, gathered by experience through the course of ages, before literature has made such advances as to pick such pearls from the common tongue, and transfer them, in the form of amplified principles, to the silent pages of books. He, therefore, who would acquire exact notions of the character, manners, and intellectual capabilities of any people in the earlier and ruder stages of their social existence, must betake himself to the study of their proverbial lore, whether orally floating among them on the stream of doric discourse, or gathered up by early gleaners in its own sententious form, in such collections as those homely and imperfect ones with which we have long been familiar in Scotland.

Within the last half century, innovations in the manners, pursuits, and modes of living of the people of Scotland, have been so general and so great, as almost wholly to have dried up the oral source of this interesting lore. A little pool or trickling rill of it, may no doubt be yet found in some of the more secluded districts, where the inhabitants have been least exposed to modern changes and novel examples. But these also are fast disappearing; and Mr. Henderson may be regarded as the last national pilgrim who, on paying them a visit, is likely to find in them enough to wet the soles of his feet. He therefore has entered upon his task at an opportune season. Like one stationed on a verge, over which precious things are in course of being finally precipitated, he has been enabled to seize and detain all that is really valuable; whereas, had he been but a short while later, his endeavours might have been to a great extent in vain.

Mr. Henderson's collection is, to use the words of the able author of the Preface, "more ample than any that have preceded it. Without stickling at what may be strictly denominated the indigenous proverbs, he has, very properly we think, taken a wider latitude, and published all that circulated among his countrymen, whether exotic or of home growth." These he has arranged alphabetically, under separate heads, expressive of the subjects to which they respectively belong,—an arrangement which secures facility of reference, and obviates that confusion which a mass of pointed sayings, huddled together without any system of allocation, would have been certain to have occasioned. In addition to this obvious merit, the work is illustrated with some very humorous and characteristic etchings, which display to great advantage Mr. Henderson's talents as an artist, and recall many old associations connected with the costumes, "plenishing," usages, and "thrift" of bygone times, that must be delightful to every Scotchman. It ought also to be mentioned, in order to convey an accurate notion of the book, that to the Proverbs it contains, are added several extracts from old and rare works, enshrining many practical maxims of great general value; while a copious Glossary concludes the whole, and sheds light upon any obscurities that modern readers may find in the ancient style.

Turn we now to the Preface by Mr. Motherwell. This is a dissertation on the history, philosophy, and characteristics of Proverbs, written in a clear and comprehensive manner,—in a spirit of partiality for the task; and with an acuteness and discrimination highly creditable to its author. He states, that the first collector of Scottish Proverbs was James Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow, the date of whose collection is disputed, some ascribing to it that of 1610, others that of 1614. This, however, is a subordinate fact, of no essential importance. The next collector was Mr. David Fergusson, minister of Dunfermline, a contemporary of Beaton's, but of the Reformed faith. Of this Fergusson many interesting biographical particulars are told.

"The next printed collection to that of the minister of Dunfermline, is the inval-

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\* "Scottish Proverbs, collected and arranged by Andrew Henderson. With an Introductory Essay by W. Motherwell. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1832."

able, and curious, and extensive one made by James Kelly, A. M., published at London in 1721. Saving what may be gleaned from the volume itself, we know nothing of its learned and ingenious author. By birth he was a Scotsman, and we are inclined to believe that he was educated for the church. He appears to have been considerably advanced in life when he published the fruit of his labours, for, in the conclusion of his preface, he says, 'If there be any other objection against this my performance, I have one Apology for all, and that is, that I made this Collection without any Regard either to Honour or Profit, but only to give myself a Harmless, Innocent, Scholar-like Divertisement in my declining years.' This is confirmed, and a little more insight afforded as to his personal history, when, in speaking of the common saying, 'He that's not handsome at Twenty, strong at Thirty, wise at Forty, rich at Fifty, will never be handsome, strong, wise, or rich,' by way of illustration he adds, 'I have passed all *these terms*, and have never yet had any of these Qualifications. *De me clamatum est.*' Again, in commenting upon the country adage, '*A dry summer never made a dear peck*,' he remarks, 'I do not know any observation of Weather or Season, that holds so true as this, in these nations; for though the straw in such years be short, yet the grain is good and hearty. I remember no remarkable dry Summers but Three, 1676, 1690, 1713, and all of them very plentiful.' It is very probable that Kelly may have been born about the year 1660."

"Kelly's work," continues our author, "appears to have excited Allan Ramsay to undertake a similar task." \* \* \* "Ramsay's collection comprises about two thousand two hundred proverbs, arranged alphabetically. It has been frequently reprinted, and a very mean abridgement of it is a common penny stall book. The editions we have seen, are dated 1737, 1750, 1776, 12mo. The proverbs do not appear in the edition of Ramsay's works, dated 1800, though that professes to be a complete collection of all his productions."

The collections above enumerated, are all that, until the present time, have appeared in print. One or two small collections in MS. exist in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; but of these, as well as of the MS. collection written in 1586 by John Maxwell, younger, of Southbar, it is needless here to take notice. It may, however, be worth while to mention, as connected with the history of Gaelic literature, that in 1785 "a very good and unpretending little volume" of Gaelic Proverbs, accompanied by an English translation, was printed and published in Edinburgh by one Donald Macintosh. This volume "contains many useful explications, and historical and traditionary illustrations, altogether very creditable to the industry and research of the author."

This includes the whole catalogue of gleaners in the field of Scottish Proverbial lore, down to the present more distinguished appearance of Mr. Henderson, whose industry has left little behind him for succeeding generations to pick up. He has been engaged for many years in his collection, pulling out his pencil and committing these gems to paper, whenever he chanced to hear them fall from the lips of any engaged in conversation; and the extensiveness of his catalogue, is the best proof of how well he has improved his time.

We must close our notice of this valuable book, by quoting, from the Preface, the following amusing instance of the dangers to which Proverb gleaners after Mr. Henderson's fashion, may sometimes expose themselves, and of the use of which their treasures may sometimes be, in extricating them from these dangers:—

"An intimate friend of our own, a gentleman of some eccentricity of character, was at one period of his life a very assiduous collector of proverbs. He piqued himself not a little upon his store of proverbial colloquialisms, and, in all argumentative matters, was sure to silence his opponents by fairly pouring into them a broadside of proverbs, great and small, light and heavy, pat or unpat, no matter which, if he only kept up a raking fire of this sort of verbal shot. At the time we speak of, it was his custom to note down every proverb which he might overhear in the course of conversation, on slips of paper, from which he transferred them to his *magnum opus* when leisure occurred. In this way, there seldom was card, letter, or scrap of paper on his person, but was literally groaning with "rusty sayed sawes" and proverbial rhymes. No bee could be busier in sucking from every flower its pith and flavour, than our collector was in registering upon his sybilline leaves the fruits of every day's quest after these insulated morsels of wit and wisdom."



"On one occasion he had been invited to a large party at a friend's house, where there happened to be not a few strangers present. Our friend, fortunately we think, as the sequel will show, had forgotten to disgorge his pockets of their multifarious contents. Well, the good things disappeared, and the wine followed, and, with every bottle, the conversation assumed a more lively character. How some misunderstanding with our collector and another gentleman at the table arose, we cannot well explain, but certainly their words waxed high, and to such a degree was their dispute carried, that an abrupt termination was put to the festivities of the evening by the man of proverbs handing over his card to the stranger. Nothing, of course, was spoken of by the grave part of the company but this disagreeable quarrel, and the still more disagreeable results to which next morning's dawn must unavoidably give rise.

"Next morning came, and the gentleman began to bestir himself, as, according to the rules of honour, he must do, when there is a personal injury to be avenged. With the man of proverbs he was deeply enraged, and to refresh his memory as to name and address, he had recourse to the card put into his hands over night. He looked first at one side, then at the other, but name or place on neither could be found; but, in place of that, there was traced, in good legible characters—'NAETHING SHOULD BE DONE IN A HURRY, BUT CATCHING FLEAS.' The effect of this was irresistible. Mr. ——— fell into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and, with very altered feelings from those with which he left his couch, immediately called upon a mutual friend, where such explanations were given as to the quarrel of the evening before, that a hostile meeting was in a moment quashed. Had it not been, however, for this fortunate incident of proverb-gathering, there is no saying how matters would have ended. We, knowing all the circumstances, are entitled to say, that but for this excellent aphorism, one or two valuable lives might have been sacrificed to notions of false honour."

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## HOW IS BRITAIN TO BE SAVED?

GREAT BRITAIN offers at the present crisis a study of the most important and interesting nature to the political economist. In her he beholds an empire occupying the foremost rank among the nations of the earth for civilization, intelligence, and enterprise; eminent alike in arts and in arms, in the pursuits of philosophy and literature, and in the active and busy scenes of the mart and the seaport,—which, by its skill and exertion, has added invention to invention, discovery to discovery, subjected the very elements to its will, and, by the aid of the most extraordinary mechanical devices, taught them to aid, to an incalculable extent, the powers of production it before possessed, and thereby opened up for itself new and continually increasing sources of wealth,—while, in spite of all these unprecedented advantages, and in the midst of this wonderful abundance, the great bulk of the nation is sunk in deplorable and hopeless poverty: famine and pestilence desolate the land, and the long-continued and general distress now threatens the total disorganization of society! With more capital than she can employ, with more labour than she demands, with machinery capable of creating in unlimited quantities the comforts, conveniences, and elegancies of life, Great Britain is full of pauperism and suffering, and seems as if destined to perish from poverty and starvation, at the very time when her resources against these evils are greater than were ever before possessed by any nation! This strange and anomalous position into which the country has been gradually brought, has at length begun to attract the general and earnest attention of thinking persons. Men ask each other in astonishment how these things can be, and puzzle themselves to discover wherefore our population is starving in the midst of plenty, our country decaying in spite of its vast accumulations of wealth, and its boundless capacities of producing more. It is in vain that some would point, as a solution of the mystery, to the enormous public debt entailed upon us, that a now fast-disappearing generation might enjoy the pleasure of carrying on a mad crusade against liberty all over Europe. It is in vain that others show us the long and scandalous list of placemen, pensioners, and sinecurists, who prey upon the produce of the labour of the industrious classes. It is in vain that another party expose the folly and the ignorance with which our legislators have once and again tam-

pered with our national currency, increasing, by almost one-half, the public debt and taxes, and spreading panic, ruin, and bankruptcy over the land. These are, each and all of them, great and terrible evils,—evils that would have buried in immediate and utter ruin any other country than our own. But the resources of Britain are so vast, and the talent and intelligence of her sons so great, that she might have borne up, even under all that dreadful pressure, if she had been left unshackled in other respects, and allowed to turn to the best account the great advantages she possesses in her insular situation—her natural stores of mineral wealth, her climate and her machinery. What is it, then, that is now fast hurrying Britain to destruction; and how may she yet be saved from this imminent ruin? To this most important question, many are unable to return any answer. They see and lament the false and unnatural position into which the country has got, but they cannot tell how it is again to return to the natural one. They are convinced that there must be some elucidation of the mystery of an industrious people being obliged, whenever a time of more than ordinary distress arrives, *not* to labour the more diligently in order to provide for themselves those comforts of which they stand in need, but to *desist from working* for a time altogether, because that strange phenomenon, a *glut*, or superabundance of commodities, has occurred in the market, while the great body of the people are, at the same moment, in urgent want of the very things said to be produced in too great quantities! They feel that there must be *something* which is here opposing the natural and proper distribution of commodities throughout the nation; but what that something is, they cannot discover. Others there are, who, knowing well the real sources of all this embarrassment and confusion, wilfully shut their eyes to the proper remedies, and, for the sake of unjustly bolstering up some particular interest at the expense of the general welfare of the community, labour, by the most ingenious sophistries, to mystify and perplex the whole subject, and to prolong that period of doubt, of blundering, and of mischievous experiment, which we hope is now drawing near its end.

We are happy, however, to perceive, and we hail it as a sign full of fair promise for the future welfare of the country, that some of those who have long distinguished themselves as the most uncompromising enemies of improvement in our social system, are at length making an approximation to more just and liberal views on several very important points. They seem to be labouring under the conviction, that, unless something be done to aid our suffering population, the clogged and jarring machine of the State cannot much longer move on; and have, therefore, at length brought their minds to consent, that reason, justice, and common sense, should in part be listened to, in order that, by sacrificing some abuses, the rest may be preserved a little longer untouched. Even the *Quarterly Review*, in an article upon the condition of the Labouring Classes, in No. 92, now confesses, that one of the main causes, or rather *the main cause*, of the distress of the country, is the absurd, unjust, and ruinous policy of shutting up our population in their own small island, and obliging them to look for their supplies of food from its limited extent of land alone, while so many millions of acres of fertile tracts are ready to supply them with abundance of cheap food, if the law would allow it. This mischievous restriction on the prime necessary of life, the *Quarterly* now admits to be rapidly bringing our manufactures to ruin,—thus destroying the great source of our wealth and prosperity, converting our labouring classes into paupers, and finally ruining our agriculturists themselves, by burdening their lands with the support of the starving population.

These are facts that have long been familiar to many liberal and sound reasoning men, but *it is something* to find them advanced and enforced, even at this eleventh hour, in the *conservative* Tory journal we have just mentioned; and as its elucidation of this point is not only worth listening to, as a rather extraordinary thing to be found in such a quarter, but is also very clear and correct in itself, we proceed to quote its statement of what it calls the “dilemma in which we are placed.”

"In a country like this," says the *Quarterly*, "so great a part of whose population are engaged in trade and manufactures, fabricated in great part for exportation, the prices which those manufactures fetch in the foreign market regulate the home prices, and therefore determine the wages of the manufacturing labourers, and, consequently, the sum they can afford to pay for the food they consume, or the quantity and quality of it at the existing prices. No artificial restrictions, no contrivance whatever, can drive the prices of corn, meat, cheese, &c., higher in this country, than what the state of the foreign market will allow the manufacturing population to pay. These, if they cannot get the necessaries they require within that price, must be content with a less quantity, or a worse quality: they must sink to a lower scale of living; they must consume bacon instead of fresh meat, and potatoes instead of bread; or, finally, they must starve, rob, or *come upon the parish, while their former employers carry their capital to establish manufactories in other countries*; for, that they should give more for their food than the price of their labour will enable them to command, is an evident impossibility, and the attempt to get more from them by preventing importation, or any other contrivance on the part of the agriculturists, must, from the nature of things, not merely prove a signal failure, but just such a failure as that of a certain dog who lost a good bone out of his mouth, by catching at the other which he fancied he saw in the water."—Pp. 355, 356.

A few sentences farther on, the same article continues thus:—"Here, then, we are at a dead lock. The hitch is complete and effectual; and as the population, already redundant, is continuing rapidly to increase upon us, (at the rate indeed of above eight hundred *per diem*), and consequently the competition for labour, and the reduction of wages, and the depression of the labouring class, and, finally, their demoralization, discontent, and disaffection, are all increasing in the same rapid rate of progression,—it is evident that *something or other must rapidly give way*, or the machine of society will go to rack. The great question is, *what* ought to be made to give way? In what direction is the opening to be safely and wisely broached, for our relief from this dangerous state of accumulating pressure?"—P. 356.

The Reviewer then goes on to show, that there is but one way of extricating ourselves from the dilemma he has pointed out; namely, by the importation of corn from other countries, as free from all restriction as if it were only brought from one part of the kingdom to another. This, he truly says, would re-invigorate our manufactures, terminate the sufferings of our people, and even greatly benefit our agriculturists themselves, as their interests are undoubtedly identified with those of the country in general,—the prosperity or decline of which must eventually make them also prosperous or distressed. But, after going thus far, our Tory scribe suddenly stops short, and, clinging with a lingering fondness to a remnant of his old prohibitory tastes, he tells us, that though we ought to go abroad for our corn, we ought not to buy it from foreign states, but from *our own colonies alone*. Now, that we would most likely find it *our advantage*, were the trade in corn thrown open as it ought to be, to take a considerable part of our supply from our colonies, we do not doubt. From the fertile provinces of the Canadas alone, Great Britain is probably destined yet to receive a principal part of that food which her own inferior soils deny her. But why, in the name of common sense, forbid us to buy from any other quarter, if we can do it more advantageously? It has been said, that foreign states will not receive our manufactures in exchange for their grain, while we can compel our colonies to buy from us alone; but, if the foreigner were thus preposterously to refuse to drive a reasonable bargain with us, is it to be supposed that we would be fools enough to consent to deal on such disadvantageous terms with him, while our brethren in the colonies were offering us such superior encouragement to buy from them? It is only on the supposition that Britain might be better served elsewhere than in her colonies, that she would ever think of applying to foreign states; and if she were really better served by them, why not let her deal with them?



It has been likewise alleged, that were we dependent on foreign nations for any part of our supply of food, we might be reduced to straits and inconveniences by these nations refusing us that supply, if we happened to quarrel with them. But if we were free to buy our grain anywhere, it is far from likely that we would depend on any one country for the whole of the supply we required from abroad; some of it we would take from one part of the world, and some from another; and, consequently, the refusal of any one country to supply us would not materially incommode us, but merely cause our purchases to be rather heavier in our other foreign markets. And even in the, in our opinion, impossible case of a general combination among foreign powers to distress us by refusing us corn, we would still have the produce of our colonies and of our own country to fall back upon, independent of those supplies with which foreign merchants would be too happy to furnish us clandestinely, in spite of all the prohibitions their governments could impose. Who has forgot the days when the mighty Napoleon, in the plenitude of his power, shut against our merchandise the ports of the whole continent? But did the despot by that measure annihilate our foreign trade? Nay, verily. Our merchants made fortunes, our artisans had more work than they could perform, and the manufactures of Britain still found their way into every corner of Europe. So would it be were any combination ever formed to deprive this country of foreign grain,—so must it ever be when rulers are mad enough to attempt to ruin their own subjects by stopping that commerce on which their prosperity, nay, their very existence depends, in order to strike an effectual blow at another and a rival power.

We must, therefore, have a free trade in corn. Reform in Parliament has now been obtained; and when our new electors assemble, as they will soon do, to choose their representatives for a reformed House of Commons, if they do not instruct the men whom they shall elect to open our corn trade, they will betray their country, and abuse the high trust which the Constitution has confided to them. In the Corn Laws we find the great cause (though certainly by no means the only one) of our present sufferings. It is they which, by limiting our supplies of food, retain our labouring classes in such misery, while the land is abounding with all those sorts of wealth which manufactures can produce. Let the Corn Laws be swept away, and we will soon discover that we are once more returning to that true and natural state of society from which we had departed; our immense powers of production will then be found to be indeed incalculable blessings; and, instead of being the worse off the more we produce, as is now the case, we shall only be on that account the more comfortable and happy. Every new discovery in machinery will then increase our means of obtaining food from other lands, in exchange for the increased quantity of manufactures we will then be enabled to produce, while it will, at the same time, enable our well-fed artisans to obtain, at a still cheaper rate, those clothes, furniture, houses, &c. &c., which they require; and even our agriculturists will then discover, that it is for *their* interest that the manufacturing population should be well fed and comfortable, that they may be enabled to bear their share of the public burdens, and to purchase a greater quantity of agricultural produce,—that the security of property may be maintained, and the terrific growth of pauperism checked.

There are many other measures which must be adopted, and that speedily too, if England is indeed yet to be herself again; but, important as they all are, none of them, we think, can be compared with that which we have been now recommending, for the exceeding greatness of the benefits it must produce. We will, however, before concluding, mention a few of those salutary reforms that remain to be effected. And among these, the first in importance, we think, must be considered the final settlement of the Currency Question. It is needless for us here to point out the various and grievous calamities that have been produced throughout the land by Peel's famous, or rather *infamous* Bill for fixing the standard of value. Its gross injustice and its ruinous effects have been often already clearly pointed out in many publications, and are at this moment too generally felt and acknowledged, to render it necessary for

us to say one word on the subject. The same observation will apply to the blundering legislation of 1826, when England was deprived of her small notes because her banking system was not exactly what it ought to be, and what it doubtless would have been, but for the unjust monopoly enjoyed in that part of the United Kingdom by the Bank of England. The evil consequences of that most unwise contraction of the national circulation, has been so widely felt, that we need do no more than advert to them. The time is now, however, at hand, when something will, we hope, be done to remedy at least the latter (if not both) of these abuses of legislative power. The charter of the Bank of England is about to expire, and care must be taken that it may never be renewed. Monopoly here, as everywhere else, must be put an end to. A free and sound system of banking must be established throughout England, and that part of the island must be allowed the blessing of a small note circulation, that its resources may be developed as they ought to be, and as they at present are not,—that it may at length enjoy those advantages of a safe and beneficial paper currency, which Scotland has already so long possessed.

But space would fail us were we to attempt going over one-third of what must be attended to by a reformed Parliament, in order that the thousand and one evils which the old system of misrule has inflicted upon us, may be removed, or at least diminished. The English and Irish Church Establishments must be remodelled. Ireland must have a sound and efficient system of Poor-Laws. The China monopoly, and all other monopolies and restrictions on trade, must be abolished. The laws must be reformed and simplified. All taxes on knowledge must be abandoned, that the immense potency of the press, in civilizing and regenerating mankind, may at length be experienced; that all classes of the people, even the most humble, may learn to know their rights, their duties, and their true interests; that ignorance, the worst enemy of man's happiness, may be banished from the earth; and that the true millennium of knowledge, reason, peace, and happiness, which the wise and the good of every age have looked forward to with so much delight, may at length arrive, when men of every colour, kindred and clime, will recognise and trust each other as friends and brethren.

## POLITICAL AND LITERARY COMMENTARY.\*

BY A CONTRIBUTOR IN LONDON.

### No. I.—POLITICAL.

NEVER did the political relations of Europe present such an aspect as they do at this moment,—so portentous and so troubled,—and yet, on the whole, so favourable to the interests and the liberties of mankind. In the throes and heavings which agitate so many powerful states, we see the symptoms of that change which is rapidly passing over the face of society; and the shock which the social system suffers in producing such change,—“in working out its own salvation,”—may well be compared to those pangs of labour which nature has doomed as the penalty to be paid by the animal in perpetuating its race. We cannot expect any really good or beneficial improvement to be effected in a government, that is not accompanied with a corresponding convulsion,—simply because the few, who, from accidental circumstances, get elevated to the offices of government, have ever considered

\* The length of the opening *Political Commentary* compels us, on account of the variety essential to our pages, to omit the *Literary* portion of the Article in the present Number.

the institution as one invented for their own special benefit, and which the people in common have nothing in the world whatever to do with, but to honour and obey. And the object of these few being to retain all power and authority in their own hands, which they soon begin to fancy belongs to them as a matter of right, it is not in the nature of things to suppose that they will part with the smallest portion of what is so flattering to their vanity as well as to their profit, without a struggle or convulsion of some kind or other taking place.

There is not, assuredly, a period in the history of the world so full of instruction,—so humiliating to aristocratical pretension,—and so pregnant with sound practical lessons to the governors and the governed, as that commencing with the first French Revolution, up to the moment in which we live. And that revolution, be it remembered, was one for all Europe, and not France only; and let us remember also, that from the first instant of its birth, it has ever since continued to make slow, but certain progress. The very measures blindly resorted to by the things of ermine and purple for stopping its progress, were those of all others best calculated for accelerating it. The favourite weapon of national antipathy promoted the views of Kings and Ministers for a time; but, to their astonishment, this weapon had become so blunted and rusted, that it was comparatively useless. The fact is, these people in their palaces had forgotten that such a thing as the art of printing was in existence, and that books had carried, to the very extremities of society, a perfect knowledge of the relations in which the people stand to governments, and governments to the people. They had fallen into a sound sleep for many years, like Rip Van Winkle, and, on descending from their “high places” to mix of necessity with the people, they were surprised and indignant to find, that those whom they had formerly kicked and cuffed at pleasure, now stood crustily upon their rights, and even went so far as to ridicule the old-fashioned feudal notions and habits of their fellow-creatures! This was a sad change, and one which the “Great Man” could not easily brook; and hence the farce of *Legitimacy* which they artfully enough played off, and the blood of the people which they managed so profusely to shed. The silly trap which Napoleon fell into, of setting up for a king himself, gave the enemies of the people the advantage in the long run, though the tottering edifices of despotism were propped up for a time. The memorable Congresses of Vienna and Verona exhibited specimens of cobbling and patchwork, such as the world had never before witnessed. The high-born lacquies who had figured at these assemblies, imagined that they had only to will it, and the world would be re-modelled and re-cast. The boundaries which, for the wisest purposes, nature had given to kingdoms and states, were unworthy a moment’s reflection, when the wishes of great potentates stood in the way,—and ancient countries were transferred to swell out the measures of an empire, with less consideration than our hereditary legislators practise in giving permission to shoot on one of their preserves. As to the people, they were never thought of in the matter, except when “the piper was to pay.” And this was the “Settlement of Europe!”—at least so these lacquies said, and so their minions echoed in every coterie and court. And how long did it continue? How long did the state-tinkering, as your admirable countryman Burns calls it, last? Let your neighbour, the worthy representative of the illustrious Bourbons, at Holyrood—or his friend at the Hague—or the advocates of despotism throughout the world, the Tories of England, inform us. Verily, these “final settlements” are amusing matters, whether they have relation to the affairs of Europe, or, coming down to a later day, and on a smaller scale, to those of Holland and Belgium.

It offers matter for much curious reflection, to compare the reception given by the courts of Europe to the present French Revolution, with that which distinguished their conduct in the previous one,—to contrast the fulminations against jacobinism and republicanism, and every other ism, and the sounding of trumpets and the shouting to arms in the one case, with the sulkily silence and sullen reserve in the other, winding up with what was most



amusing of all—the awkward and extorted recognition of the new order of things. Can any man suppose that we are to attribute this change in the policy of the despots, to any alteration of sentiment on their part,—to any approximation to liberal opinions and leaning to popular rights? To be sure not! They were, if possible, on this occasion more deadly enemies than heretofore to the cause of liberty. They looked upon this new Revolution with feelings of bitterest horror; and, if they could, would have obliterated the very name of France from the catalogue of nations. But they were not in the condition to undertake a new crusade against freedom. They felt themselves bound hand and foot by the dangers which surrounded themselves in their own dominions, and, with a very indifferent grace, they bent their legitimate heads to the storm. The revolution in Belgium, which was equally unexpected with that in France, but which followed as a consequence, added to their calamities; and while it furnished a fresh sample of the power of the popular force, it gave us another proof of the utter helplessness of the legitimates.

We are, in truth, but very indifferently acquainted with the extent of right political feeling on the Continent. The military system of government that prevails, and the iron rule that is exercised over the press, prevents our obtaining accurate or satisfactory knowledge on this important subject. Still, however, communications occasionally reach us, which explain the strong sentiments entertained by the people, and circumstances occur which speak them still more decidedly. The interest evinced by the brave Hungarians on behalf of the truly noble, but truly unfortunate Poles, was an instance which excited universal admiration; the expulsion of the young despot from Brunswick, and the various other popular movements which from time to time took place, all demonstrated how extensively spread, and how deeply seated were the principles of national independence. The late festival at Hambach proves the fact still more clearly; and though we are informed that many who hold liberal opinions have been somewhat startled at the radicalism of Dr. Wirth, we can easily believe that this fear arises, not from any thing contained in the principles of the worthy Doctor, but from the terror with which, in such circumstances, all men are inspired who are subject to military rule. When, in conjunction with these things, we look at the more recent expression of opinion in Hanover, on the debate relative to the proposed Constitution, we cannot longer doubt that the days of continental despotism are gone by, and that, in a general sense, the age of brute force will speedily become matter of history.

Although the powers of the Continent have hitherto passively acquiesced in the changes in France and Belgium, it seems by no means improbable, from the signs which are becoming every day more and more apparent, that, ere long, war will prevail over the whole of Europe. It could not escape observation, that while Prussia and Austria especially, were calling out “peace, peace,” they were, at the same time, rapidly increasing their forces, and putting them in a state of the very highest efficiency,—while Russia was busied in carrying on her exterminating projects against one of the bravest and most ancient nations in the world, and which, to the disgrace of France and England, she was permitted to effect, under circumstances of most terrible atrocity, unchecked and unimpeded. And what now are we told?—That the Autocrat is concentrating his armies on the frontiers of that unfortunate country, which, let us hope, *will still be Poland*, waiting for the signal to join his brother despots in the new crusade against the liberties of mankind! The statements lately made of an alliance, *offensive and defensive*, having been entered into between the three before-mentioned Powers and Holland, if well founded, would make the question of war no longer problematical.

It is assuredly matter of great regret to the advocates of freedom, to see the hopes of France so sadly disappointed in the results of the late Revolution, while it is, in a proportionate degree, the theme of exultation with the enemies of national independence. And yet, after all, the latter have as little reason to exult, as the former have to regret or despair. Both should know

*that France is equal to her regeneration.* The errors of the present, are the consequences entailed by her first Revolution. Her bravest and best patriots were ambitious of showing to the world, that, although success the most complete had crowned their efforts, Revolutionists could yet be both moderate and humane; and that the bloodshed and disorders of the former event, were the work of the foes, and not of the friends, of liberty. But, in avoiding all the errors of the past, they carved out new misfortunes for the future. They aimed at what is so difficult of accomplishment in all things—the golden mean—and failed. They saw that the attempt to establish a Republic in France, had been made the pretext for long and devastating wars; and they sought in the government of a citizen King, with republican institutions, that freedom and that order which civilized society requires. But their choice of the individual to be the Head of such a government, was most unfortunate. Louis Philip is not the man fitted for the position which he occupies. The administration of the King's favourite Minister, Perier, (the favourite of the system,) by its persecution of the Press alone, made itself entitled to universal detestation. It assuredly behoved the French ministers to avoid the rocks upon which the former Revolution was mainly wrecked,—that of calling upon all the world to imitate the example of France. But while they were bound not to publish such an appeal, they were certainly called upon, as a matter of self-interest alone, to see that the struggling patriots of other countries had a clear stage,—that the people of Italy and Poland, to whom it is affirmed they had gone so far as to hold out hopes, were not borne down and destroyed by the unwarrantable and infamous interference of Austria in the one case, and of Prussia in the other. But this manly and decided course Louis Philip and his Ministers refused to follow, and thereby lost the incalculable advantages which a successful stand in Italy and Poland would have given them. They preferred to these things, courting the hollow friendship of the “Holy Alliance,” and prostrating themselves in the dust before its mandates; thus rendering France contemptible on the one hand, and themselves despised and laughed at on the other. It is, however, impossible, that the people who spurned the despotism of Charles the Tenth—one of that family thrust upon them by foreign bayonets, and one, under whom they never could expect to have free institutions—will submit to be bound hand and foot by Louis Philip—by a King of their own choice, and of their own creating. The thing is impossible, and need not be reasoned upon.

Leaving the affairs of France, we revert, by an easy process, to the consideration of our domestic policy,—so closely bound together have been the interests of the two countries, since the pursuit of national independence has become in both the common object of the people.

The question of Reform, through the moral influence of the population, has been carried to a successful conclusion. The stops and impediments which it has often had to contend against, have rendered its ultimate success of more value and importance to the nation;—the more dearly purchased the victory, the more highly prized is it in the estimation of the victors. It is impossible, when speaking of this now very popular question, to avoid referring to the obloquy which the early Reformers had for so long a period to encounter *in* Parliament and *out* of Parliament—in public and in private:—so true it is, that, even in questions of the most important political kind, there is a vast deal indeed in necessity making the advocacy of them become *an affair of fashion*. It is astonishing how many of our leading men could never see the want of any Reform in Parliament,—who thought with the Duke of Wellington, that the system which was so much abused, was the most perfect and beautiful that the wisdom of man could devise,—till at length the people, through long suffering, waxed wroth, and, willy nilly, would have Reform, whether the leading men were content or no. The matter then assumed quite a different aspect. The bearings of the complicated question, as it was so called, were seen through a very different medium,—and a Radical, who had long been considered as a pest in society, was all of a sudden flattered and courted—and courted and flattered—shaken by the

hand by Lords and Knights of the shires; and though the cut of his coat, and the cast of his countenance, were sometimes considered a little plebeian, he was thought, upon the whole, to be a devilish worthy fellow. The change of sentiment was, of a surety, a very wholesome one; and I, for one, shall not quarrel with it. I would, on all occasions, accept of the support of all classes and degrees of men, without inquiring of them the why or the wherefore. I would however say to the people—you will presently be called upon for the exercise of that franchise which many of you have now been invested with for the first time; and as you must be desirous of sending into the first reformed Parliament, men possessed of minds fitted for the high and important duties which they will have to perform, avoid most carefully the selection of those whom necessity only can make converts to a great cause, and who can never see the propriety of conceding any thing to popular right, save when danger is at their doors, and no chance of refusal is left them. Let no man persuade you to any other course. You have seen what the oligarchy would have effected, had they dared; and notwithstanding the extent of Reform, which has been most tardily and unwillingly conceded to you,—of this be satisfied, that it will require the full exercise of all your energies, to cope with the vast influence which wealth and rank still possess in this most aristocratical country.

Many as are the subjects which call for public notice, it is questionable whether it would be judicious, in the present temper and disposition of the people, and considering the wants of the country, to distract attention from the one all-engrossing subject of Reform. The great grievances under which the country labours, can only be treated, with any hope of success, by a Reformed Parliament; and the public cannot do better than devote themselves, with that energy and skill which they have hitherto exhibited, to carrying the provisions of the Reform Bill into full operation. The choice of representatives is the great and important duty which the people have to perform, for upon the way in which that choice is exercised, depends the whole value and utility of the Bill. If they choose candidates, as they have done heretofore in those few places where the elective franchise could be exercised, merely on account of their rank and connections, and suffer their decisions to be influenced by the cant and humbug of hereditary legislators, about the “connecting link,” and so forth, they had better want the franchise altogether. Future opportunities will present themselves for entering more minutely into this portion of the subject. I would observe, however, that the people must be well satisfied by this time, that their liberties depend upon themselves. I was one of those who by no means regretted the foolish position in which the King and the bulk of the aristocracy placed themselves on the Reform question. It was an occurrence that brought the people to their senses, for at the time they were running full speed into royal harness, and positively disgusting one with their trashy eulogies, and senseless huzzas. The whip was, however, timely displayed, and the outrageous grunting of the “swinish multitude,” as not long ago the people were politely called, must have satisfied their old drivers that their mastery was at an end. Deny it however as the puffed-up and purse-proud aristocracy will, they may rest assured that despotism in Europe has got its quietus. The knowledge which the people now so generally and so retentively possess, has made it impossible that the government of brute force can again prevail. It is true we may not, at all times, and in all places, witness the same extent of liberty, and the same display of popular power. As it is with individuals, so it will be with nations. One will exhaust its resources and its liberty, in extravagance and luxury; while another, by thrift and care, will increase its independence and its power. One will sink into effeminacy and dotage, while another will rise upon its ruins to prosperity and eminence. But, in a general sense, all nations will attain to freedom. *THE PEOPLE cannot retrograde.* They must onward. The despots may oppose the rushing masses with their gilded sceptres, but the charm which ignorance so long invested them with, is dissolved. They must retire from the contest. A new era is opening upon the world!



## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE present generation seems to be a perfect *Hellus librorum*; that is to say, the public, now-a-days, is a great reader. We would have this enormous "glutton of books" to pause for a moment, however, and to consider that, before the different articles are devoured, it is always looked upon as right and salutary that each item should be duly investigated by those who are qualified to give a correct judgment on the subject, in order that as little matter of a deleterious quality as possible may be allowed to enter the gentle maw of our very dear public, as we certainly wish, for our own sakes, that *his, her, or its* health may be preserved, and the valuable life of this our very excellent patron continued even as long as the sun and moon shall endure. It is with this laudable desire that we set ourselves, like the celebrated Mr. Accum, of chemical notoriety, to submit to the test of our acute and infallible critical judgment, the various publications which have lately been sent for our inspection. In the exercise of this judgment of ours, we find that selection and condensation will be both necessary, in order to get through our task with comfort to ourselves and with advantage to the public. *Allons donc, Messieurs.*—Who steps in first?

Why, here we have hit upon the very thing—A PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.\* Mr. Meadows, the author of this volume, is a teacher of French, of considerable celebrity, in this city; and we have no doubt that his producing this very useful, and, we may add, handsome volume, will have a powerful influence in extending and establishing his celebrity. The work appears to be executed with great judgment, and is formed upon a plan that promises to be highly useful. We are aware that this is not the first PRONOUNCING French and English Dictionary that has been published in this country; as that by L'Abbé Tardy, "wherein the exact SOUND and ARTICULATION of every SYLLABLE are distinctly marked, according to the method adopted by Mr. WALKER, in his PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY," made its appearance in England more than twenty years ago. The

plan adopted by Mr. Meadows differs a good deal, however, from that of L'Abbé Tardy; and we think, in many things, decidedly for the better. The explanations of the words are fuller and much better classified than in Tardy's work, which is very imperfect in these respects; and Mr. M.'s system of pronunciation is certainly entitled to be considered as much superior to that of the former. Yet there is one thing which we consider an advantage in Tardy's Dictionary, which we would advise Mr. M. to adopt in the next edition of his work, and that is, to put the key-sounds at the top of the pages, as is done in Walker's Dictionary, as it tends much to shorten the process of representing the pronunciation in English letters.

As we are upon Dictionaries, we come now to one of rather a different character from the last. This is not to be looked upon as a Dictionary of one tongue, but of many, as it is "A Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation,"\* which is a subject interesting, not to one nation or class of men only, but to all who have a share in the mercantile transactions of the British Empire. We need hardly say, that Mr. McCulloch is highly qualified for the task which he has here undertaken, as his name is deservedly placed among the most eminent writers of the present day on the subject of Political Economy. This work includes NINE different classes of subjects, all of which are more or less interesting to those who are engaged in business of almost any description. "The reader," says Mr. McCulloch, "may be inclined perhaps to think, that it must be impossible to embrace the discussion of so many subjects in a single octavo volume, without treating a large proportion in a very brief and unsatisfactory manner. But, in point of fact, this single octavo contains about as much letter-press as is contained in two ordinary folio volumes, and more than is contained in Macpherson's Annals of Commerce, in four large volumes quarto, published at £8 8s. ! This extraordinary condensation has been effected without any sacrifice either of beauty or distinctness. Could we suppose that the substance of the book is at all equal to its form, there

\* New French and English Pronouncing Dictionary, on the basis of Nugent's, &c. By F. C. Meadows, M. A., of the University of Paris. Glasgow: Griffin & Co. London: Thomas Tegg. 1832.

\* A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation; illustrated with maps. By J. R. McCulloch, Esq. London: Longman & Co. 1832.

would be little room for doubt as to its success." A work of this kind, of course, embracing such a variety of subjects, presents a very wide field for criticism; but this, we can assure our readers, we have no intention to enter upon at present. We can refer to the articles AMSTERDAM, BANKING, CORN LAWS AND CORN TRADE, and EAST INDIA COMPANY, as distinct specimens of the excellent qualities inherent in Mr. McCulloch's performance. Mr. M. is, of course, an anti-monopolist, and, in discussing the last-mentioned article, he has succeeded in showing, to our satisfaction at least, the untenable nature of the ground on which all monopolies, and more especially that of the East India Company, is supported. This work is also somewhat deserving of attention as a Philological Dictionary. "It contains accounts of the various articles which form the subject-matter of commercial transactions. To their English names are, for the most part, subjoined their synonymous appellations in French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, &c.; and sometimes, also, in Arabic, Hindoo, Chinese, and other Eastern languages." On this part of the subject we cannot help remarking, that Mr. M. has not been very fortunate in giving the Oriental names of some of the articles mentioned, correctly. We are surprised, for instance, that he should give the word SILK as derived from the Latin *Sericum*, when it is plain that the word is purely Arabic;— *Silk*, in Arabic means THREAD, and has evidently been restricted in its meaning, and appropriated entirely as the designation of the most important article of the kind with which we are acquainted. The same remark applies to the words COTTON, COFFEE, CINNAMON, CASSIA, CRIMSON, and several others, which in their etymology are all pure Arabic, Phœnician, or Hebrew words; and hence they indicate precisely the native countries of these several articles at once,—in the same way as in the word CAMBRIC, the town of CAMBRAY, in Flanders, is clearly pointed out as the place of its origin. We shall only remark farther, in regard to this interesting work, that to a nation such as this, whose merchants are princes, and whose ships are to be found in every sea, such a book must be valuable and important in every point of view.

Speaking of commerce and monopolies, we have here the first volume of a very valuable work on British India, forming No. VI. of The Edinburgh Cabinet Library.\* We need hardly add that this is put forth by those spirited publishers,

Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, as the very complete manner in which their "Cabinet Library" has all along been got up, has been already appreciated by the public in no ordinary degree. In the present work, the publishers have been at very great pains in getting up a book "more complete than any yet given to the world respecting British India." With this view they have engaged no less than *eight* individuals in the literary part of the undertaking,—“gentlemen whose abilities and acquirements have raised them to the first eminence in their respective departments of literature and science.” When we mention the names of Professor Jameson, Mr. Hugh Murray, and Professor Wallace, as forming part of this *octumvirate*, we need scarcely remark, that the public will be justified in forming high expectations of the present work. This first volume, which forms part of Mr. Murray's portion of the undertaking, as he is author of the historical and descriptive department,—“commences with a general account of the grand Natural Features of India, leaving to his scientific coadjutors the task of illustrating them in detail. He then proceeds to exhibit that splendid series of discovery and triumph by which the Portuguese achieved the Maritime Passage to India, and established their sway over a great extent of its shores.” After the discovery and early trade with India, Mr. M.'s next object is to give a sketch of its history; by which is meant “a comprehensive view of the Revolutions of the Patan and Mogul Dynasties:” and lastly, his department includes an account of the Conquest of India by the British, which must be carried on in the next volume, as the present one concludes with an account of the surrender of Pondicherry by the French to the English. This volume does great credit to Mr. Murray's talents as a writer on geographical and statistical subjects, in which department of literature he has already acquired considerable celebrity; but we are not inclined to think, upon the whole, that he has succeeded so well as a historian, although this portion of his work also bears evident marks of extensive research, and great judgment in the selection and arrangement of the materials. We have likewise some fault to find with Mr. Murray, as we had with Mr. McCulloch, in regard to Oriental words. For instance, Mr. Murray evidently confounds what he calls *yogues* and *fakirs* together, as designations of one and the same class of persons; whereas it is well known that the first, properly *Jogees*, are hermits who abandon human society, and the latter, the *Fakeers*, are religious mendicants, somewhat analogous to the Monkish brotherhoods in the Catholic church. We had some difficulty in recognizing the well-known Arabic word *Sheikh*, meaning *Signior*, a *Chief*, under Mr. M.'s form of spelling it *xeque*; and we are also surprised that he should have given in to the

\* Historical and Descriptive Account of British India, from the most remote period to the present time. In three volumes. Vol. I.—and 6th of Edinburgh Cabinet Library. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1832.

way of spelling the name of the country *Indostan*, when it is well known that the correct way is *HINDOOSTAN*.

Here we have another very neat "Cabinet,"\* and one which cannot fail to be interesting to almost the whole reading public, as it is occupied with an account of the transactions of the busy and important year 1831. The REFORM BILL, CHOLERA, RIOTS, and REVOLUTIONS, as well as a very important Obituary and Annual Biography, form the prominent features of this neat volume. These interesting articles, with many others of a similar description, are discussed in a very luminous and spirited manner; and we are certainly inclined, upon the whole, to augur well of the work, and have no hesitation in recommending it to the patronage of the public.

These elegant light horsemen, with their pretty jackets, the Cabinets and Annuals, have almost driven out of the field our good old sturdy acquaintances, the Folios and Encyclopædias, which we have been accustomed to look upon as the men-at-arms and war-elephants of literature. They are not entirely beaten out of the field yet, however; and we should not wonder if they might rally their forces before long, and trample under foot some few hundreds of the "light bobs" who are now career-ing, in fancied security, over the field. Here is one honest old gentleman of the sort we have alluded to, viz. Part XXVII. of the Encyclopædia Britannica.† Really it does one's heart good to see this portly old fellow renewing his youth like the eagles, and stepping out in such handsome style, as might delight the eyes of a connoisseur to look upon. It is, indeed, a very pretty well-printed volume, and the plates are beautiful specimens of art. This part contains a very interesting portion of the History of Britain, being about the middle part of the reign of George III. The article seems well written, and worthy of the truly creditable publication in which it appears.

Mentioning Encyclopædias, here is "A Catechism of Useful Knowledge,"‡ which, to compare small things with great, may be considered as a twinkling star following the blazing tail of a huge comet. There are many things here which are very necessary for little children—and, perhaps, also some big ones—to be acquainted with. Our infant population seems to be getting mighty learned now-a-days, and, indeed, we are afraid that it will soon be requisite for us to put on our

spectacles, and sit down quietly to study some of the "Lessons for Infant Minds." But, as the Hindoostances say, "When the *sheikh* in his old age became the pupil of children, all the dead, starting from their graves, exclaimed, 'The resurrection is at hand.'" Therefore, let us add—"Acquire whatever you can in the season of youth; the task is arduous, and the time short."

We are afraid it will now be necessary for us to put on our spectacles in good earnest, however, for the next thing that comes to hand here, is "Rudiments of the Hebrew Language, with and without Points."\* If anything could tempt us, at our time of life, to begin the study of Hebrew—which, indeed, is impossible,—it would certainly be Mr. Noble's Grammar of it; which, we must say, we have examined with great care, and have received very great satisfaction from the perusal. Mr. N. is evidently a person who does not stick at small matters. We have all heard a mighty noise in the world about the two systems of reading Hebrew, viz. the pointed and the unpointed; and we must confess, that, like many other good, well-meaning Christians, we were inclined to think that the better plan would be to stick fast by the English translation, which is, by his Majesty's special command, "Appointed to be read in Churches," until the angry disputants should have settled the points in debate. On perusing this Hebrew Rudiments, however, we were not a little startled at meeting with the following announcement:—"There are three methods of reading Hebrew, viz. First, by the letters alone. Secondly, by the letters and points. Thirdly, by the letters, points, and accents." Now, this is something original, and gives a new view of the subject altogether; and Mr. Noble has rendered the whole matter extremely simple, even so "that he who runs may read;" for, by giving the analogous sounds in English, according to each system of reading, and leading gradually on, by beginning with what is simplest, and proceeding thence to what is more complex, he makes us Hebrew scholars almost before we are aware, and gives at once a relish for the study of "this most simple, primitive, and sacred of all languages." As for the Quarrellers about reading with points or without them, the author of this Grammar may now say, as the Emperor of China said in regard to his enemies,—"I have destroyed them, for I have made them all friends." The book is beautifully and correctly printed; and we have no doubt, that from its comparative cheapness, as well as from the intrinsic merits of the work itself, it will soon take its place as the best

\* The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle, for the year 1831. London: Henry Washbourne. 1832.

† Part XXVII.—Encyclopædia Britannica, or a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Seventh Edition. Edited by Professor Napier. Edinburgh: Adam Black.

‡ A Catechism of Useful Knowledge, adapted for Schools. Glasgow: W. R. M'Phun. 1832.

\* Rudiments of the Hebrew Language, with and without Points. By James Noble, A. M., Author of "An Arabic Vocabulary," and "The Orientalist, or Letters of a Rabbi." 12mo. Pp. 172. Glasgow, 1832.



manual in the English language for teaching the Hebrew tongue.

After this dry discussion about Hebrew, we are glad to put our hand upon a book of poetry. What is this?—"The Errors of Mydar."\* We are not fond of Errors of any kind, and therefore think there is something like an error in judgment here in the author having adopted such a title. However, as we have, no doubt, heard of the "Errors of Innocence" itself, we shall dip a little into the matter, and give our candid opinion of the "Errors of Mydar. A Poem. In two Cantos. With an Appendix." There is no author's name mentioned. Perhaps it was too good a name, perhaps it was too bad a one, to put on the title-page of such a book. But with that we have nothing to do; we must just say as Junius says, "stat nominis umbra." As there is a common bye-word, which, we have no doubt, is to be found amongst "Henderson's Proverbs," at least we know it is in the collection of our honest old friend Allan Ramsay,—that "the proof of the pudding's the preenin' o't"—we shall present our readers with a few verses from the "Errors of Mydar." At page 5, *he, she, or it*,—by which we mean the author—singeth thus:—

"To him fair Nature seem'd to ope her book  
To teach him but one feeling,—melancholy.

\* The Errors of Mydar: a Poem. In two Cantos. With an Appendix. Edinburgh: John Hamilton. 1832.

Sometimes, to soothe his soul, he'd try to sing,  
In Nature's praise, some song of gladness;  
He spann'd his lyre—ah me! each string  
Gave but an echo of his bosom's sadness.  
Yet Nature still was lovely; but it was  
The loveliness doth borrow  
A deeper feeling from the holiness  
Of a prevailing sorrow,—  
The cheek of beauty, when a tale  
Of woe hath bleach'd its roses pale.  
Alas! alas! 'neath that unchanging gloom,  
As with a flower that's buried 'neath the shade,  
I saw upon his cheek the healthful bloom—  
I saw it fade:  
I saw disease, like flowers heap'd on a tomb,  
Its treacherous vermillion o'er it spread;  
I saw unnatural fires his eyes illumine,—  
As if his soul had felt a strange delight,  
To see consumption, inch by inch, consume  
The earth-built walls that barr'd its heavenward flight.  
Ah me! to see life's taper burn so fast,  
And brighten still as still it nears its last;  
To see the friend we loved slide to the grave,  
With all the wish, but not the power to save.  
Enough, he died: where yon tall elm trees  
spread  
Their giant branches, buffeting the air,  
Marketh a simple stone the narrow bed  
Of Mydar."

We think this is quite enough; for when one's hero is dead and *buried*, what more can possibly be done for him? As for speaking of his Errors after this, we think it would be cruel; no, let us say with Gray—

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

*Requiescat in pace.*

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

REFORM.—Although it might, perhaps, have been proper to give a brief history of Reform since its first introduction into Parliament, yet the limits usually assigned to this part of information in monthly periodicals, forbid us to attempt even an outline of it previous to the Second Reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, which we have therefore assumed as our starting-point. At this stage of the proceedings, after a former rejection, and a lapse of nearly fourteen months, public opinion so far overawed the obstinacy of many of their Lordships, as to permit the Second Reading by a majority of *nine*, when both Houses adjourned until after the Easter holidays. The joy was universal: nevertheless, although the Bill was certainly thereby forwarded a step, still the country was not without alarm for its safety in Committee. During the recess, meetings were held in every part of the kingdom, and petitions transmitted, praying that the Bill might pass without mutilation or curtailment of its principles. Particular stress was laid upon the qualifying clause; so much so, that the country were

unanimous in their determination of adhering to the £10 as the maximum; and the great argument upon which the Tories prided themselves so much,—that the Bill would give a preponderating influence to the lowest class of the people, roused the Reformers, at the same time, to petition the King to create Peers, as they saw no other way of securing its final success. Never, at any period of British history, was the public anxiety so great as when Parliament resumed its sittings on the 7th of May, when Earl Grey congratulated the House that the question had arrived at that stage, in which its principles having been sanctioned, they would then be occupied only with details; and proposed, as his first motion, that both the title and preamble of the Bill should be postponed, until the clauses should be considered; and that, according to the natural course of the proceeding, they should begin with the disfranchising clause. Lord Lyndhurst rose for the purpose of proposing that the consideration of the question should be altogether postponed, maintaining that, from the time of Chatham down to the present, disfranchisement had form-

ed no part of Parliamentary Reform. It appeared to him, therefore, "that they should follow the spirit of the old Constitution, and disfranchise only when necessity was apparent." Great booby! what would all his enfranchisement have availed, if the nomination boroughs had not been destroyed? The Lord Chancellor decidedly opposed the proposition, as it left Ministers completely in the dark as to what would be the extent of disfranchisement until the very last minute. He was aware from whom the motion came, and therefore he should give the motion of Lord Grey his most cordial support. Lord Harrowby was of opinion "that the decayed boroughs had been, and might be, of great advantage, but yet it had become expedient that these boroughs, to a certain extent, should be disfranchised; and, on the other hand, he was prepared to follow the principle of enfranchisement to a liberal extent."—What a blind! only a very thin honied layer, to make the bitter morsel go deceptively down. Radnor, like a tried veteran anti-corruptionist, would proceed at once to cut off all these nuisances, which, above every other consideration, had obtained the approbation of the people in favour of the Bill; while Wellington, the man of two faces, declared himself, in the most unqualified terms, an enemy of the Bill—"do what they might with it, it would never be anything but an evil to the country." Lord of the military-torturing and gagging Bills! your reign of despotism is at an end! Have you talent enough to know that 'public mind' and 'popular opinion' are synonymous terms, and that the universal voice is against you? Lord Holland believed disfranchisement the most important of all the clauses. "Was the ancient aristocracy to be preserved by the gaudy insects engendered by the dirt and filth of certain rotten boroughs?" The Duke of Newcastle dreaded that it would prove a revolutionary measure. Blockhead! did not Lord Holland ask him if he had ever heard of a revolution after two years' consideration? No! revolutions are composed of volcanic combustibles, bursting forth in all their desolating ire, without sounding the dreadful note of preparation. Nothing that sleeky old *Ailing-borough* had heard or read, had produced any change in his opinion, in respect of the danger that would arise in passing the Bill. Right, my Lord! for your £10,000 are in danger! Winchelsea and Wharnclyffe re-echoed the sentiments of brother Harrowby;—to all of which the Noble Premier replied, that if ever an amendment was calculated to defeat a measure, it was the present. "Noble Lords deceived themselves very grossly, if they thought the people were indifferent to the success of the measure; for they were now, as they had always been, fully alive to the necessity of the Bill, or something as extensive." He, therefore, gave the amendment the most determined hos-

tility. Upon a division, Ministers were left in a minority of 35. Before the House separated, Lord Ailingborough expressed his own regret and that of Arthur, that Ministers had not given in; that those of their party had agreed to a curtailment of 113 members, which might be given to large manufacturing towns; but that he still objected to the uniformity of the £10 franchise. Earl Grey, in a strain of bitter sarcasm, congratulated the noble Baron upon the great progress he had made in the principle of the measure he had so lately denounced as revolutionary; but he could not concur in his new plan of Reform, and therefore proposed "that the further consideration of the Bill in Committee, should be postponed until Thursday, that he might consider the measures he should adopt," which was agreed to.—The expectation generally entertained now was, that a creation of Peers would take place on Tuesday or Wednesday, as the country never once doubted the concurrence of his Majesty. However, a Cabinet Council only was held on Tuesday at 11 o'clock, which sat till near 3, when the Premier and Chancellor set out for Windsor, where they dined with the King, and returned to London in the evening. Another Cabinet Council was held at 10 o'clock; and the King, after real or apparent indcision, sent notice on Wednesday, at 9 in the morning, that he declined to create Peers; after which, Ministers had no other course left than to tender their resignations, which were accepted. The announcement of the resignation caused the most extraordinary sensation over the whole kingdom. But, as the crisis came, the spirit of the people advanced,—their intelligence marshalled them the way, and directed them to the ground proper to be occupied. And there they made a noble stand. The Common Council of London met on Thursday. The National Political Union on Wednesday night. Ten London parishes met on Thursday. The same activity pervaded all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Birmingham displayed uncommon firmness. The largest meetings ever assembled, met in Edinburgh and Glasgow; in Aberdeen, Perth, Paisley, Greenock, and in the county of Renfrew. In the House, upon Wednesday, Earl Grey announced, that he and his colleagues had tendered their resignations—"that he considered it better to give the advice he had given, than sit in the House, and see that measure of Reform, with which he would stand or fall, cut and maltreated at the will of its opposers." Lord Althorp was loudly cheered as he entered the House of Commons the same night. As soon as he had taken his place, he stated that Ministers had resigned, as they could not carry the Reform Bill in its full efficiency. Lord Ebrington gave notice that he would next night move an Address to his Majesty upon the present state of the affairs of the country, which,

although lengthy, we must transcribe:—“That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, to represent the deep regret felt by this House at the change that has been announced in his Majesty’s Councils, by the retirement of those Ministers in whom this House continues to repose unabated confidence. That this House, in conformity with the recommendation contained in his Majesty’s speech from the Throne, has framed, and sent up to the House of Lords, a Bill for the Reform of the Representation of the People, by which they are convinced that the prerogative of the Crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people, are duly secured. That in the progress of this measure, the House of Commons considers itself bound in duty to state to his Majesty, that his subjects are looking with the most intense interest and anxiety; and they cannot disguise from his Majesty, that the taking of any step which would impair its efficiency, would be productive of the greatest disappointment. That this House is, therefore, impelled by an attachment to his Majesty’s person and Throne, humbly, but most earnestly, to implore his Majesty to call to his Councils only such men as will carry into effect, unimpaired in all its provisions, that Bill for the Reform of the Representation of the People which has recently passed this House.” Ministers would now retire with the honest and pleasing reflection, that they had manfully and conscientiously discharged their duty, and redeemed the pledges which they had given. Mr. Strutt seconded the motion, and remarked, that when the time should come when they would entrust the command of their fleets and armies to their enemies, then, and not till then, would he consent to trust the management of the Bill to those who had proved its determined foes, or shown themselves its reluctant and wavering supporters. Mr. Hume was extremely felicitous, and pointed in his observations, frequently fixing his glance at the bar, where the Duke of Cumberland, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lord Lyndhurst were standing, while he ardently wished to know who the advisers were that had led to so melancholy and unlooked-for a result? Mr. O’Connell recollected of “an individual suggesting that the river should be let into the House of Lords, to purify it; but, perhaps, the suggestion might be improved, by throwing the House of Lords into the river.” Excellent! What an additional lot of porpoises would the Thames receive! How would this sound in the ears of the Noble Conservativists? After the gallery was cleared, and the House had divided, the Address was carried by a majority of 80! While these things were going on in Parliament, the King came to London, sent for Lord Lyndhurst, and asked his advice,—describing his own position as fearful. Lyndhurst suggested that the assistance of the

“immaculate Arthur” should be sought, as he knew no fellow so fit for a crisis as he; and the fact was verified by Arthur’s declaring “that there was no sacrifice he was not ready to make,—no obloquy which he was not ready to undergo,—no misrepresentation which he was not ready to encounter, (!) to rescue his Sovereign from the situation in which he had been left by his servants.” Could they, as men of honour, pledged to stand or fall by the Bill, have honourably acted otherwise? After a great deal of shuffling and manœuvring, the great Captain-General, with all the bounty he could offer, was not able to enlist one recruit,—so that he was obliged to return to the King on the 15th, and relinquish the commission with which he had been intrusted. His Majesty had told him, that whoever undertook to form an Administration, should undertake to pass an extensive measure of Reform: yet this man, who, not a week before, had cried—No REFORM, actually undertook the task, and would have headed the Administration; but he could find no supporters, except “the body Baring.” Arthur’s friends were shocked at his want of principle,—and well they might. Sir Robert Peel was consistent. Before we leave this part of the subject, let it be noted, that although the King accepted the resignation of his Ministers, he never for a moment abandoned the cause of Reform. Courteous reader, banish him not entirely from your affections then! Petitions were now pouring in to the Commons to stop the supplies, when the King renewed his communication with his former Ministers, who, after deliberating upon the subject until Friday afternoon, then announced to both Houses of Parliament, that they were to continue in office, “being assured that it would be in their power to carry the Bill.” The proceedings in the Committee were resumed on Monday the 21st, when the early part of the debate breathed much of the old hostility on the part of the Tories; however, as the discussion proceeded, their tone became more calm and subdued. Considerable progress was made with schedule C, without a single division. The debate on Tuesday night, that the Tower Hamlets have members—was more animated than that of Monday. Lord Durham was listened to with marked attention. Lord Wharncliffe insisted on having a division, when the question was carried in favour of Ministers by a majority of 55. Upon the same evening, Lords Winchelsea and Kenyon, after ample libations at a tavern, made a most indecent attack upon the Premier. Lord Kenyon declared that Earl Grey’s conduct in advising his Majesty to create Peers, was “most abandoned and atrocious.” His Lordship repelled the assertion with indignation and contempt. The Scotch Reform Bill was read the same night in the Commons, after a very meagre debate, and ordered to be



considered in Committee on Tuesday, for the purpose of introducing amendments. The Lord Advocate stated that it was similar to that of last Session, and enforced the £10 qualification. Sir George Murray objected that the landed interest was not sufficiently attended to. Colonel Lindsay remarked, that the number of Members to be given to Scotland was inadequate to the wealth, population, and taxation of the country—with which sentiment we entirely concur; but what we say is,—let us take from the *Whigs* all that they will give us, and, when the *Tories* come into power, we shall remind them of their generous orations; when surely, as consistent men, they will grant us the full measure of our rights. Upon Tuesday a Committee of Secrecy was appointed to consider the propriety of renewing the charter of the Bank of England, and to inquire into the state of Banking in England and Wales. Up to Thursday the 24th, only two divisions upon the Reform Bill had been attempted in the House of Lords; and in both, Ministers commanded large majorities. Dreary, tenantless, deserted benches, were the only phenomenon in a House formerly filled to overflowing. Arthur, hissed and hooted on all hands, had retired to Strathfieldsay, to brood over his merited obloquy, and his creatures went home to rusticate. On Friday, after a smart skirmish between Lords Londonderry, Wynford, Grey, and Radnor, the House proceeded with the Bill, and at one sitting despatched no fewer than 52 clauses; after which the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on the Wednesday following—Monday and Tuesday being holidays. In the Commons, the Irish Reform Bill was read a second time, having been carried by a majority of 246 to 130. Mr. Stanley's speech was in a high degree convincing, moderate, and masterly. He repeatedly stated his conviction, that not more than seven Catholic Members would be returned to Parliament. Mr. O'Connell found much to blame in the Bill; but he would support it for the good it promised. England, he said, was free, Scotland was free, and let them, he implored them, make Ireland free also. Upon the re-assembling of Parliament, schedules A and B were disposed of on Wednesday, the preamble and title of the Bill were also agreed to, and the report ordered to be received on Friday,—to which day their Lordships adjourned. No business of any particular importance was transacted in the House of Commons. Hitherto there was not even a rumour of the creation of Peers, and the Third reading just at hand. Nothing but terror for the overthrow of the Upper House, and perhaps eventually of the Throne itself, prevented the Conservatists from mustering their forces; for the Marquis of Salisbury had invited the deserters to return, but they had not the hardihood to obey. The Bill was accordingly reported on Friday; and on Monday the 4th day of June,

the death-blow was given to the rotten boroughs of England, and the funeral knell of political corruption rung throughout the land, by the carrying of the Third Reading, by a majority of EIGHTY-FOUR. Thus the sword of the tyrant has been broken, his banner torn in pieces, and his followers scattered and dismayed. The Marquis of Winchelsea has declared, that so long as the Noble Earl is at the head of his Majesty's Government, he will never again enter the House. God grant that 100 more may be of the same mind, until the great work be perfected! The Commons having agreed to the *proces verbal* made upon the Bill by the Lords, after a good deal of fusionless argument, returned it with their approbation. Public anxiety was now at a very high pitch; and the great consummation waited for was, Will the King sign the Bill "in propria persona?" Unfortunately for his own character, he did not. We had looked forward with trepidation to this, as the redeeming point for his Majesty; but by bad advice, and by an inherent liking for aristocratical pomp, (which we suspect to be the truth,) the Reform Bill was signed by Commission. Now that it has become the law of the land, it is of very little moment to the people how it has been done; but his Majesty has lost the last opportunity of regaining the affection of his subjects. We are sorry for this upon his own account, for Kings and Lords are things that a nation's prosperity does not always depend upon, especially among a people who well understand the principle of governing and being governed.

## BRITISH ISLANDS.

Never, since the days of the Charleses, was the spirit of the inhabitants roused to such a pitch, as between the resignation and recall of Ministers. The determined attitude which the people assumed during the memorable TEN DAYS, procured for them a victory far more glorious than the boasted THREE DAYS of Paris. Our's was obtained without unsheathing the sword; their's at the expense of much blood.—Cholera lately declined; but is again spreading. Having already exceeded our limits, we must forbear entering upon the subject of Irish Tithes until our next.

## WEST INDIES.

On Thursday the 24th May, Mr. Fowell Buxton brought forward his motion, "that a select committee be appointed to consider and report upon the measure which it may be expedient to adopt, for the purpose of effecting the extinction of slavery throughout the British dominions, at the earliest period compatible with the safety of all classes in the Colonies;" to which was added, as an amendment,—“and in conformity with the resolutions of this House, on the 15th day of May, 1823.” In the course of the discussion, Sir Robert Peel replied, rather angrily, to some allu-

sions to the Catholic Question, made by Lord Howick. Mr. Buxton quoted a passage from Mr. Jefferson, which the advocates of slavery will do well to bear in mind:—"He had thought of a revolution of the slaves a thousand times; and, if it occurred, he trembled for his country; for God had no attribute that could side with them in the struggle." This paramount question seems to be gaining ground, and bids fair to be satisfactorily adjusted, without confiscation, or any other violent measure, under the auspices of a Reformed Parliament. The Colonial Department is busily engaged in preparing a series of documents, and a succession of information, illustrative of the progress made by the Colonies for ameliorating the condition of the slaves. Some of the documents will be—Copy of Reports from the Bishop of Jamaica, relative to the religious instruction of the whole population, the number of places of worship, and of the rectors, curates, catechists, and schools—Returns of the civil, ecclesiastical, and military establishments of Jamaica, the expenses of which are defrayed by revenue raised in the island—Similar returns regarding all the other West India Colonies—Copies of the Colonial laws passed during the last six years, for the removal of the disabilities of free persons of colour—Similar returns for the amelioration of the slave population since 1822—Returns of all manumissions granted in Jamaica, and the other West India Colonies, distinguishing the numbers in each year, and those which are "gratuitous," or for which only "a nominal consideration was paid," from those which are paid for. All was quiet in Jamaica by the latest accounts, if we except the bickerings between the two parties which divide society on the slave question; but both this and the other islands are in a very unsettled state. The committee of the House of Assembly have not yet made their report on the damage done during the insurrection. The sugar manufactories have been shut up, from the dreadful insubordination of the negroes.

#### CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

The space which we have devoted to the all-engrossing subject of Reform, connected with the doings both in and out of Parliament, necessarily obliges us to be very brief under this head also, and to notice only matters of major importance, and of the latest dates.

FRANCE.—Casimir Perier closed his mortal career on the 16th May. His funeral was conducted with such a pompous display of both military men and civilians, as has not been exceeded since the funeral of Louis XVIII. No Minister had died in office for half a century before. Baron Cuvier, the naturalist, died of general paralysis the night before. The Carlists are agitating the country at various points; no sooner are they put down at one place than they rise at another; but a Bourbon

will never again sit upon the throne of France. France must be a republic.—Strange speculations are afloat respecting the Duchess de Berri—at one time she is in Italy—at others, in the south of France, and even in the heart of Paris. She is, with good reason, believed to be in La Vendee. Amidst all this discontent and uncertainty of safety, it has been asked, What will Louis Philippe do? The Chambers are not to be convoked until September or October, and he proposes merely to add one or two to his present stock of Ministers. A most intelligent writer gives it as his opinion, that Louis will go on from bad to worse; and at last, when it is too late, find that his system has been anti-national. The country is just on the eve of another, and perhaps final revolution. General Lamarque is dead. His funeral has occasioned an insurrection at Paris, which may be said to have precipitated France into her Third Revolution. With the details of this insurrection our readers must already be familiar. We therefore shall defer giving an outline of them until our next, when the final issue of the commotion will probably be known.

PORTUGAL.—Don Miguel solicited our Commander to withdraw his ships from the Tagus, in the event of the appearance of Don Pedro's expedition, which was complied with; but our Ministers have determined not to allow any assistance to be given to the usurper by his brother despot of Spain; and, to enforce their determination, a squadron has been despatched, with troops on board, to take their station off the Tagus, as well as to protect British interests in Portugal. Important events are daily looked for from that quarter, as Don Miguel's sailors refuse to embark until they shall have been paid their arrears.

POLAND.—The fate of this heroic but unfortunate nation has, for the time, been sealed; but, though vanquished in arms, they are not subdued in spirit. They will yet renew the fight, and rise into glory and freedom. When France and Belgium shall have become republics, "she will raise anew her laurelled head, never again to be crushed by her oppressor."

#### AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CANADA.—The law lately passed by the legislature of Lower Canada, imposing on all British emigrants who arrive in that province, a tax of one dollar a-head on all who are sent out by the Government, and of two dollars on those who come out independent of the Government, has called forth much acrid discussion. The latest accounts from Quebec and Montreal mention, that an Address had been presented to the Governor of Canada, praying him to suspend the operation of the law, until his Majesty's Government should be applied to, in order that the odious, oppressive, and unconstitutional act may be annulled. The duty thus levied, is for the purpose of creating a fund for defraying the expense

of medical cure and attendance for sick emigrants, and for enabling persons of that description to proceed to the places of their destination. Notwithstanding the knowledge of this fact, the mania for emigrating is extending over the whole of Great Britain. Several thousand individuals, among whom are men of industry, enterprise, and capital, have already left their native land, from the loss of whom the country must suffer. The alarm produced by the ravages of Cholera in Europe, was very great in our North American settlements. After a very long season of frost, navigation had been at length opened in Canada, and great activity prevailed in the shipment of produce. One of the most awful calamities incident to steam navigation, was occasioned by fire to the

Brandywine steam-boat, near Memphis, by which, between sixty and seventy persons lost their lives.

Mexico.—Considerable uneasiness is felt for the persons and property of British subjects in Vera Cruz, which are believed to be placed in great jeopardy by the threatened attack on the city, in consequence of the Commander of the Government troops holding out as an inducement, the delivering of the place to be plundered, in the event of success; and no ships of war being at hand for their protection, the Vice-Consul is said to have been removed from office, for favouring the party of Santa Anna, as the only chance of security lay in these troops being able to resist the attack successfully.

### AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

It must be gratifying to know that it has been fully ascertained, that the quantity of grain produced in the United Kingdom last year, will be amply sufficient to meet the consumption under existing circumstances; and this fact is accounted for, rather from the abundance and superior quality of the last potato crop, and the unprecedentedly low rate of wages paid to the manufacturing population, than from any superabundance of the superior descriptions of grain. Any variation, therefore, that may occur in prices, will depend more upon the aspect of the growing crops, than upon any doubt that can be raised about a deficiency of the home supply, and present appearances are most exhilarating. In East Lothian, the wheat crop indicates extreme luxuriance, and is as beautiful as the imagination of the most sanguine agriculturist could paint it. Spring-sown crops must yet be dependent on the coming weather. But farmers are impoverished and disheartened, and agriculture is there rapidly retrograding. Labourers are inadequately paid, and ill employed, many of them performing the usual work of boys and girls, being merely engaged in hoeing drilled crops. Prices of grain have been steady in Fife during May; but the stock of grain in the hands of farmers is said to be exceedingly small. The only flattering account from the kingdom is, "that wheat is better planted than it was almost ever known to be," particularly upon thin watery soils. Barley, too, has a very favourable appearance, except upon stiff soils that lacked moisture. Oats were recovering from their sickly state, occasioned by drought and the effects of the grubworm. A thorough revival of every species of crop has taken place in Lanarkshire. Wheat will be both an early and abundant crop. The hay crop is safe, and,

upon most soils, will be very heavy; even upon late soils, from the seasonable rains that fell in the very nick of time, the produce will be fully an average, with a copious admixture of clover. Compared with last year, the fields are generally a week in advance. Fruit blossom, which was supposed to have been destroyed in the Vale of Clyde, began, contrary to all expectation, to expand in the end of May in all its loveliness, and gives promise of a rich return, particularly of apples. Summer fallow has been thoroughly cleaned; and turnips, immediately after having been sown, received a sufficiency of moisture to insure their sprouting. Barley for malting sells at 28s. per boll, but no alteration has taken place upon oats. Somehow or other, probably from the great agitation about the Reform Bill, there is a paucity of information upon this all-important subject throughout Scotland for May. Fortunately, however, we are enabled to supply the deficiency from England; and we start with a good omen, "that a cold May air for the barn bids fair," or, "a cauld May and a drippin' June, bodes a guid hairst and sune." The silence, however, seems to have proceeded more from a barrenness of good report at the end of May, than from any other cause. But, since writing the preceding line, Ayrshire informs us, that crops that looked "baugh and blate," have put on their summer garb during the genial weather of June, in the county of Perth. The Ayrshire reporter himself seems to have been affected with the drought when he wrote his own report, as it is impossible to read it without yawning. From Devon, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Sussex, the latest reports are truly cheering, particularly of wheat; so much so, as to augur that "the English indispensable" will be ready for the sickle by the last week of July. A field within our



own daily observation, upon a high locality in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, will, without a brag, match the earliest in England. It is a drilled crop, a system that we would recommend to every farmer who finds it practicable. In our next number, where we shall not be obliged to devote so large a space to Parliamentary

details, we shall have something to say about modern improvements. Cattle begin to command higher prices, but prices that were realized in one or two markets in the end of the month, are by no means general. There is, however, a tendency towards a rise: fat declines; lean stock is in request.

## COMMERCE, MARKETS, AND MANUFACTURES.

JUNE 23, 1832.

PREVIOUS to the period at which we commence our report, commerce and manufactures have suffered severely, and markets naturally sympathised with the general distress. The two principal, if not the sole causes to which the depression experienced in every kind of mercantile pursuit, must be ascribed, were, first, the tardy settlement of the great measure of Reform, the general excitement in the public mind from circumstances attending its progress, and the intense anxiety felt among all classes, not only that its success might be ensured, but that the peace of the country should be preserved; and, second, the slow, unaccountable, yet steady and invincible march of the dreaded and deadly Cholera. These together paralyzed the hands of our manufacturers; closed the ports, in effect, upon our shipping; shut out our merchants from the markets; and utterly chilled the warm spirit of speculative enterprise amongst our capitalists. In some degree the same unhappy sensations were experienced in every quarter to which British commerce finds its way. From the delay in passing the Bill, our ships in foreign ports were quite at a stand-still. The Baltic was the same as if shut to our trade; and in Riga alone there were upwards of 100 seeking vessels, a good many of them belonging to Scotland, and nothing for them to do, solely from dubiety as to the fate of the Ministerial measure.

On occasion of the late Reform crisis, in the produce market generally, as well as through all the ramifications of trade, commerce, and manufactures, the complaints were grievous. From Liverpool, Manchester, the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, as well as from London, the accounts were all of one tenor, and strikingly bad. To the town of Coventry alone, the danger of the Bill made a difference of £50,000. In Glasgow, as in other places, extensive orders were countermanded, and many persons in business refused giving their usual orders; as to money, people would not part with it, on any terms, until something like confidence had been restored. Provisionally, and well for the peace of Britain, it was not long till this was in some part effected, by the recall of Earl Grey—although even yet the injury done to business in general has not been

altogether surmounted. The consummation of a measure, during the progress of which the people have exercised more patience than that of Job, being about to be effected now, we have no doubt that the stream of commercial prosperity, that has either being frozen in its bed, or driven from its accustomed course, will yet find its proper channel, and swell with a tide of wealth sufficient to repay both enterprise and industry.

The pestilential disease which has tended so much to fetter our Export Trade, had so far abated during the last weeks of May, that on the 1st of June the Medical Board of our city declared it unnecessary to publish any further reports, and we were in hopes that the virulence of the epidemic was over; but we are sorry to say, the increase of cases since that period has been such as to lead the Board again to notify them to the public. We trust that this may prove but the dregs of the distemper, about to be finally shaken off. The ports on the Clyde seemed to benefit greatly from the expectation that it had left us; the bustle and activity on our quays increased; and from the circumstance that freights now offer readily, we are inclined to augur well of ship-owners, and that vessels must be paying—though, from the reduced rate of freights now-a-days, this is a fact not easily determined.

For some time past London has been declared clear of cholera, and is benefiting much in consequence; but Liverpool, which was enjoying a large share of prosperity while the disease was at the worst in the metropolis and with us, is now as we were, and has suffered considerably from a great increase of cases during the month. In Bristol, too, the shipping interest is much depressed.

In most of the foreign ports with which this country has commercial dealings, the period of quarantine is now being shortened; and we incline to think, that if furnished with clean bills of health, our vessels, after a visit from the medical officers of the places to which they are destined, will soon be generally admitted to free pratique, and thus one vexatious barrier be got rid of, and our traders again benefit by unrestricted intercourse with the foreign merchant.

The Currency of the country during the month has been pretty steady, when we take into view every thing that has been calculated to agitate it. In the early part very little business was done, and no alarming alteration in prices took place, notwithstanding of Parisian affairs. Exchequer Bills have varied from 6 8 to 10 12 prem., and consols for account from 84½ to 86. Latterly, however, the Stock market has been increasingly depressed, from the great demand evinced for money, which is not easily borrowed, even at the highest rate of interest. In Bank Stock a fall of 5 or 6 per cent. took place at the end of May, when the Committee on the state of Banking affairs commenced its labours, from which it has not since recovered. At present it continues to fluctuate about 200. The Committee on the Bank Charter are, it is said, devoting a special attention to the past and present state of the country banking system, and to the expediency of complying with the popular feeling in allowing private bankers to re-issue one-pound notes, on giving security at the Bank of England to the full extent of their circulation. But this matters not; the Bank Charter stands in the same predicament as the East India Question—nothing can be done with either until a new and a Reformed Parliament assemble, when they will form excellent subjects for the people's representatives to get their breath out upon.—India Stock has of late continued pretty firm, notwithstanding that the destruction of the Company's monopoly is now regarded next to a certainty. The prices of the precious metals have been well sustained for some time back. A great quantity of gold and silver has formed a recent importation from the East Indies—estimated at £1,000,000 sterling, chiefly in silver. The cause is said to have been the low price of goods, and the unfavourable exchange.

The foreign Funds have not been much more affected by passing occurrences than our own. The alarm in the money market confessedly was great on the receipt of the intelligence of the recent events in France; but from the circumstance of the Reform Bill having become the law of the land, the excitement soon lost its intensity; in other circumstances, it probably would have been attended with serious consequences. In Paris, during the whole of the disturbances, very little was done in the stock market, which was accounted for by an understanding said to have been entered into amongst the monied men. The secret funds of the Government, too, were freely made use of on the occasion; and this, perhaps, was the true cause of the prices being so well sustained. On the restoration of tranquillity, the Rentes rose pretty briskly; but since then an inclination to droop is observable, and the present unsettled state of affairs in France seems to warrant a depreciated value in French currency.—The Dutch funds, on news

being received of the panic, fell 3 per cent; but none of the Foreign funds, save those most liable to be affected by political changes, experienced much alteration.—From accounts of late disturbances in the Brazils, the value of these securities suffered considerable depreciation; and Foreign funds generally now wear a lowering aspect.

The Foreign Trade of the country, we would fondly hope, will not be much longer subjected to injurious restraints, on account of cholera. It has now become too generally prevalent for the restrictive principle of quarantine laws to be of beneficial effect, when looked at in every point of view. The disease has at length gained a footing in the United States; it has likewise recently appeared in Holland; and every precaution would seem to be made available in vain to stay its wayward progress from State to State, and from one Continent to another. Quarantine regulations are at the best both vexatious and expensive; and having proved utterly useless as a preventive, in the instance of this epidemic, Governments would do wisely to relax the principle for the present, and thus break the fetters which they have forged only to bind themselves. Since London was declared clean, a considerable revival has taken place in our exports, to which the passing of the Reform Bill gave a fresh impulse; and should no untoward political movements take place at home, and the Continent remain without convulsion, our prospects promise a great improvement towards the autumn months.

A bill is at present before the Congress of the United States for modifying the high Tariff duties on cotton, woollen, and iron manufactures. Hopes have been held out that it will, in substance, pass this session; but the likelihood is, that it will lie over for consideration until Congress again meet in December. It is spoken of as calculated to materially reduce the duty on all descriptions of goods, and it is much to be desired that a speedy and satisfactory adjustment on the question were come to. What the result eventually may be, it is not for us to determine; but the best informed Americans in London hesitate not in stating it as their opinion, that no material alteration in the scale of duties is to be expected. We may mention, however, that the Secretary to the States' Treasury has advised the reduction of 20 per cent., *ad valorem*, on wool or woollen goods, and 25 per cent. on the foreign value.—The States' markets are getting slowly cleared of British Goods, with which they were glutted, in consequence of very low markets. Orders are strictly limited to making up sorts, and no general demand may be expected till the autumn months. A law has passed the Colonial Legislature of new Brunswick, imposing a duty of 10 per cent. upon all articles of British produce. The measure created much excitement among the merchants, and a

remonstrance was framed, which it was generally believed would be listened to.

Our trade with Holland since its separation from Belgium has greatly increased. Antwerp at present may be considered the depôt of grain for Europe—for Ireland is nearly drained of the commodity—and her harbours present a forest of masts, highly delectable to the merchant. Our commercial position, both with Belgium and Holland, continues very gratifying.—From the frequent outbreaks and agitations in South America, the prosperity of trading pursuits with that country is seldom of long continuance: business there is in a very stagnant state, not having recovered since the recent disturbances when General Santander was elected President of New Grenada. The English houses at Carthage talk very seriously of their distresses, but look forward for an improvement, as the country bids fair to remain tranquil.—A decree of the Vice-President of the Republic of Central America, dated 6th February last, repeals the duty of 5 per cent. upon all articles coming from Belize.—Unfavourable accounts are given of the Indigo crop in the East this season. In both Madras and Calcutta it was likely to fall far short. The cotton crop, likewise, offers poorly. In saltpetre a considerable deficiency was anticipated, and the price of that article was rising.—In consequence of the decline of commerce in Brazil, a committee has been charged to draw up a code of mercantile laws: we trust they will be such as to encourage that for which they are intended. It is stated that the sugar crop in that quarter is a complete failure this year; and it is likely, on that account, our Colonial markets will experience some activity. The new crop of coffee, however, has been coming in in great abundance, and the quality excellent; some early shipments for Europe have already taken place.—The British West India Colonies still remain in a state of great inquietude and dissatisfaction. A select Committee of the House of Commons having been appointed to make inquiry into the state of these Colonies, lately reported upon the subject, stating that they had received abundant evidence of the inability of the Planters to sustain their load of sufferings, and recommending various means of alleviating their circumstances, the most important of which suggestions was that of advancing money from the Treasury on security of West Indian estates. Lord Althorp has already declared that this recommendation is about to be acted on, and that he does not mean to persevere at present in his measures against the Chartered Colonies. The produce of Cuba this season is likely so far to exceed the supplies, that it is recommended future orders should be paid for in specie, as the markets continue glutted with manufactured goods. This is an inversion of the metal currency with a warrant!—Accounts from Constantinople speak of trade as being exceedingly dull.

The state of the Colonial Produce markets in London and Liverpool have borne so much of a similarity of character to each other during the month, that one report may serve for both places.—Sugar steadily advanced in price early in the month, and at present there is much activity in the market.—Molasses did not keep pace with sugar. Prices were rather drooping in the beginning of the month, but now there is more demand, and prices have also improved.—Rum has a long time been dull. Within these two weeks, however, it has come more into notice, and some extensive transactions have been made at rather higher rates. About a month ago, the imports of coffee were pretty heavy, and being brought freely into market, declined considerably. It has since then gradually recovered, and is now much in the same state as about the middle of May. Towards the end of last month, cotton wool was very languid, and a slight but general decline in prices took place. Early in the first week of June it revived, but fell again towards its close, and has since, with perhaps a slight reduction, remained very quiet, spinners being almost the only buyers—for the maintenance of stocks.

In the Glasgow market, at the commencement of June, a slight rise in the price of sugar took place, since which, until the middle of the month, no alteration occurred, and then a reduction of 6d.; latterly the market is recovering again.—Rum has been almost quite neglected, only one or two transactions transpiring.—Coffee during the month has gone off with spirit; about the 15th, the market was quite drained.—Cotton Wool has been altogether quiet, without any decided change in prices.

The East India Company's Tea Sale commenced on the 4th instant—the quantity 8,400,000 lbs.—consisting of bohea, congou, campoi, pekoe, and souchong, twankay and hyson skin, and hyson. The demand for bohea and congou was greatly increased, at an advance of  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.—Twankays, common sorts, and hyson skins fully cheaper, good twankays rather dearer, and hyson kind lower, than at last sale in March. The private trade sales went off moderately.

The East India Company's sale of Bengal and other raw silks, commenced early last week, and was well attended. It consisted of 5,000 bales, and the biddings commenced so brisk as to induce the Company to withdraw part of the declaration, in the expectation of an improvement in the trade. The lower qualities realized firm prices. New silks are taxed same as those of last sale; and the refuse of former sales are 1s. per lb. lower. Average for coarse sizes, 11s. 10d. to 12s. 2d. per lb.

In the Irish produce markets, butter is the only article that has sustained a marked alteration during the month, having declined from 6s. to 7s.—Beef and bacon are favourably looked at, and prices advance.



In the English grain markets, from the heavy foreign arrivals, in addition to those from the corn counties and Ireland, the trade was all but flat at the commencement of June. — Wheat, indeed, sustained its currency, and has experienced rather an improvement in value; but oats, with the exception of a slight rise about the 8th, hangs heavy on the markets. The malting season being now over, barley is dull, but not declining. At Liverpool, Irish oats and flour were latterly doing well in the market, at an advance. In beans and peas we have no alteration to mention. — The hop market is rather dull. The reports from the districts speak most favourably of the bine; the fly, with which they had for some time been severely threatened, was on the decrease. The duty was 150m.

In Scotland the grain markets have been steady. Any alterations that have been effected in prices, were chiefly owing to the shortness or abundance of the supplies brought forward at the various markets. — Potatoes have been considerably on the rise during the month, but too late to benefit the farmer.

The corn markets of Ireland offer no change worthy of remark. The export of grain has nearly ceased, and the new crop is looked forward to with the best expectations. The potato crop in the neighbourhood of Armagh, and in some other districts, appears likely to prove a great failure this year. This is said to have arisen from the produce of last year's late planting being put into the potato-houses in an unripe state, which, souring or heating, destroyed the germ or seed-bed of the plant. With this exception, perhaps, the crops in general throughout the three kingdoms never promised fairer. — Fruits, too, are well spoken of. As far as the seasons affect our agriculturists generally, they are most comfortable.

Since the Muir of Ord market, about the middle of May, cattle may be said to have steadily continued to rise in price to between 15 and 20 per cent. more than they could have brought at the beginning of that month. Young beasts are the favourites, however; but all descriptions have participated in the rise of value. — Sheep, too, are now bringing higher prices than they did some time back. — The markets are rather looking down upon horses, excepting animals of a superior class. — Good draught horses, when inquired for, bring as good a price; but agricultural transactions still suffer much depression.

The great Leipsic fair, at the latter end of May, was the best that has occurred these 25 years past. Great quantities of linens, cloths, and cotton goods, were disposed of; indeed, the stocks are said to have been, for the most part, cleared. — Cloth brought five dollars a-piece more than last year. — In French and German silks there was a deal of business done. — The price of sole leather declined during the fair, but in all other articles of leather, high prices were paid. — The book trade

appeared to be the only one that complained of dullness, which, perhaps, was only bad when compared with former years, in which so much business in that line was transacted. The Prussians alone are said to have sold goods to the amount of six millions of dollars.

At London, business appears now to be entering upon with more confidence. — Great quantities of goods have been taken out of the different warehouses within these two weeks. This may likewise be mentioned of several other great ports.

In the silk manufacture of Manchester, rapid improvements are making. Some descriptions of her silk fabrics are driving all competitors out of the foreign market, of the same quality and price. Her Majesty the Queen has been presented with specimens of the manufacture, and has been pleased to express her approbation of it both as to taste in drawing and skill in workmanship. Her Majesty has already set the example, and may we not hope for greater encouragement from the home trade in this particular department? The trade of Manchester, however, is at present in a very satisfactory state. — In Rochdale the market for flannels has been improving of late. Stocks are light, and as some hundreds of the weavers have left for other employment, those who remain are doing well. — The woollen cloth trade of Leeds and Huddersfield has experienced a shade of revival within these three weeks past; at present it inclines to be flat. — At Bradford and Halifax, the woollen-stuff trade has been enjoying much prosperity of late, the assistance of fresh hands having been called for on account of the improved demand. — At Halifax, a beautiful new manufacture has been produced; the ground-work silk—the figure worsted. The effect is that of damask, while the price of the article is only one-half. — Wools have been looking up of late, which is a sure sign of this branch of manufacture flourishing. — The carpet trade of Kidderminster is improving; still the manufactories are not in full work, and many hands idle. — The glove business of Worcester and Yeovil has enjoyed much briskness for some time. Owing to the small stocks kept on hand by the masters sufficing only for present consumption, the consequence was, that they were unable to supply large orders when wanted, which having been made, have given the journeymen full work to satisfy customers. — In Sheffield, the hardware and cutlery trade has been flourishing for a long time back. Presently, on account of the American tariff, it is rather dull. — The hosiery districts of Leicester and Nottingham, have had an increased demand for various articles within these few weeks past, at higher prices. There has been a perceptible improvement in the blanket trade of late, with some prospects of a permanency.

In Glasgow, the state of the cotton manufacture is at present very flat. But,

at this period of the year, betwixt the spring and autumn orders, it is always more or less so. We have made inquiries at several of the calenderers, whose statements must be taken as the only true criteria on which to form a proper opinion of the business doing; and we are inclined to think that the trade is not a whit worse generally than at this time last season.—Factories in general continue at full hours; and the stocks are not large. Handloom weaving is dull; but as manufacturers choose such periods of slackness to weed their hands, it is only inferior workmen, for the most part, that are unemployed. In the small country towns, however, business is much worse; as when a discharge of hands takes place, those in the country are always the first to suffer.

In Paisley, its staple trade of shawls is wofully flat, especially in the cheaper descriptions. Some Thibets, superior in style and quality to those of last year, have been sold during the month; but the season and demand for these being past, the manufacturer is looking anxiously forward to autumn for a renewal of business, and

making his preparations, anticipating a brisk trade. The only thing likely to sell at present, are a few 4-4 and 5-4 Thibet Bandeaux. Canton crape shawls and handkerchiefs are less in demand this year than ever; the fashion appears to have gone out, and none are now making.—Quantities of them have been printed, but it is doubtful if they will be admired. The silk gauze manufacture has not been brisk the whole year round.

In Stewarton, the bonnet trade labours under severe depression. Such cannot be said of the shawl trade of Kilmarnock; it has been improving recently, and additional hands inquired for.—The check and stripe business of Dunfermline offers well for a brisk autumn trade.—It may indeed be said, that our manufacturing and mercantile classes are living entirely on their hope of the future. Once let the great question of Reform be settled, and an elasticity of spirit shall once more be inhaled by our industrial population, and renewed vigour given to the thews and sinews of our nation's body-politic, commerce, markets, and manufactures.

## DEATHS OF DISTINGUISHED INDIVIDUALS.

ALTHOUGH we do not mean regularly to keep up a common-place Obituary, we yet shall from time to time record, under the above head, the deaths of such individuals as have distinguished themselves sufficiently, to claim more than a passing notice on their exit from this scene of care and toil. In this, our first Number, the list of such, chances to be both extensive and interesting. We proceed with them in their order:—

### BARON CUVIER.

This celebrated naturalist died of cholera, at Paris, on Tuesday evening, 21st May. He had reached the last stage of general paralysis. The functions of the stomach and intestines appeared to have ceased, but he nevertheless preserved his faculties entire. He had even calculated on the reality of his situation, as he expressed continual regret at being obliged to leave so many works unfinished; amongst others, his Comparative Anatomy, which he had laboured for some time to recast. It is even said, that in the course of the last month he had prepared upwards of a volume and a half, comprising Osteology. It was during the progress of this work that he was surprised by his malady. About five in the evening, he spoke with difficulty, and only to express the general state of illness which he experienced. M. Duméril quitted him, promising to return early next morning: he answered by a shake of the head, as if he was aware of the certainty that he should not again see his friend. Shortly afterwards, his intellectual faculties became weaker, and he expired about half-past ten at night. M. Cuvier, the son of a Protestant Minister, was born at Montbéliard, in 1769, that fertile year which gave birth to Napoleon, Chateaubriand, Schiller, Walter Scott, Canning, &c. He had in early life to struggle with many difficulties in satisfying his thirst for knowledge. The friendship of M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire allured him to Paris, where he rapidly attained celebrity, and became successively lecturer at the College of France, member of three out of the four Academies composing the Institute, and perpetual Secretary of the Academie des Sciences, member of the Council of Public Instruction, Councillor of State, and, since the revolution of 1830, a Peer of France. The great

characteristics of Baron Cuvier's genius were originality and solidity; his compositions were models of elegance of style, but matter was never sacrificed to manner; and brilliancy, although almost universally exciting, was always considered by him as secondary to profundity. In private life, M. Cuvier was mild, benevolent, and perfectly unassuming. The young student ever found the readiest access to his splendid collections, and his saloon was the hospitable rendezvous of all whom the love of science led to seek its master-spirit in his temple. Every Saturday evening he assembled around him the most eminent men (particularly foreigners) in every branch of literature and science; and those who have been allowed to share the intellectual banquets there spread before them, can never lose the recollection of the urbanity of the distinguished host. Baron Cuvier has left no family, his only daughter having died a few years ago, since which his family circle has consisted only of his wife (who survives him) and her daughter, a young lady whose highly cultivated talents and amiable mental qualities shed an additional charm over the meetings to which we have above alluded. The last illness of M. Cuvier was only of four days' duration. He retained his faculties to the last, and was fully aware of his approaching end, as, in reply to an encouraging remark of one of his physicians on Sunday morning, he said, "I am too good an anatomist not to be aware of my situation; the spinal marrow is attacked, and I cannot live twenty-four hours." On dissection, however, no alteration in the spinal marrow could be discovered—a fact so irreconcilable with the character of the disease, that the anatomists are led to believe that the alteration must have disappeared after death. The dissection was performed by Messrs. Alard, Dumeril, Dupuytren, Orfila, Biest, Clement, Berard, and Audral; the most remarkable peculiarity was the prodigious development of the cerebral mass, and the immense number of circulations it presented, which was so extraordinary as to induce them immediately to take a plaster-cast of the brain. This is the more observable, as it will be recollected that Dr. Gall, in his Craniological System, considers the development of the intellectual



faculties as in direct relation to the number of these circumvolutions.

On the Wednesday following his death, the last honours were rendered to the remains of this illustrious luminary of the world of science. By eleven o'clock, all that Paris can boast of most eminent in rank, science, and literature, were (with the exception of those high political personages whom the death of the President of the Council detained elsewhere) assembled at the late residence of the deceased, in the Jardin des Plantes. Not less than one hundred equipages followed the hearse to the Lutheran Temple, in the Rue des Billettes, and thence to the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, where eight funeral orations were pronounced.

The truly irreparable loss sustained in the death of M. Cuvier was depicted with a fervent and glowing eloquence by the poet, the naturalist, the antiquarian, the physician, and the statesman, each of whom seemed alike to claim him as his own. This almost universal grasp of intellect was one of the leading peculiarities of the mind of M. Cuvier. It is, however, as a naturalist that his fame is raised to its highest triumph, and that his loss is most deeply to be deplored. He may be said to have created the science of natural history, having, by his extraordinary and almost intuitive perception of the organic analogies, as traced in the fossil remains which had before been considered as mere ornaments of a cabinet of curiosities, thrown a light on the universal system of creation, of which those formed in the school of the elegant, but superficial Buffon, could have no idea.

Although M. Cuvier was in possession of several lucrative appointments, he has left no fortune, save his collections and library; as what he gained by science he restored to science, employing nearly his whole income in the purchase, at any price, of all rarities which could illustrate or be useful in his scientific pursuits. The Government, however, has come forward with a promptitude deserving the highest commendation. The *Moniteur* of Wednesday contains a report from the minister of the interior, praying the King to order a bill to be presented to the chambers, as soon as they are re-assembled, for granting the *maximum* pension of 6,000 fr. to the widow, and, in the meantime, to authorize the provisional payment of that pension from the funds set apart for unforeseen expenses. The same journal announces that Madame Cuvier is to retain for her life the apartments occupied by the late Baron in the Jardin des Plantes; and that a committee has been appointed by the King to examine the library of M. Cuvier, with a view to its being purchased for the State.

#### CASIMIR PERIER.

M. Casimir Perier was born on the 12th of October, 1777, at Grenoble. The son of a rich merchant, he at an early age embraced the career of arms, and served in the Italian campaigns of 1799 and 1800, in the staff of the Military Engineers. On the death of his father, however, he quitted the army, and devoted himself wholly to commercial pursuits. In 1802 he founded a banking establishment at Paris, and subsequently established a number of manufactories of cotton-spinning and sugar-refining, and also steam flour-mills, all of which were eminently successful, and contributed to the formation of the immense fortune which he leaves behind him. He first became known to the public in 1816, by a pamphlet against the foreign loan system, which was equally remarkable for a lucid clearness of argument, and a profound knowledge of finance. In 1817 he was elected one of the Deputies for the department of the Seine; and from that time until the revolution of 1830, continued the firm opponent of every Ministerial encroachment on the rights and privileges of the people. He particularly distinguished himself by his hostility to the Villele Administration, having himself supported almost singly the whole burden of the opposition to the famous Budget of M. de Villele, which he disputed item by item, with a talent and perseverance worthy

of entering the lists with the illustrious financier to whom he was opposed. When M. de Polignac became President of the Council, the opposition of M. Perier assumed a more violent character, and he was pre-eminent among the 221 Deputies who voted the famous address which led to the fatal Ordonnances of July. When the revolution broke out, he at once avowed himself the advocate of the popular cause, and opened his house as the place of meeting of the Deputies who assembled to protest against the illegality of the proceedings of the Crown. Firmly, however, attached to the principles of constitutional opposition, and shrinking, therefore, from the probable effects of a revolution, he was one of the last to abandon the hope that his infatuated Sovereign would open his eyes to the gulf, on the brink of which he was standing, and by a timely revocation of the Ordonnances, prevent the necessity of the extreme measures of an appeal to arms, and a consequent change of dynasty. When, however, these became inevitable, M. Perier attached himself firmly to the work of consolidating the new throne of Louis Philippe, and re-assembling those elements of order and stability which the convulsion of July had scattered, but not annihilated. On the dissolution of the Ministry of M. Laffitte, M. Casimir Perier was called to the head of the Government, and immediately entered into the system of conservative policy, which he continued until the close of his career. The last time he took any important part in the debates in the Chamber of Deputies was on the 20th of March, when he pronounced an eloquent defence of the conduct of Government with respect to the events of Grenoble. The last time he was present in the Chamber was on the 29th of March, when he merely brought in several private Bills. On the 3d of April, he was attacked by the scourge which has desolated Paris, and, although the indefatigable care bestowed on him by his medical attendants had more than once apparently eradicated the disease, his frame, enfeebled by a long-standing internal complaint, aggravated by his intense and incessant application, was unable to resist the violence of the disease, and, after several relapses, he at length sunk under his sufferings, on the morning of the 16th of May. The dissection, which was performed by the first surgeons of the capital, proved that the seat of the disorder was in the intestinal organs, and that the brain was in a perfectly healthy state; the development of that organ, so eminently remarkable in M. Cuvier, was observed, though in a less degree, in M. Perier, and is fully justified by the penetrating and comprehensive nature of his talents. As an orator, M. Perier was energetic and impassioned; the natural warmth of his temper, added to the irritability produced by illness, frequently imparted a *brusque* acerbity to his style, which injured both the oratorical and moral effect of his eloquence; but his reasoning was forcible, and his style commanding and effective. It is not our province to examine the merits or demerits of his political system; recorders of, not actors in, the great political struggle in which France is engaged, we have too often had occasion to quote the enthusiastic eulogiums and unmeasured invectives heaped upon him by the different parties, to render it necessary to repeat here, that he possessed the strongest proof that the reproach of mediocrity never could be applied to him; it is the attribute of genius alone, to make warm friends and bitter enemies. Be his system good or bad, it will at least be allowed by his strongest opponents, that the course he adopted from conviction, he supported with unbroken energy; surrounded by obstacles of every description, opposed by ultra-royalism abroad, and ultra-liberalism at home, he opposed the single bulwark of his undaunted resolution against the waves of the factions which, flowing from opposite corners of the horizon, united only in the attempt to overthrow and destroy him; and though he at length sunk under the mighty conflict, he lived to see his system adopted by Europe, and died ere its evil consequences could arrive to cloud his triumph.



## SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Sir James Mackintosh died on Wednesday morning, the 30th May, at his house in Langham-place. Sir James had been long in a declining state, but it was not until within the last ten days that his life was despaired of. Whether we consider him as a politician, or a man of letters, it is no exaggeration of his claims to say, that he was one of the most remarkable men of his time. His introduction to Edmund Burke, as is well known, arose out of his answer to the work of that eloquent writer on the French Revolution; his defence of Pelletier, and his appointment to the Recordship of Bombay, are incidents with which the public are also familiar; and the more recent, as well as the more brilliant portion of his history, that which embraces his Parliamentary career during the last twenty years, has been the subject of general observation amongst the enlightened of all countries. It would be premature to talk of his character as an historian; though the graceful specimen which he gave in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia of his powers in that way, would warrant a very sanguine expectation with regard to the more extended work of which the public have heard reports from time to time, but without the means of ascertaining correctly whether they were founded in truth or in error. As a politician, Sir James Mackintosh has always appeared amongst the foremost to vindicate the rights, to extend the knowledge, and to promote the happiness of the people. His eloquence was of that warm description, which is congenial with the truth and diffusion of generous sentiments. He had great disadvantages to contend against as a speaker. Amongst the most prominent was a harsh voice, a strong provincial accent, and an uncouth delivery. But the warmth of his feelings, the power of his language, and not unfrequently the depth of his reflections, enabled him to triumph over every defect; and though it was late in life when he entered the House of Commons, he acquired a reputation, a popularity within its walls, such as many have not been able to acquire under circumstances much more favourable. It has been objected to Sir James Mackintosh, that he was too fond of dealing in panegyric. Perhaps he was. But if he was fond of praising, he had the art of praising with great delicacy and elegance; and even his enemies cannot accuse him of having employed that power to promote his own interests, or to serve any unworthy object. In short, he was a man of benevolence as well as of genius, and the faults as well as the perfections of his character were tinged with those strong characteristics. The attack of which Sir James died, may be said to have originated in an accident. About the beginning of March, Sir James, while at dinner, attempted to swallow a portion of the breast of a boiled chicken; but the morsel remained in his throat, and gave rise to several distressing symptoms in deglutition and respiration. At the end of two days the obstruction was removed by an emetic, and it was found to consist of the flesh of the chicken, with a portion of thin bone, upwards of an inch in length, embedded in its centre, and projecting at one side in a sharp point. The effects of the accident completely unsettled his general health. He afterwards laboured under increasing debility, and occasional attacks of severe pains in his head, shoulders, and limbs. A few days before death, the pains suddenly ceased. Febrile symptoms set in, and the head became affected. Although this change was met, and in a great measure subdued, by the treatment prescribed by the medical gentlemen in attendance, the consequent debility was too great for his constitution to resist, already oppressed with the weight of sixty-six years. Sir James Mackintosh anticipated the near approach of his dissolution with the greatest firmness, and with the most perfect resignation to the Divine will. He retained, nearly to the last, the command of the powerful mental faculties which distinguished him through an arduous life, a large proportion of which was spent in

deep study, and in supporting the best interests of mankind.

## WILLIAM CHAPMAN, ESQ., CIVIL ENGINEER.

This eminent Engineer expired at his residence in Newcastle, on Tuesday evening, 29th May, at an advanced age. Mr. Chapman had in early life been brought up to the nautical profession, which had given him considerable advantages in the construction and improvement of works for maritime purposes. When some dispute took place about eight years ago, as to the best practicable plan for the improvement of Leith harbour, the late Lord Provost Henderson agreed to consult such engineer as should be most strongly recommended by Lord Melville, then first Lord of the Admiralty, and his Lordship with much judgment named Mr. Chapman, on account of his great experience, and from his having been consulted by the Board of Admiralty on several important matters.

Mr. Chapman's plan for the improvement of Leith was soon after adopted, and has been steadily adhered to by the Leith Dock Commissioners, who are best acquainted with the local circumstances of the Port; and at their stationary meeting, lately held, a unanimous vote was passed, expressive of the advantages which were proved to have arisen from the operations recommended by Mr. Chapman.

## LORD ELDIN.

This eccentric lawyer, known by the name of John Clerk, died on Thursday morning, 31st May. Though long at the head of the bar, lawyers of far inferior attainments and intellect were promoted to the bench before him; and his temper, which was none of the mildest, did not always restrain him while pleading before men who were in every respect his inferiors, and whose sole title to the judicial office was servility and political partisanship. He was not promoted to the bench until nearly his whole business as a lawyer had left him, and his talents had been impaired by age, as was to be expected. A year or two after his promotion, he retired from the bench, on the retired allowance of two-thirds of his salary, thus becoming a burden on the country which had not received any benefit from his judicial services. We always considered John Clerk's elevation to the bench a discreditable job. As an advocate, his talents were of the first character; and certainly no one now at the bar, or perhaps on the bench, can be compared with him. His knowledge of the law of Scotland was at once profound and minute, and his wonderfully retentive and ready memory enabled him to bring his erudition to bear on the matter in discussion with astonishing facility. His eloquence was addressed solely to the intellect, and energy and force were its most distinguishing characteristics. His Lordship took great delight in the fine arts, and possessed a considerable collection of the works of the celebrated painters and engravers. Of late years he has altogether retired from public life, and has been nearly forgotten by the public,—thus furnishing another instance of the shortness of the duration of the reputation of the great lawyers, when it is not supported by published works.

## JEREMY BENTHAM.

Died on Wednesday, 6th June, at his residence in Queen's-square-place, Westminster, Jeremy Bentham, in his eighty-fifth year. During the late unhealthy season, he had been subject to repeated attacks of bronchitis, but he had recovered from the first severe attacks with so much vigour, that it was considered by many that he would return to his former health; and he again received the visits of distinguished foreigners, and of public men with whom he was in the habit of friendly intercourse, and it was believed that he would have been able to continue his labours for several years to come. Several days ago he had taken up the portion of his manuscripts for the third volume of his unpublished Constitutional Code, which is reputed by jurists,

who are acquainted with its progress, to be one of the most valuable of his productions, as it contains the principles for the formation of a judicial establishment and a code of procedure. Another attack of his disorder, however, arrested his labours for ever. His death was singularly tranquil. Only a portion of his works have been printed; and of those printed, some which have been spoken of by eminent men as the most valuable, such as the "Essay on Judicial Establishments," have never in reality been published. Repeated proposals have been made to publish a complete edition of his works. A few weeks ago the Prince Talleyrand, who at all times, in common with the leading spirits of the age, has professed his high admiration of the author, made proposals to get a complete edition of all his works in French published in Paris. A short time before his death he had projected a new work on language, and one on mathematics. Amongst the unpublished works is one on the use of language, with a view to the giving certainty to the expression of the will of the Legislature. Some, if not all of these works, will, it is expected, be edited by gentlemen well conversant with the branches of science and art to which the works relate, and will at some future time be made public, in a complete and uniform shape. Besides those which were edited by the late M. Dumont, others of his works, which are little known in England, have great reputation on the continent of Europe, and in North and South America. Mr. Bentham was a bench of Lincoln's-inn, and was the father of the bar. In conformity with the desire of his father, he practised for a short time in Equity, and was immediately remarked for the ability he displayed; but the death of his father left him with a moderate fortune, and the free choice of his course of life, when he immediately abandoned all prospects of professional emolument and honours, and devoted the whole of his subsequent life to those labours, which, he believed, would produce the greatest happiness to his fellow-creatures. His extreme benevolence, and cheerfulness of disposition, are highly spoken of by all who had the honour to be admitted to his society, which was much sought after; and also by his domestics, and by his neighbours who were acquainted with his habits. The news of the Reform Bill having been carried, greatly cheered his last hours. He bequeathed his body to his medical friend, Dr. Southwood Smith, with a charge that he should use it in an anatomical school for dissection, in illustration of a course of lectures.

Mr. Bentham was an old man, with venerable white locks, social and cheerful, robust in body, and promising a still longer life; but it is almost impossible to say, in highly intellectual men, how far the spirit of life is kept up by the mere vivacity of the brain, and subject to abrupt extinction from causes of accident or weather. His appearance, both in the amplitude of his look, the flow of his reverend hair, and the habitual

benevolence of his smile, had a striking likeness to Franklin; and, on a hasty glance, the busts of the two might be confounded. He had all the practical wisdom of one of the sages of good sense; took exercise as long as he could, both abroad and at home; indulged in reasonable appetite; and, notwithstanding the mechanical-mindedness with which his Utilitarianism has been charged, and the suspicious jokes he could crack against fancy and the poets, could quote his passages out of Virgil, "like a proper Eton boy," as he said; for that school had the honour of his education. He also played upon the organ—which looked the more poetical in him, because he possessed, on the border of his garden, a house in which Milton had lived, and had set up a bust against it in honour of the great bard, himself an organ-player. Emperors as well as other Princes have sought to do him honour, but he was too wise to encourage their advances beyond what was good for mankind. The Emperor Alexander, who was afraid of his legislation, sent him a diamond-ring, which the philosopher, to his immortal honour returned, saying (or something to that effect) that his object was not to receive rings from Princes, but to do good to the world.

#### GENERAL LAMARQUE.

This distinguished French General, whose funeral has given rise to such commotion, died at Paris, on the 1st June. He was sixty years of age. Maximilian Lamarque was born at St. Sever, in 1772; he entered the army as a private soldier, and soon became captain of grenadiers in that *infernal* column which had at its head Latour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France. At twenty years of age he was adjutant-general, and his name known to all our armies. The wars of the republic, the campaigns of Austerlitz, Tyrol, Naples, Wagram, mark his important services. Celebrated above all in Italy, by the miracle of the taking of Caprea, he was selected to proceed to reduce Calabria, and immediately after recalled to Spain, where he engaged in a contest the most obstinate and the most difficult. The fights of Atta-Julia, Tarragona, Ripouil, Col-Sacro, Baguelas, and of Salid, add to his reputation. He did not return to France until 1814, and was not employed during the first restoration; but, on his return from Elba, Napoleon gave him successively the command of Paris, and of a division on the Belgian frontier, and named him, in the month of May, General-in-Chief of the army of La Vendee. On the second restoration, Lamarque was inscribed in the list of proscription of the 24th July, 1815. After his re-entry into France, in 1818, he published, under the title of "Necessity of a Permanent Army," a work bearing the impress of high thought, and giving evidence of his wise experience and his long toils. He devoted his pen to France, and, during late years, contributed to the patriotic journals a great number of remarkable articles.

#### NEW KIND OF ANCHOR.

A MODE of forming Anchors on a new principle, and of much greater strength and durability, was some time since invented by a Mr. Pering, and we deem the subject sufficiently important to merit some description, in a work dedicated to the instruction and entertainment of all classes of readers. The following is from the report of the Royal Institution, London:—

May 25.—Mr. Brockedon gave an account of the Pering anchor, preceded by remarks upon the use and general form of the common anchor, which, he said, had scarcely varied during 2000 years, though in its structure some changes had taken place, chiefly from the increased magnitude now required,—that its bulk, amounting even to five tons for a first-rate, rendered it an instrument of extremely difficult formation, from the thickness of those parts which, in welding, the force of the hammer seldom reached. The old mode of obtaining these large forged masses,

was by forming faggots of iron bars, kept together by rings, which, at a welding heat, were cemented by tilt-hammers and other heavy percussive powers; but the force of the blow seldom effectively reached the inner bars. The consequence was, that the stretching of the outer bars exceeding that of the inner, the tenacity of the bars was unequal, and of the mass defective. This difficulty of welding a large mass is increased at the crown of the anchor, where the shank was joined to the arms, where it was thickest, and where the increased quantity put for security increased the difficulty of making it secure, and it was in this part that most of the old anchors broke.

Mr. Pering's first improvements were in the formation of the parts, by flat plates or bars of iron placed edgewise to the line of resistance. By this structure, it is not necessary to the strength of the anchor, that the inner plates

should be welded together; compared with an anchor fagotted in the usual way, and rendered completely solid by welding, it is very much stronger; as the flat plates, by successive rolling, become fibrous, and acquire a greatly increased strength over a more crystallised iron. When these flat bars are firmly welded on the outside, the greatest strength is attained in the direction of each part, and every part of Mr. Pering's anchor is thus formed of layers of plates placed edgewise to the strain to which it is liable. This is accomplished at the crown, or joining of the shank to the arms, in an admirable manner: the plates at the lower end of the shank are split through their sides and turned, edgewise to the layers, on either side, so as to form the inner part of the arms. The outer is formed likewise of plates turned edgewise; and overlaying the inner part, thus continuing the fibrous course and strongest resistance of the iron through that part of the Pering anchor which had always been the weakest in the old one.

Mr. Pering's first improvements, chiefly in structure, were patented in 1813, and are now entirely adopted in his Majesty's navy. Last year Mr. Pering patented an improvement in the form of his anchor, in which, by increasing in the direction of the strain, the depth of the metal, in an anchor of the same weight, he gained strength as he increased the line of resistance. Numerous trials proved the superior advantages of the Pering anchors.

Several trials have taken place at Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Chatham dock-yards, before Commissioners Fanshawe, Grey, Barlow, and Ross. The first, April 1813, of 24 cwt., it broke a 24 cwt., 29 cwt., and 35 cwt. At Chatham, 11th April, 1815, against one of 25 cwt.; Portsmouth, in May, 1816, 48 cwt.; at Plymouth, 1831, of 53 cwt. In the last, the trial was made against a hollow-shanked anchor of Mr. Rogers: the two anchors opposed bore great power. The mode of trial was by placing the toes or points of the flukes against two large bollards firmly propped; two three-fold blocks were then lashed and reeved to the ring of each anchor by a nine-inch hawser; the standing parts of each were carried to two capstans, one on either side, which capstans were manned by one hundred men to each; on the two first heaves, the two toes or points of the arms of the hollow-shanked anchor gave way; on the two last heavings, the two arms of Mr. Rogers' anchor gave way in three places, the whole of which was sustained on one arm only of Mr. Pering's. The strain was so great that it brought the hundred men at each capstan to a stand-still, and may be calculated at about three hundred and fifty tons dead weight. The cost of anchors for the public service is immense: to supply the navy once only, requires a sum above £500,000. Each first-rate anchor employs twenty men forty days; forty per cent. of metal is wasted in the forging; and the cost of such an anchor is £400.

## BANKRUPTS.

### SCOTCH.

*June 7.*  
J. Agnew & Company, merchants and commission agents in Glasgow, as a company, and John Agnew, as an individual.

J. and G. Guild, wood-merchants at Carnoustie, in Forfarshire.

J. Muir, banker and builder in Edinburgh.

*June 12.*  
T. B. Marshall, calico-printer, Glasgow.

*June 13.*  
W. Kerr, calenderer and merchant, Glasgow.

T. Stewart, dealer in corn and hay, and horse-hirer, Charlotte-place, Edinburgh.

*June 14.*  
B. F. McCallum and Brothers, dyers at Arthur-lie, Renfrewshire, and cotton-yarn merchants, Glasgow, and B. F. McCallum and J. McCallum, two of the partners, as individuals.

*June 15.*  
A. Sclanders and Son, grain-merchants, Glasgow, and individual partners.

J. Davidson, ironmonger, Edinburgh.

J. Hamilton and Company, agents and spirit-dealers, Glasgow.

W. Jenkins, coal-merchant, Glasgow.

J. Dumbreck, gunpowder-manufacturer, Mar-field, and Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.

*June 16.*  
W. Black, manufacturer in Glasgow, trading under the firm of William Black and Co., sole Partner of that Company.

*June 19.*  
J. Scott, coach-builder and harness-maker, stage-coach proprietor, hotel and innkeeper, Edinburgh.

### ENGLISH.

*June 1.*  
H. Battersby and G. Battersby, Hindley, Lancashire, cotton-spinners.

J. Cooper, Ryde, and St. Helens, Isle of Wight, corn-factor.

J. Marshall, Bradford, Yorkshire, ironmonger.

W. F. Fussell, Baltonsborough, Somersetshire, tanner.

J. Love, Havant, Southampton, ironmonger.

*June 5.*  
A. Goldsmidt, C. W. Stokes, and E. Meyer, Great St. Helens, merchants.

T. Warrington, Guildford-street, wine-broker.

W. V. Foxwell, Clapton, Gloucestershire, cattle-dealer.

W. Yarrington, Swaffham, Norfolk, money-scrivener.

J. West, W. Taylor, and T. Walker, Newport, Monmouthshire, coal-merchants.

P. Clarke, Pontesbury, Shropshire, maltster.

W. H. Lockett, Manchester, wine-merchant.

W. Bates, Lees, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.

T. and T. Stoner, Berwick, Yorkshire, corn-millers.

T. Lockwood, Huddersfield, wool-stapler.

T. Lockwood, jun., and John Cockburn, Huddersfield, woollen-cloth manufacturers.

*June 8.*  
D. Haybittle, sen., Peckham-wharf, Kent-road, coal-merchant.

T. Edwards, Austin-friars, merchant.

*June 12.*  
W. White, of Regent-street, Oxford-street, Middlesex, ironmonger and trader.

W. M'Capin, of Belfast, Antrim, provision-merchant.

J. Clarke, of Newport Pagnell, Buckingham, corn and coal dealer.

G. Gingell, of Stroud, Gloucester, victualler and spirit-merchant.

J. Richmond, late of Great Grimsby, Lincoln, surgeon, apothecary, and druggist.

J. Goulden, late of Mathley, York, (but now a prisoner confined for debt in the gaol of the city of York), corn-factor.

J. Aspinall, of Liverpool, Lancaster, banker.

S. Collier the elder, and S. Collier the younger, of Witney, Oxford, blanket-manufacturers.

W. Sedgwick, of Manchester, Lancaster, linen-merchant.

G. Barehead, late of New Malton, but now of Norton, York, corn and coal merchant.

*June 15.*  
H. Smith, of Salisbury-street, Strand, Middlesex, wine-merchant.

T. Hamper, late of Crucifix-lane, Bermondsey, Surrey, maltster.

H. Wood, of Bristol, innkeeper, victualler, and warehouseman.

T. Morris, of Westbromwich, Stafford, iron-roller dealer.

J. Sparrow, of Tettenhall, Stafford, maltster.



## BENNET'S GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

A SONNET.

*From the Oriental.*

YOU HAVE ADVENTURED ON A NEW CAREER,  
AND SET YOUR GENTLE BARK AFLOAT, MY BENNET!  
AND MANY PRECIOUS THINGS AND RARE ARE IN IT,  
WHICH, IN THE RICH EMPORIUM OF THE WEST,  
CAN BE UNNOTICED LONG YOU NEED NOT FEAR;  
FOR, LIKE THE CLYDE, MAJESTIC, DEEP, AND CLEAR,  
WITH GLORIOUS SUNSHINE WAVING ON HER BREAST,  
YOUR MAGA SHALL PURSUE HER GALLANT COURSE,  
AND O'ER THE WORLD FULFIL YOUR HIGH BEHEST,  
TILL EVERY CLIME SHALL FEEL HER GLADDENING FORCE,  
AND IN EACH COT AND PALACE SHALL BE SEEN,  
THE VIVIFYING FACE OF BENNET'S MAGAZINE.



# BENNET'S

## GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

No. II.—AUGUST, 1832.

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### CONTENTS.

|                                                                | Page       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE AND THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN.....            | 57         |
| SONNET—THE OCEAN.....                                          | 64         |
| MATTHEW M'FARLANE .....                                        | 65         |
| EDMUND O'NIELL—A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.....          | <i>ib.</i> |
| ISABEL—A TALE OF SPAIN.....                                    | 74         |
| IMPROVEMENTS IN HUSBANDRY.....                                 | 75         |
| THE ROMANCE OF LIFE .....                                      | 78         |
| ON PROVERBS IN GENERAL.—NO. I.....                             | 82         |
| WHAT OUGHT THE NATION TO EXPECT FROM A REFORMED PARLIAMENT? .. | 89         |
| MODERN SONGS, AND MODERN SONG-WRITERS.....                     | 93         |
| POLITICAL AND LITERARY COMMENTARY.....                         | 97         |
| MONTHLY REGISTER.....                                          | 103-120    |

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GLASGOW:

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### TO OUR READERS.

A CHANGE—we trust it will be deemed an improvement,—will be perceived upon the cover of this Number. When giving orders for the previous design, we expected it to have had a better appearance; but in this we were disappointed,—and at too late a period to remedy the evil. Now, however, we have effected our object,—we trust to the satisfaction of our readers, as much as to our own. The friendly welcome and liberal support we have received, encourage us to make every effort to gratify public taste, and to come up to public expectation.

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### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

To the many friends from whom we have received contributions, it may be sufficient to state, that, with the exception of a few pieces of poetry, all their effusions suit us, and shall have admission as early as possible. But they must not shake our confidence in their friendship, by becoming impatient.





# BENNET'S

## GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

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### THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE AND THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN.

THE great, magnificent, and truly glorious contest, in which the people of France and those of Britain have been almost incessantly engaged for the last two years, for the purpose of wresting the rights and liberties of the *many* from the hands of the *few*,—for establishing free and popular political institutions, that will work for the good of the whole, by securing a permanent continuance of just and good government,—has been in the highest degree interesting to the immensely numerous body, either directly or indirectly concerned in the struggle, whether their interests, inclinations, and opinions have induced them to exert their power and influence to promote, or defeat, its final success.

In each country, the battle has been of such a generally important and engrossing nature, that scarcely anybody has felt inclined to stand aloof or remain neuter. All have enlisted themselves either on one side or the other, and all have displayed such a degree of sincerity, keenness, and interest, as has seldom or never before been witnessed; and when we consider for a moment the vastness of the interests at stake, and dependent on the issue of the conflict, all this will appear perfectly rational, as being in just proportion to the value of the prize to be lost or gained. Nor has the interest excited by this warfare been confined to the countries concerned in it. The other nations of Europe have looked on, not with apathetic indifference, but with a friendly feeling of good-will and sympathy,—at least in so far as respects the people; while it has created a feeling of no small alarm and apprehension on the part of their despotic rulers. Both parties have inferred—and the inference is perfectly just—that the effects of the strife cannot be confined to the countries where it has originated, and been hitherto maintained.

The sympathetic feeling to which we refer, accompanied by a desire to imitate the noble and magnanimous example of the people of France and Britain, will spread far and wide over the civilized portions of the globe; and that, we hope, rapidly. Tyranny, corruption, and every species of political iniquity, will melt away before it; while peace, contentment, freedom and happiness, will spring up in their place. Already are the long-smothered embers of freedom, in some of the most despotic States on the Continent, beginning to show that, though weak, they are far from being extinguished; and that the people only await a favourable opportunity to fan them into renewed life and vigour. In short, the present is not only a most important and interesting period to the inhabitants of France and Britain—who are actively engaged in the passing events by which it is distinguished—but it will be referred to as a most interesting era in the history of Europe, throughout all future ages, as having been the birth-time of much that is

great and good,—much that is honourable and advantageous to human nature, and the best interests of civilized man.

Connected with this great contest, as it refers to France and Britain, the length which it has already proceeded, and the practical effects that have resulted from it, a very curious and rather complicated and difficult question arises out of it,—and that is, What are the reasons and causes which have produced such an inequality in the degree of success which has attended the efforts of the people of France, and those of the people of Britain, respectively, in favour of liberty?—for it is perfectly plain and evident, that, so far as the contest has yet gone, the results in the two countries are very different indeed. Here we are,—the people of Britain,—Scotsmen, Englishmen, and Irishmen. We have been completely successful; if not to the full extent of our wishes and wants, at least as far as we anticipated when the battle commenced. We have, for the present at least—and by fair, open warfare—completely discomfited the Lords and the Bishops, the King and the Queen, and the “great Captain” who conquered Bonaparte, into the bargain;—and all this, too, without drawing a sword, or firing a shot. To be sure, we found it necessary to give some pretty broad hints, that we were quite prepared to try the use of these weapons, rather than give up any considerable item of the great object of contest; but these hints, and the certainty that they would have been carried into effect had the strife continued much longer, did the business. Now, it cannot be made the subject of doubt or argument, that, throughout the great mass of society in France, the desire for free institutions and popular government is at least as great as among ourselves; and that the people there are equally determined to spare no efforts which they are capable of making, to work out their own political salvation. They have repeatedly proved this, by making much more strenuous efforts, and submitting to more painful sacrifices, than have ever been required from us; but, in spite of all this, and after sending the old fool and tyrant, whom the bayonets of the Holy Alliance had placed upon the throne of France, to cool his enthusiastic notions about the divine right of kings, and the “conservative principles of social order,” amidst the deserted halls of his old residence in Holyrood, they find themselves very nearly where they were. They have made many changes, submitted to the most painful trials and sufferings, and repeatedly displayed the most heroic bravery and devotion in defence of their rights and liberty; yet, though all this will have its full effect at some future time, at present the result of the whole may be summed up in a very expressive, although somewhat vulgar proverb,—they merely find themselves “out of the frying-pan into the fire.”

In order to arrive at an answer to the interesting and perplexed question suggested by this contrast to our own success, recourse must be had to the national character of the people of France and that of the people of Britain, and to the general tenor of the history of the two countries, by the events and circumstances of which the national character of each has been formed. Many lengthened and elaborate speculations have been written, regarding the difference that exists between the national character of the two countries; and, in the meantime, we take the fact for granted, that, in some important particulars having a direct reference to this question, there is a marked and perceptible difference; that the habits, manners, modes of acting and thinking, of the various classes of society in France, are considerably different from those of the same classes of society in Britain. The French are proverbially a gay, light-hearted, volatile people—fond of show, and of all that is understood under the term “effect.” A very great part of their happiness and misery, in all the civil and social relations of life, arises from trifles—or at least what we account trifles; and, taking them as a whole, it is only by fits and starts, and when under the influence of some strongly exciting cause, that they give any considerable portion of their time and attention to political questions and the affairs of Government; and they are very much averse to

all questions of this sort, the complete and final success of which requires long-continued patience, perseverance, and attention. Whatever can be done at once, and by a great and heroic effort, they do readily and well; but that which can only be gained, or at least most effectively gained, by moral courage, patience, perseverance, and many repeated efforts, does not so exactly suit their temper and habits. In short, they have very little inclination for that kind of political warfare which is carried on in this country, by the active patience of the community, almost without intermission. They take the first opportunity of getting free from it, and relapse into the indulgence of their natural disposition, which, with many exceptions, no doubt, is pretty well expressed by the celebrated sentence, "*Vive l'amour, vive la bagatelle!*"—"Hurrah for love, hurrah for trifles!"

It is foreign to our purpose to enter into all the minute circumstances and incidents regarding food and climate, and other matters, all of which may have exercised some influence in the moulding and formation of this character. It is evident, upon a broad general view of the matter, that the two main circumstances which contribute to the formation of national character and manners, are, the form of government, and the mode and nature of the religion under which the people live. In reference to the national character of the people of France, we mean to advert principally to the mode of government which has long been established in that country, as accounting sufficiently for the peculiar characteristics and manners of the inhabitants. We do not lay much stress upon the nature and form of their religion; chiefly for this reason—that, for nearly a century, the conduct and character of the higher and influential classes in France have been very little influenced by religious principles of any kind; and that, for the last forty years, this want of religious principles, feelings, and motives, has prevailed throughout the whole mass of French society. These facts are well known, and require nothing now to be stated in support of them.

Anciently—that is, for many centuries previous to the time of Henry the Fourth, the Government of France was, in substance, the same as that of England. Some of its forms and modes of proceeding might be a little different; but, to use a phrase very common in a certain high and dignified assembly, the "fundamental principles" of both were the same. The States-General of France was constituted much in the same way, and to all intents and purposes performed the same functions, as the English Parliament; or, perhaps, it is coming nearer the point to say, that it was the same as the Scottish Parliament; for it is not very clearly ascertained whether the nobles, the clergy, and the representatives of the people, all sat and voted in one house, or deliberated in separate assemblies: but, even previous to the time of Henry the Fourth, the kings of France and their ministers had contrived, by a variety of ingenious modes of political management, and by eagerly taking advantage of every incident that could be made to serve their purpose, to abridge the powers, and greatly to reduce the influence of the States-General. In short, they found out the means of rendering themselves nearly independent of its aid and assistance in carrying on the Government; and, as it formed a considerable check upon the ambitious projects and undertakings of the kings and their ministers, as well as a reprover of their wasteful and oppressive modes of administration, its meetings were altogether dispensed with, while its powers and functions were suspended, and fell into disuse. It met, for the last time, during the minority of Louis XIII. in 1614; but, for a long time previous, its powers and influence had existed more in name than in reality: and when it was again called together in 1789, there had elapsed a period of 175 years, during which there had been no meeting of any assembly, claiming to represent the various orders of society into which the people of France were then divided. It is no matter of wonder, therefore, that the French, who had for such a long period been altogether unaccustomed to free institutions and popular assemblies, should have committed blunders and mistakes in the management of them,—the very names of such things having



been nearly forgotten. It had long been a constant and important point of policy on the part of the kings and ministers of France, to abolish every institution, usage, or custom, which could convey to the minds of the people a notion that they had any right to interfere in the affairs of government or the management of public business, or at all to interest themselves by thought, word, or deed, about what was represented to belong exclusively, and by divine right, to the king alone. To manage this point with regard to the great body of the inhabitants, was not a very difficult matter; because, in addition to being wretchedly poor, they were grossly ignorant. In fact, to speak it out in plain English, they were little better than the slaves or *serfs* of the nobles and clergy; but, to reduce the great body of the inferior orders of the nobles and clergy, who at that time constituted what may be called the middle class in France, in so far as such a class had any existence, was an undertaking that required more dexterous management,—and by dexterous management it was at length effectually accomplished.

The long minority of Louis XIV. called into fierce activity, the numerous factions into which the powerful and influential classes of society were then divided. Many disorders, much confusion and mismanagement, as well as great misery and suffering to the inferior orders of the people, were the consequences; but these things gave little concern to the rulers of France, since they afforded an excellent opportunity to that prince of politicians—in so far as politics consist in art, intrigue, *espionage*, double-dealing, and under-hand management—Cardinal Mazarine, to turn the whole to the account of absolute power, and pure, unmixed despotism. There never was a Minister in any country, who better understood the old standard-text of tyrants, “divide and govern,” than Cardinal Mazarine; and few, if any, have acted on it with greater success. He so ingeniously opposed the various factions to each other, that they were all gradually weakened, and reduced to that dead level of insignificance and inefficiency, that so admirably suits the purposes of pure despotism; and Louis, at the very outset of his reign, found himself more completely an absolute monarch, than any of his predecessors had ever been.

It is not necessary to notice, with any degree of minuteness, the long reign of this monarch, or the principal events and circumstances by which it was distinguished,—because there are few periods in modern history better known, or more amply illustrated. It is principally the decided and lasting impression which he produced upon the national character and manners, that we mean to notice,—because the effect of this impression still exists, and has been one of the causes of that misery and oppression, of which the people of France have experienced such an abundant share. It is well known, that, whatever small vestiges of right, liberty, or privilege might remain to any body or class of the people of France, when Louis assumed the reins of Government, was by him soon annihilated. He became everything; and the people, of whatever rank, class, or degree, nothing,—except in so far as they could be made to contribute to his purposes, by enhancing the splendour of his triumphs, and supporting him in his extravagant undertakings. It was treason to say that he in any way existed, or was bound to act, for the good of his subjects. They existed merely to contribute to his greatness and glory, in whatever way he chose to direct. By himself, or by his Ministers, every thing was done, and every appointment to office made,—from the first Minister of State, down to the man who filled the most petty and insignificant office necessary for the movement of the machinery of despotism: and so complete was this system rendered, that he himself often possessed the necessary knowledge for appointing, to very inferior offices, in the most distant parts of his dominions, the persons best qualified to serve his purposes. It was the great object of his policy, throughout a long reign, to draw towards himself the attention of all France, and to concentrate, in his own person, the wishes, the feelings, the hopes, and the fears of all his subjects. He was the fountain and the sole depository of honour, of justice, of mercy, and of grace

and favour. No institution of any kind was allowed to exist, in the management of which the people had any concern. All were under the immediate direction and control of himself and his Ministers. In fact, except the provincial Parliaments, there was no institution in all France which exercised any of the powers and functions of Government but his own Cabinet; and as for the Parliaments here mentioned, they were merely courts of justice,—while, even in that view, their powers were more nominal than real. In fine, Louis succeeded in establishing the most perfect model of pure despotism that has ever existed in any civilized country; for, under it, the highest classes of the nobles and clergy possessed very little more real power than the most inferior orders of the community. Much has been said respecting the bigotry and the defective education of Louis; but his success in that line of policy which we have shortly sketched, proves that he had a complete knowledge of human nature, as well as great shrewdness, in selecting those means which were necessary for the accomplishment of his purposes. He knew that the great body of the inhabitants of a country, which, comparatively speaking, was highly civilized, and in a rapidly-advancing state of improvement, could not long be kept from directing their attention to, and interfering with, political affairs and the measures of Government, unless their attention was turned to some other objects of pursuit. One main object of his policy, therefore, was to create, throughout the great mass of society, especially among the higher and influential classes, a strong desire for, and an ardent pursuit after, licentious pleasures,—a passion for gaming, and other light and trifling amusements,—great attention to show, splendour, and dramatic effect, and also a strong love of military glory; and, in attaining these objects, he was successful to such an extent, as to impress, upon the French national character, the principal features by which it has been distinguished from his time down to the present day.

On this point, very little more requires to be said. Louis XV. followed the same course of policy with regard to public affairs, and even copied the private manners of his grandfather as far as circumstances would permit; and the Duke of Orleans, who acted as Regent during his minority, and who is so celebrated, or rather infamous, for his profligacy and debauchery, did much, in fact all he was able, to consolidate and confirm the unfortunate turn which had been given to the national habits and manners; while, with regard to the existence and example of anything like free institutions, even Louis the XVI., of whose benevolence, humanity, and love of “his people,” so much has been said and sung, told the provincial Parliaments, (the only public bodies in France, with the exception of a few Literary Societies,) that they were to act only as courts of justice; and that, on no account whatever, were they to interfere with any of the measures or affairs of Government.

Taking into account, therefore, the important fact, that, for two hundred years, or nearly so, previous to 1789, the whole body of the people of France, of all ranks and classes, were totally unaccustomed to any thing resembling free institutions, popular assemblies, or a government which even pretended to pay any attention to the wants and wishes of the people; it is not, as already observed, at all wonderful, that they should have committed many sad mistakes, when they were at length aroused to take the matter into their own hands. That they should have exhibited much awkwardness and want of skill in managing the new, and to them complicated machinery, of a free and popular government, was a perfectly rational consequence, resulting from the circumstances under which they had so long been placed. Nor, upon a little reflection, will it appear at all surprising that they should, to a great extent, show much of the same want of tact and skill in the management of their affairs to this very day; for, in reality, and notwithstanding the many changes they have made, and the painful sacrifices to which they have been compelled to submit, they have never enjoyed a free government and popular institutions, for a length of time sufficient to give them the necessary experience of the mode and manner of managing these invaluable blessings, so as to make them produce the greatest amount of good.

Amidst the violent scenes of disorder, tumult, and every species of public and private confusion, which occupied the period from 1793 to 1800, it would be going rather too far to say, that anything like public liberty or free institutions existed, or that any of the forms of government which were successively established, ever had the deliberate sanction and approbation of the great body of the people of France. And, even granting that some or all of these forms of government were good, none of them were allowed to exist for a length of time sufficient to enable the people, generally, to become acquainted even with their forms. They unfortunately succeeded each other like the scenes in a theatre, without producing any permanent effect upon the public principles or character of the people; and every body knows, that, to say anything about the liberty of the people, the free exercise of political rights, or the existence of any one really free institution under the administration of Bonaparte, would be as absurd as to speak of the existence of such things in Russia or Turkey. Bonaparte found it necessary, or thought it prudent, to continue, for a time at least, some of the forms and usages of a free government: but, in reality, the government of France under him, was pure despotism; as much so, indeed, as it had ever been under any of its former monarchs,—although it must be allowed, that his was a very splendid, dashing, and enlightened kind of despotism.

This brings us to that period in the history of France, which relates to the restoration of the Bourbons, under whose former sway the people had endured so many evils and sufferings: and here is necessarily brought into view, that precious and celebrated mouthful of freedom and free institutions, conferred as the gift of Royalty,—the “Charter,”—which appears to have been neither more nor less than a mere farce,—a piece of political trickery and kingcraft, from beginning to end. For, even if the old despot and his advisers who framed and granted it, had been really in earnest—and supposing all its provisions had been fully carried into effect, it was but a wonderfully stunted morsel; and if the people of France had been satisfied with it, their appetite for freedom must have been abundantly moderate indeed. But it never was carried into effect, nor was it ever intended, on the part of its authors, that it should be so. It was merely intended to save appearances, and serve the purpose of facilitating the peaceable return of the Bourbons: and one of the best proofs of this general fact is, that it had not been more than three months in existence, when one of its most important provisions—that which pretended to guarantee the liberty of the press, was openly violated. Besides, as it contained no provision for regulating the manner in which the Chamber of Deputies was to be chosen, the King and his Ministers managed this important point as best suited their own views and purposes. Indeed, before the Bourbons had been a single year re-seated on the throne of France, they found the charter to be a most convenient instrument for executing the worst designs of despotism, because it gave to their proceedings something of the appearance of a free government. Over and above all this, such as it was, it had been framed with a considerable share of ingenuity,—or rather, that species of ingenuity which is better designated by the name of cunning; for, like too many of our own Acts of Parliament, it could be interpreted three or four different ways. We do not think it necessary to recapitulate the instances in which royal and “legitimate” reasoning was exercised upon it in this way, because the more prominent of them must be fresh in the recollection of a great portion of our readers.

We have thus shown, although necessarily in a condensed and general way, that the ill success which unfortunately has attended the most strenuous and heroic efforts of the people of France in favour of civil and political freedom and good government, must, to a great extent, be ascribed to the very limited and imperfect experience which they have been enabled to acquire of the practical working of a free government, and the management and conducting of popular institutions and usages; and that the more prominent features by which their character as a nation is distinguished, are the result of the long period during which the great body of the people lived in



a state of civil and political slavery, and suffered all the evils of physical, moral, and political degradation. No one, we hope, will for a moment suppose, that we intend to impute anything like blame to the people of France, on account of this want of experience, and consequent want of success. So far are we from blaming, that we most sincerely sympathise with them, and most cordially award that high amount of praise and admiration which is so justly their due, for the noble and heroic manner in which they have repeatedly, and, under very unpropitious circumstances, supported and defended, not only their own liberty, but the general cause of liberty throughout Europe. The general tenor of all history, however, shows, that they are just going through that course of political education which is necessary to fit them for accomplishing the complete political regeneration of their Government. It is a painful and a lengthened process; but the general condition of human affairs does not seem to point out any way by which it can be avoided.

There yet remains behind, a circumstance of very great importance, and deserving a much more ample illustration than we can at present bestow upon it, with regard to which, the people of France have, all along, been placed in a very different situation from the people of Britain. In fighting the battles of freedom, the French have always severely felt the want of a powerful weapon, the use of which we have for a long period enjoyed in tolerable perfection, and in wielding which we have now acquired so much dexterity, that more than one-half of the great and glorious victory we are now preparing to celebrate, in a style of splendour never before witnessed, is, in truth and reality, to be ascribed to its efficacy. Every body must see that we mean **THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS**. The French have never enjoyed anything which, with any regard to truth and consistency, can be called a *free press*; at least, so far as concerns newspapers and other periodical journals, and the subjects of which they most generally treat,—that is, the principles and practice of civil, political, and religious liberty. We have already said, that we cannot, at present, enter into this matter at so much length as its importance requires; but every body knows, that, previous to the first Revolution in France, it would have been a contradiction in terms, to have said that anything bearing at all a resemblance to the liberty of the press existed. In these good old times of despotism and priestly tyranny, if any unfortunate wight published a sentence which gave offence, either with or without reason, to a bishop, a cardinal, a king's minister or a king's mistress, he was sent to the Bastille to teach him better manners, and more reverence towards "*his superiors*;" and, in not a few cases, it required all the influence which some infidel nobleman could exert, to prevent the offender from "going farther and faring worse." The Revolution mended matters a little in this respect; for, among the many great and good things recorded to the honour of the first National Assembly, a very competent witness, Madame de Staël, assures us, that they never interfered with the newspapers either one way or another, nor would they allow or sanction any such interference. But the two years during which that celebrated Assembly existed, was the only glimpse of liberty which the periodical press of France ever enjoyed, and it was too short to produce any permanently good effects. All the succeeding Revolutionary Governments watched the press with the greatest jealousy; and when any portion of it offended them, by opposing any of their measures, they persecuted it in the most arbitrary and oppressive manner. In fact, they nearly forced the newspapers out of existence; and then, as to the manner in which the imperial ruler of France—"the favoured child of destiny"—acted towards this great means of acquiring the civil, political, and religious freedom of the human race, it is perfectly notorious that he carried his jealousy so far, as frequently to act the part of censor and editor with his own imperial hands. Indeed, the command which he attained over the press, was much more complete and extensive than had ever been enjoyed by any former ruler of France. He went far beyond the newspapers, and included all books of elementary instruction used in schools, and all

teachers of schools into the bargain. The father of a family was not allowed to choose the teacher of his own children,—Bonaparte saved him the trouble, and also pointed out what was to be taught them.

It would be nonsense to talk about the liberty of the press, under the elder branch of the Bourbon family, now moralizing on the mutability of all human grandeur, in the seat of ancient Scottish royalty. It just enjoyed that sort of liberty, which the menials and domestics of a great Lord enjoy, when he is pleased to grant them a holiday. Whenever they become a little noisy in their mirth, or exceed the bounds of what he thinks a proper discretion, either in the matter or manner of their amusements, he sends his “gentleman” among them, who instantly puts an end to the sport, and sends them all to their own proper places—some of them grumbling, and some of them trembling; but all of them must submit. Under the present “Citizen King,” any alteration that has been made consists in this—that Charles X. and his predecessor prevented the publication of whatever they chose to consider offensive, while Louis Philippe does not interfere in this way, but persecutes, with the most unsparing rigour, whatever he pleases to find fault with after it is published. So that the difference is much the same as that between six and half-a-dozen.

We have left ourselves no room to complete the parallel, by stating and illustrating many important particulars, in which the condition of the people of Britain is, and was, different from that of their neighbours in France; nor to show that they have fought the battle under greater advantages, and with more chances of success in their favour. This, however, we regret the less, because, if we have succeeded in drawing an accurate outline of the state of matters in France, the greater number of our readers will find some amusement in completing the parallel for themselves. Besides, the subject is so interesting, that we intend to take the earliest opportunity of returning to it, especially in so far as regards that important branch—the Power and Influence of the Press, which has already produced such important effects upon the liberty, the happiness, the social and civil well-being of mankind.

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### SONNET.

#### THE OCEAN.

Oh! that the Ocean were my element!  
 And I could dwell amid its deepest waves,  
 Like one whose home is in its gushing caves,  
 Beneath the waters, whether tame or rent.  
 Would I could roam down where the Mermaid laves  
 Her half-formed limbs,—for Envy comes not there,  
 Nor Pride nor Hatred, nor is Malice sent,  
 Nor the deep sullenness of dark Despair.  
 Would I were not of earth—but of the sea!  
 And hold communion with its creatures fair:  
 Gentle in its gentleness, but whene'er  
 A tempest shook it, and the winds were free,  
 My bounding spirit would delight to soar,  
 Float in its foam, and revel in its roar!

*Aberdeen, June, 1832.*

## MATTHEW M'FARLANE.

WHARE came the guineas frae, Matthew, my dear?  
 I trow thou hadst nane till the sodgers came here.  
 If they're the king's or the sergeant's, my son,  
 Gie them back, for thou never maun carry the gun.

Could ye e'er think to gang o'er the braid sea,  
 To lea'e the loanhead, the auld bigging, and me,  
 The smith and the smiddy, thy loom, and the lass  
 That stauns at the gavel, and laughs when ye pass?

Mind, Matthew—for thou likes thy belly fu' weel—  
 There is naething abroad like our hearty oatmeal,  
 Nor guid sheephead-kail, for nae outlandish woman  
 Has the gumption to ken that they need sic a scummin'.

In thy lug, though that wild Heeland sergeant may blaw,  
 And talk o' the ferlies he's seen far awa',  
 And the pleasures and ease o' a sodgering life,  
 Believe me it's naething but labour and strife,—

If thy fit should but slip in the midst o' the drilling,  
 The ranking and rawing, and marching and wheeling,  
 The sergeant would cry, "shoot the stammering loon," or else  
 "Tie the scoonerel up to the halberts, ye scoonerels!"

And when our King George to the wars would be prancing,  
 Wi' the crown on his head, and his sceptre a' glancing;  
 Wi' chariots and horsemen, and cornels a host o' them,  
 And sergeant M'Tavish as proud as the best o' them—

My son, and the rest o' the puir single men, wad be  
 Trudging behint them wi' legs twining wearily,  
 Laden like camels, and cringing like colly dogs,  
 Till the Frenchmen in swarms wad come bizzing about their lugs.

Then to meet Bonapartie rampagin', and red  
 To the verra een holes wi' the spilling o' bluid,—  
 O maybe the fiend in his talons wad claught thee,  
 And rive thee to spawls, without speering wha's aught thee!

Thou maunna wear claes o' red, Matthew M'Farlane,  
 Nor ringe wi' twa sticks on a sheep's skin, my darling,  
 Nor cadge wi' a knapsack frae Dan to Beersheba, nor  
 Dee like thy father at wearifu' Baltimore.

Bide still in Kilbarchan, and wha kens but thou  
 May be some day an elder, and keep a bit cow,  
 And hae for thy wife the braw thoroughier lass  
 That stauns at the gavel, and laughs when ye pass!

## EDMUND O'NIELL;

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

*By Tenneb Yaldnuf Werdna.*

THE sun was fast sinking behind the hills which surround the beautiful lake of Mellaroun, and the tall trees which environ its margin were casting their lengthening shades far over the rippling waters, when a party of soldiers, wearied and war-worn, suddenly issued from the wood, and spurred their horses up the acclivity which led to the castle of Fadin. They were commanded by a young officer, whose tall and well-shaped person was clad in a suit of dark armour, and from beneath whose helmet a black curl fell here and there over his broad shoulders; on his left arm he wore a white scarf, on



which he would at times cast his eyes, and, heaving a deep sigh, give his horse the rein,—then suddenly pulling him up, he would gaze upon the lake, and become absorbed in the deepest abstraction. The castle of Fadin was one of those places of strength which the native Irish chiefs had built in the middle of the twelfth century, to protect them from the ravages of the Norman invaders, while at the same time it served them as a place of residence. It was situated in one of the middle counties in Ireland, on a rocky eminence which overhangs Lake Mellaroun, and had been built by a chief of the sept of the famous O'Niells of Ulster, by whose descendants it had been possessed till the time of which we are now writing. The castle itself was a large quadrangular building, flanked by round towers; the entrance to which was guarded by a massive gateway and portcullis; and, to render it still more secure as a place of refuge, a strong and high wall was built at a distance from the castle, with three towers at convenient positions, for defending it; and in the court formed by this wall, were the horses and cattle confined in times of extreme danger, and while the enemies of the chiefs were ravaging the country. The castle of Fadin was, from its natural position, reckoned almost impregnable. Lake Mellaroun guarded it on the south and west,—on the north, a rapid stream which falls into the lake had been deepened by one of the chiefs of Fadin, and a mound was thrown up behind it, and the ground afterwards rose in such broken, rocky fragments, as to render access quite impossible. On the east was the entrance to the castle; and this was a narrow pathway hewn out of the rock, not more than four feet wide, and at every turn of the winding ascent were placed strong keeps to guard the access. The castle had never been taken by force, but was once lost by treachery.

When the party reached the outer gate of the castle, the warder gave the watchword, and was answered by the troop, “Erin go bragh,” and Edmund O’Niell once more entered the precincts of the castle of his ancestors. The soldiers were welcomed by those in the castle with much goodwill, and a hearty meal was provided both for men and horses, who equally stood in need of refreshment. O’Neill, being disencumbered of his armour, and without taking notice of any one, save the old cupbearer, to whom he addressed a few sentences of inquiry after his welfare, proceeded through the hall, and mounting a flight of steps, entered one of the upper rooms of the castle which overlooks the lake. Here, throwing himself into one of the large oaken chairs, he buried his face in his hands, and exclaimed, in deep sorrow, “Oh, my country! thy own sons are thy worst enemies.” He gazed upon the lake, which was now glittering under the last rays of an October sun, while the shadows of the trees that surrounded it were like so many giants at their posts: the cattle were grazing peacefully upon the blue hills around the lake, and which now began to mingle their tops with the passing clouds:—all nature was falling into repose, and evening was exerting her power to reduce the world to stillness.

O’Neill painfully remembered the cause of his being obliged to take up arms. His father, Patrick O’Niell, had married the only daughter of Sir Reginald Fitzharris, a neighbouring chief, and was enjoying all the happiness which was possible for a mortal to enjoy in a country where the common religion was proscribed, and its pastors were everywhere hunted down, with a savageness not unlike that of the wolf,—where, to be a Catholic, was to be considered out of the pale of the constitution,—and where the estates of the native Irish were as much at the disposal of their rulers, the Lords Justices, as at that of the rightful proprietors. Yet still there was happiness to be found even in Ireland: a toleration had been granted by King Charles the First to the Catholics, and although many times violated, still it kept the haughtiness and rapacity of the notorious Parsons, and his colleague Borlase, within some bounds; and Patrick O’Niell was one of the happiest chiefs in Ireland, when his wife presented him with the present Edmund for his successor. His joy on the occasion was shortlived, for the mother died in childhood; and the feast that was prepared for the celebration of the birth of the

young chief, was set aside for the funeral of his lamented mother. Afflictions seldom come unattended by other misfortunes; and the Lord of Fadin had to bewail, at the same time, the loss of his wife, and mourn over the ruin of his country. The Irish nation, goaded on by the merciless cruelty of Parsons and Borlase, were reduced to the utmost misery; and it was not until a rumour had gone forth that the Irish were to be confined within the province of Connaught, that the chiefs of the nation, and among others the Chief of Fadin, entered into a treaty to betake themselves to arms, for the defence of their lives, liberties, religion, and properties. Fanaticism had arrived at such a height, that the Irish Parliament had set a price upon the heads of the Catholic clergy according to their rank,\* and every indignity which the most heartless malice could invent, was put upon the native Irish. Father O'Rourke, chaplain to the family of O'Niell, was marked for destruction, and the Chief of Fadin was ordered to deliver him up to the agents appointed by the Lords Justices, as a person who was fomenting treason, and endeavouring to subvert the laws and government of the country. While O'Niell delayed to comply with the demand of the Parliament, the war of Ulster commenced, and O'Niell, with a band of gallant followers, well armed and equipped, hastened to join the confederate Irish, under the command of his kinsman the Earl of Tyrone, and the gallant Roger Moore, leaving only the old men and youth to protect the castle during his absence, under Father O'Rourke, who was also appointed guardian of his son, the young Edmund. It were needless to narrate the battles that were fought, or the efforts that were made to free themselves from the government of the English, as the matter has already become a portion of history, and is too well known to require insertion here: but it may be proper briefly to follow the Lord of Fadin in his career. After passing some time with the army in Ulster, the Chief of Fadin was despatched to the south, to protect the towns there against the Earl of Inchiquin, or "Black Morough O'Brien," as he was more familiarly named by the peasantry, who had deserted the cause of his country, and joined the Parliamentarians,† and his reputation for cruelty was so great, that nurses used to still their children by pronouncing his name. After a lengthened warfare, where success was long dubious, Inchiquin, by the superior force he commanded, became master of the southern counties of Ireland, and laid siege to the towns. O'Neill had retired with the remainder of his troops into Youghall, in Cork, and was now closely besieged by Inchiquin. The garrison were straitened for provisions, and the people in the town were crying out to surrender, when O'Neill determined to make a sally, and either cut his way through the enemy, or die in the attempt; and it is probable he would have succeeded in the former of these alternatives, had he not been basely betrayed by one of his own officers, who laid open the whole affair to Inchiquin, and prepared him to take necessary precautions. At midnight, O'Neill ordered the troops to march against the enemy, and he himself rode at their head, animating them with every sentiment he could utter, and telling them it was but a few hours' work, and all would be well again. He then ordered the charge to be made, and the impetuosity of his troops was so great, that already had they penetrated to the centre of the Parliamentary army, when they were attacked on all sides—in front, in flank, and rear. It was impossible to withstand such a superior force, already on

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\* By an Irish Act of Parliament, rewards were provided for the discovery of Popish Prelates, Priests, and Teachers, according to the following whimsical scale, viz.:—For discovering an Archbishop, Bishop, Vicar-General, or other person exercising any foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction, £50: for discovering each regular Clergyman, and each secular Clergyman not registered, £20: for discovering each Popish School-master or Teacher, £10. Indeed, it might almost form the best argument against the dissolution of the Union between Britain and Ireland, that her native legislature was so bigoted, corrupt, and perfidious, as all historians represent it to have been.

† At this time the civil war, fatal to Charles the First, had broken out between him and his Parliament.

the alert, and O'Niell's troops were almost all cut to pieces. O'Niell himself fell among the last of them. He was observed bravely fighting amid a crowd of his enemies, when a soldier stabbed him from behind, and he sunk to the ground, sealing with his blood his devotion to his country. Of all his gallant retinue, only one was left to carry the doleful news to Castle Fadin; the rest were either slain in the skirmish, or were made prisoners, and afterwards massacred in cold blood; for to such an extent were the animosities of the Irish carried, that the laws of war were wholly disregarded.

Great was the grief at Castle Fadin for the loss of their well-beloved chief; and deep vows of vengeance were uttered against all who had any share in his downfall. Father O'Rourke sent a faithful messenger over to France, to acquaint young O'Niell with the melancholy death of his father, and to hasten his departure home.\*

Young O'Niell had been sent to an abbey in the neighbourhood of Paris to receive his education, as, from the disturbed state of Ireland, the Catholics considered it dangerous to keep their children at home. There he was placed under a Friar, a countryman of his own, whose name was Macdonnell, and who had dived deeply into the ancient lore of Europe. Under him, the young Edmund made rapid progress in the sciences taught in those days. Macdonnell was passionately fond of music, and frequently would walk out with his young protégé, along the banks of the majestic Seine, and draw from his lute those pleasing, melancholy airs, which sink deep into the soul, and leave a holy calmness there. He conversed of the Greek and Roman heroes with the enthusiasm of an ardent admirer; of Phidias, who had so much enriched Athens with his statues, and who had so well defended her with his sword; of Scipio, who combined the two ancient qualities of soldier and orator in the same person; of Seneca, the moralist; and he instilled into the mind of his pupil an ardent love of liberty, which no reasoning could change; and a love of his country, which could only end with his life. At Paris, young O'Niell met with many of his countrymen, situated as he was; and Cardinal Richelieu frequently invited the young Irishmen to the French Court, where they were kindly received by the King and Queen. O'Niell had received an invitation to attend a masked ball, which was to be given by the Queen, to celebrate the birth-day of one of the royal daughters. The abbey of St. Thomas was situated about five miles to the south of Paris, the road to which lay through a thick wood, in the middle of which the convent of St. Agnes is situated. As he was trotting briskly along, he was set upon by two villains on horseback, who drew their swords, and attacked him in the most furious manner. O'Niell, who was one of the best swordsmen in Paris, had scarcely time to draw his rapier to defend himself; but he had the good fortune, in the first onset, to wound

\* As the Priest's letter presents a curious specimen of the style and manner of writing in those days, it is here subjoined:—

Fadin Castle, Decbr. ye fourteen.

MY DEAR YOUNG LORD,

The bearer, your foster brother, Phelim Mactoole, carries the very mournful news of y brave father's death. He fell fighting for ye holiest cause that ever sword was drawn for; God rest his soul! But what could we look for from men who had impiously raised their hand against the Lord's anointed, and wickedly slain their King? You will, with your most convenient speed, haste from France to join your friends in this most distracted country. The heretics, under the most ungodly Lieutenants of Oliver Cromwell, have already possessed themselves of Cork, Clare, and all the South of Ireland, and every where our friends fly before them. They are turning their steps this way, and, God knows, we are ill prepared for them. Your old nurse, Judy, sends her love to you, and all your vassals here are panting for your presence. The holy Jesus protect you!

From your faithful

FRANCIS O'ROURKE.

To EDMUND O'NIELL, }  
Chief of Castle Fadin, Paris. }



one of the assassins in the sword arm ; the other, who had managed to get behind O'Niell, enraged to think that the object of their murderous purpose should escape, raised his sword in both hands, and struck O'Niell a blow on the head which completely stunned him, and he fell from his horse. The villain stabbed him in the breast twice, as he lay on the ground, and galloped off with his wounded companion.

Among numerous others, who embraced the opportunity of sending their children to France to be in safety educated, unmolested by the barbarous feuds which everywhere reigned in Ireland, was the Baron Albert Fitzstephen, the lineal descendant of one of the Norman invaders, who had come into Ireland with Strongbow, and who was one of that class which, in Ireland, went under the name of the Catholic Lords of the pale. He had an only child—a daughter, named Isabella, and in her his whole affections were bound up. Fitzstephen Castle, about forty miles from Dublin, was no place for his young daughter ; and when the civil wars in Ireland broke forth with such ungovernable fury, it was impossible to remain neuter. Fitzstephen was a Catholic, and was besides obnoxious to the Lords Justices of Ireland, who were ever ready to foment rebellion, in order that they might profit by the forfeitures. A sister of his deceased wife was Lady Abbess of St. Agnes's, and to none could his daughter be more safely entrusted than to the keeping of her aunt, who, besides the very fair character she bore for meekness and piety, had taken a liking for her young niece, and she now warmly urged Fitzstephen to place her under her protection. Lady Isabella was a lively child when she went to reside at the convent of St. Agnes. She looked upon the dark dresses of the nuns with surprise and wonder. Her childish prattle and curiosity soon won their affections ; and when their devotions were ended, they were always ready to indulge the little Isabella, either by a walk in the gardens of the convent, or by playing with her—making little baskets for her flowers, and chaplets of roses for her hair. Nor was the more important duty of attending to her education neglected ; for she was such a favourite, that all the nuns were emulous of becoming her assistants in her studies. Her aunt, the Abbess, was all kindness and affection ; and as Isabella grew up, she never contemplated leaving the convent of St. Agnes, where she was so beloved, so happy, and contented. She would often say to the Abbess, “ My dear mother, I will never leave you ; I wish for nothing so much as to become one of you.” The Lady Abbess was not displeased to notice this temper in her protégé, but contented herself with saying, “ My dear Isabella, there is nothing I wish for more earnestly, but you must first pass through your noviciate.”

There was a sister, Mary, in the convent, a countrywoman of Isabella's, who, it was said, had taken the veil in consequence of the murder of her betrothed husband, who was poisoned at a banquet given by her father. Sister Mary was thoughtful, sometimes melancholy ; and she indulged in religious penances and exercises more severely than any of the sisterhood. She was respected by all the nuns, who looked upon her as a martyr to love, and who strove to make her happy and cheerful. With her, Isabella would sit for hours together, and talk of their native isle ; of its beautiful lakes, green woods, and sloping hills ; and of the noble rivers that intersect it ; and of its sons and daughters ; and they would shed tears over the fate of unhappy Ireland. It was after one of these conversations, that Isabella had walked out along the beautiful banks of the noble Seine, which flowed close by the convent. The day was hot and sultry, and the shady trees spread their inviting foliage to shelter her from the burning rays of a summer sun. Not a leaf was stirring, and scarcely a zephyr wafted its refreshing breath among the foliage ; no sound was audible, save the murmuring of the Seine, as its waters rippled over a shallow, or the clear voice of the lark, as with daring wing it met the sun in his course. Isabella had seated herself beneath a large oak, and was gazing upon the landscape, when the neighing of a steed suddenly attracted her attention, and she turned to observe from whence the sound proceeded. At a short distance she saw a black horse, saddled and bridled,

but without his rider, turning his head piteously towards his shoulder, then stooping to graze; anon, as if twitched by some sudden pain, he would start, and neigh, and lick the part which troubled him. Isabella approached him, and observed a large gash in the shoulder of the animal, while the blood was still trickling down his limb, and dyeing the grass whereon he trode. The horse, having observed her, slowly turned his head, and walked along the bank by which he came. Isabella followed him; but what was her horror and amazement, when she beheld a young gentleman lying upon the ground covered with blood, and, to all appearance, lifeless? Her first thought was to run to the convent for assistance, her next to see whether yet any life remained; and, adopting the latter, she stooped over the apparently lifeless body of O'Niell, and endeavoured to stop the blood which still oozed from the wounds in his breast; she then ran to a little brook near the place, and dipping her scarf in the water, returned to O'Niell, and squeezed the water upon his face. At last, to her great joy, he languidly opened his eyes; but, as if the effort was too much for him, immediately closed them again. Isabella ran with the utmost speed to the convent, and fortunately met the porter at the gate, to whom she communicated what had happened, and desired him to return and procure assistance to carry the wounded youth to the convent, and to desire the Lady Abbess to come with them. She returned to O'Niell; and, in a few minutes, the Lady Abbess, fully provided with bandages, and two men, followed her. Without uttering a word, the Lady Abbess proceeded to open the vest of O'Niell, where she perceived two deep wounds from which the blood still ran. Having washed away the blood, she dressed the wounds as well as time and circumstances would permit, and desired the men to place O'Niell upon the boards which they had brought; and, this being promptly done, the party slowly returned to the convent. While the Lady Abbess was opening the vest of O'Niell, a small miniature painting of his mother, which he always carried with him, fell from his bosom, and was picked up by Isabella, who gazed upon the sweet and placid features with delight; could it be, that one so young as O'Niell, had already felt the power of love?—and was that his choice; or was it his sister?—if so, she must have been acquainted with misery, for a settled melancholy sat upon that brow, and the eye had something holy in it, as if its brightness had been dimmed by misfortune: but conjectures could be of no avail, and Isabella was determined to give the picture to the Abbess when they reached the convent. The Lady Abbess was not ignorant that it was very improper to take a man into the convent; but in this instance, where life was at stake, she scrupled not to do what at another time she would on no account have permitted.

O'Niell was carried into the apartment of the Lady Abbess, and she herself began to tend him with the utmost care; but it was necessary to have a physician, and a servant was despatched to St. Thomas, which lay at no great distance. When the servant announced his errand to the Superior, and stated that a young gentleman had been set upon in the wood of Clairville, near the convent of St. Agnes, whither he had been removed, and now lay senseless, the reverend Father rung his bell, and ordered that Father Macdonnell be requested to attend him. The Friar had been in the garden, cultivating some favourite flowers; and when the message was delivered, he immediately hastened to the presence of the Superior, who desired him to go to the convent of St. Agnes, to attend a wounded gentleman who had been dangerously hurt. The Friar soon made his preparations, and in the course of an hour was at the convent of St. Agnes. The Lady Abbess welcomed Macdonnell with much earnestness, and instantly led him to her apartment. But, Holy Jesus! what was his horror and amazement, to behold, extended upon the couch, the seemingly lifeless body of his young friend Edmund O'Niell. The good Friar inwardly ejaculated a prayer for his recovery, and proceeded to examine the wounds. With a tenderness and regard for the comfort of the patient, only equalled by his love for Edmund, he cautiously dressed the wounds, which, being in the right breast,

he fondly hoped would not prove fatal, and then administered a narcotic to his patient, whom he left faintly breathing.

While the Friar was engaged with O'Niell, Isabella hastened to sister Mary, and related the morning's adventure: and "See," said she, handing the picture to her, "here is a miniature portrait which fell from his neck." The nun gazed upon the tranquil features for a moment, with an agonized look, and the next sunk into Isabella's arms, crying, "It is—it is my dear sister." Isabella was almost distracted; she sat for some moments with the nun's head lying upon her lap, and gazing into her face, as if she would, by her imploring look, recal the sight, which now was dark and deathlike. She seized a pitcher of cold water which was sitting upon the table, and bathed sister Mary's temples with it. For a long time, returning consciousness was not apparent; at last, however, the nun opened her eyes, and, like a person awakened from a fearsome dream, clasped her temples in her hands, and uttered the deepest sighs. The small picture had fallen upon the floor; she now observed it, and snatching it up, she clasped it to her bosom, kissed it, and displayed the most extravagant joy. Isabella was afraid her brain was turned, and asked her if she was now better. "Oh! I am quite well; and he is well too. Proudly his steed bore him when he came to my father's hall; he was welcomed, and I went to welcome him too; and he was happy, and looked so like a hero, that I wept to be his loved one. The banquet was spread, and the goblet was quaffed, and Callaghan quaffed deepest, for he drank to me. My father laughed, and laughed as I had never heard him do before; and the corded harp was struck, and the feast of revelry was begun, when Callaghan fell from his chair. I sprung to his side; the hand of death was on him, and his noble brow was turning to ashy paleness. He whispered 'Farewell! adieu!'—and I became a nun! But he is happy. My father said something about a blood-vessel; and some believed it, and some doubted; but the house of Fitzharris is now without a head, and I alone am a drooping willow from its ancient stalk." This was the first time Isabella had heard sister Mary discourse of her lover, and she allowed her to run on, thinking that she would calm herself by the violence of her feelings. Nor was she mistaken. The nun suddenly stopped, and looked again upon the picture, exclaiming, "Where is the image of my sister? Murdered did you say? Ah! but not by a father? Let us see him!" Isabella thought that, in the present state of sister Mary's mind, it would be imprudent to go among the rest of the nuns, and suggested that they should engage in prayer to the Holy Virgin. "You are right, dear Isabella, prayer is our only consolation in trouble;" and the nun prayed so fervently and eloquently, and besought the protection of the Mother of Jesus in such pathetic terms, alluding to her own hapless life, that they were both melted into tears. When they had composed themselves, Isabella placed her arm in sister Mary's, and slowly walked to the parlour. Father Macdonnell was relating to the Abbess Edmund's history, and stated that he was that day going to the Court of France, when he was met in the wood of Clairville, and had so nearly escaped the death evidently designed for him; nor could the Friar conjecture who had induced the assassins to this murderous purpose. Edmund was universally beloved; and he could only conceive that the villains had mistaken their man. Isabella and sister Mary now entered, and the Abbess rose to receive them: the Friar bestowed his benediction upon them, and assured Isabella that her actions that day were holy in the eyes of heaven, and would not go unrewarded. Isabella modestly thanked the Friar, and briefly stated that the wounded gentleman had found a very near friend in sister Mary, who was his aunt. The Friar had again to repeat what he knew of the history of Edmund, and informed them that his life was in imminent danger; but he trusted in the Holy Father, and doubted not all would yet be well. With these assurances the ladies were obliged to be content, and retired for the night; the Friar informing them that he would watch the symptoms of his patient, who could not be disturbed. After a long slumber, Edmund awakened, and seeing Father Macdonnell beside him, earnestly stretched out his feeble arm towards



him. The Father took it, and pressed it to his heart, while Edmund, in a voice almost inaudible, ejaculated—"Where am I?" The good Father motioned him to be quiet; and after a vain effort again to break silence, he resigned himself to rest. It were needless to narrate, in a particular manner, the history of O'Niell's recovery; suffice it to say, that, under the careful treatment of Friar Macdonnell, with the tender solicitude of sister Mary and the Lady Abbess, he became in a short while convalescent. As O'Niell grew in strength, and was able to appear in the Lady Abbess's parlour, the nuns were restricted in their attendance; and the Superior of St. Thomas, for whom the Lady Abbess had great respect, had hinted something of the propriety of such a procedure.

And what, it may be surmised, were the feelings of Isabella during this period? Her walks with sister Mary became more frequent than ever, and, as the time for Edmund's departure drew nigh, she seemed more thoughtful and melancholy than usual. One day sister Mary and she had walked out beyond the precincts of the convent, along the banks of the Seine, and, seating themselves upon the green sward, began to converse of the unhappy fate of their country. "And the young O'Niell—he, too, will soon leave France, to draw his sword in his country's cause," observed Isabella. "And it is where the son of my sister should be;—what cause more noble than that of liberty?—what cause so sacred as that of religion?—and what cause so dear to us as the preservation of our property from the grasp of foreign invaders?"

"But, dear Mary, you forget how young he is; how weak, too, just now, from his wounds; and the danger he must encounter."

"Not so, Isabella; and to you I confess, that I feel more interest in Edmund than I think compatible with those sacred vows I have taken; yet would I rather that he were carried to his grave, with the swords of his followers for his bier, than that he should loiter away his life in slothful inactivity and inglorious ease."

"Well, Mary, you talk enthusiastically upon such a subject, and who knows but my dear father and the gallant O'Niell may be fighting side by side? May the Holy Mother protect them! But come, the sun is setting, and the gates will be shut unless we make speed;" and, arm in arm, they returned to the convent.

There all was confusion and stir. Phelim Mactooles had arrived, bringing with him Father O'Rourke's letter to Edmund, concerning the death of his father, and entreating him to return immediately. O'Niell was in the garden when Phelim arrived, and was informed that a person from Ireland awaited him. He flew to the parlour, and beheld with surprise his foster-brother Phelim. Edmund sprung to embrace him; and after mutual inquiries were passed, Phelim slowly pulled Father O'Rourke's packet from his bosom, and handed it to O'Niell. Edmund turned pale at the superscription,—“To the Chief of castle Fadin.” “And my dear father, is he now no more?” And Edmund sunk into a seat, overcome with grief. “My dear Lord, be comforted; your father fell bravely fighting at Youghall, and only one of the O'Niells escaped to relate the catastrophe.” “It is well, Phelim; I must now lay aside this weakness, and meet the enemies of my country; and may my father's spirit aid my resolves.” Edmund ordered some refreshment for Phelim, and sent for sister Mary, who, with Isabella, was now entering the convent. He handed her Father O'Rourke's letter, and she read it with a composure that surprised him; and returning it to him, she said, “You must now, Edmund, return to your native land, where your prowess in the field, and your wisdom in the council, must be shown; and remember that you are the son of Patrick O'Niell and of Clara Fitzharris. Your father was a brave man, and he will be rewarded.”

“To avenge my country's wrongs, and requite my father's death, will be my chief pleasure,—the aim of my existence; and may I hope that you, dearest aunt, will pray for success to attend our arms?”

“My prayers will always attend you, Edmund; but, hush! I hear the bell toll for vespers.” And without waiting for a reply, the nun left the room.

In the meantime the Lady Abbess and Isabella entered the parlour. The former condoled with Edmund on the loss of his father; then, changing the subject, she talked of his departure, and his being about to appear on that stage where his parent had so nobly trode. At this period of the conversation a nun arrived, and said the Lady Abbess's presence was requested in the chapel, where vespers were about to begin. Thus were Edmund and Isabella awkwardly left together, for the first time since his arrival at the convent. Both were abashed and unable to speak for some time. At last Edmund broke silence, and, in a tremulous voice, inquired whether the Lady Isabella would have any commands to her father.

"My fate," said he, "calls me from the pleasant fields of France, to wield the sword for my country's welfare; and it may be, lady, that your noble father, who is joined in the same holy cause, and I may meet, whether it be in battle or in the castle-hall. But to you, Lady Isabella, I must ever bear the warmest gratitude. When the swords of villains had almost deprived me of my life,—yes, even when faintness had closed my eyelids, and my senses had forsaken me, you, like my guardian angel, stepped in and saved me from a death inglorious and inevitable, and preserved me for a nobler fate, a braver struggle."

"Oh, sir, do not speak so, I beseech you: what I performed towards you, was an act which the meanest creature in the universe would have received at my hands: but how much surprised was I, and how glad, that I had been instrumental in saving not only a fellow-creature, but a fellow-countryman, and the relation of my dear sister Mary! But you are now going amid strife and scenes of war, and you will soon forget the convent of St. Agnes and its inmates. Here is a small painting which sister Mary informed me was a likeness of your sainted mother, and which I found lying beside you that day you received your wounds in the wood of Clairville. You are yet very weak, and unable to engage in active war." And as Isabella said this, the mantling blush overspread her cheeks, and confusedly she handed the picture to Edmund.

"Dear Isabella,—for oh, let me call you so; never can I forget France,—never can I forget the convent of St. Agnes or its lovely inhabitant. Long I wished to speak, but could not,—my tongue refused to perform its office when thou wert present,—those eyes so blue, so soft, forbade me to enter upon a subject nearest and dearest to me,—and when my dreams by day and night were only of thee, still I could not venture to give utterance to the thoughts that imbued me. Thou art my preserver; my body had now been mouldering in the dust, but for thy fostering care: let me conjure you then, by the image of my mother,—by those endearing looks,—to look kindly on her son. Say but that you will remember me when I am far distant, fighting for our country and our kindred,—that you will think there was one who would willingly have died a thousand deaths to save thy life, and who would esteem it one of his chief enjoyments to add to thy happiness. Keep, I pray, this memorial of me: and when, perchance, you gaze upon the features of my mother, you will not forget that she had a son." Edmund diffidently seized her hand, which he pressed to his bosom, and, sinking upon his knees, he gently presented to her the portrait. Isabella was like one in a trance: her fair hair had fallen down over her fairer shoulders, and now lay in clusters upon her neck and bosom. She motioned Edmund to rise, but he, unconscious of the action, still kept his position; and Isabella, in a voice broken by emotion, lowly murmured,—“I will think of thee,—I have thought of thee,—and I will not need this portrait to bring you to my remembrance; but, dear Edmund, you are weak; rise, I entreat you!” And taking the scarf from her neck, she bound it round his left arm,—“Wear this, too, for my sake; and when you look upon it, forget not that one countrywoman pines in anxiety for your safety.” Edmund, after the most heartfelt expressions of affection, embraced Isabella; and the lovers were engaged in that calm, but soothing conversation which brings peace of mind, when the Lady Abbess entered the parlour. So unaccustomed was the good lady to the ways of the world,

that she scarcely hazarded a thought on the impropriety of leaving two young persons together for such a length of time. Edmund took an affectionate leave of the Abbess and sister Mary; and bidding Isabella adieu, he, accompanied by Father Macdonnell and Phelim, returned to St. Thomas, where the superior and friars were delighted to see him, and sincerely congratulated him upon his recovery.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## ISABEL;

### A TALE OF SPAIN.

SHE sprung to the lattice—her glance was despair—  
Her lips, lovely Isabel! moving in prayer;  
She looked on her baby—she looked on the hill,  
But ah! all was lonely and desolate still!

And wild throbbed her bosom—and started the tear,  
As sadly the night-wind in sighs met her ear,—  
And bitter her anguish;—Could Carlos forget?—  
Another morn breaking, and *he* comes not yet!

He comes not!—he comes not!—nor token to tell,  
That still he remembers his own Isabel—  
Still thinks of our sweet one!—Thus day followed day,  
She watched for his coming, and wept time away!

As storms wreck the lily, she wasted in grief,—  
*Her* spring-time, alas! was the sear of the leaf!  
And faded her beauty, and gone was her bloom,—  
Her sun of life sinking—fast—fast to the tomb!

Yet blanched though and bruised, her vigils she kept,  
Of Carlos thought only while all round her slept;  
And oft as she sought him and sorrowed his stay,  
Her infant would kneel by—his safety would pray!

And o'er its couch bending would mournfully trace,  
His look and his smile in the slumberer's face;—  
O worse they than monsters of forest or wild,  
Would widow that mother, and orphan that child!

Sweet Isabel! fairest thou once wert of all,  
Or born in the cottage, or nursed in the hall,—  
And joyous and glad some the maiden, whose hand  
Was sought for the noblest, the best in the land.

But none loved like Carlos. Their hearts were as one,—  
Twin flow'rets, that, parted, are withered and gone!  
And soon to the altar was Isabel led,  
And soon, too, the vision of happiness sped!

Ere his boy saw the light, he was summon'd afar,—  
Ere blessed he his first-born, rush'd Carlos to war!  
The battle of freedom—the freedom of Spain,  
Did never—no, never—call Carlos in vain!

“He comes not! he comes not!—Ah! no, Isabel!  
His voice shall ne'er glad thee, who loved thee so well;—  
He fought like a freeman—he fell with the brave,  
And liberty's ruins gave Carlos a grave!

One night—wearied, hopeless, with sorrows oppress'd,  
When grief and long watching had worn her to rest—  
A voice broke her slumber—her ear caught his word,  
She knew it, Alphonso's—the page of her lord!



"My husband! my Carlos!"—her first words—her last,  
 As quickly and slightly the hectic flush passed;—  
 "My husband! my Carlos!"—he could not reply,  
 And pale was his visage, and tearful his eye;—

For sadder than speech were the tokens he bore—  
 The braid that she wrought him, the scarf that he wore!  
 She kissed them—she clasped them!—her bursting heart strove  
 With the tidings were told in the last gifts of love!

She gazed on her infant,—her arm round it flung,  
 As close to her bosom unconscious it clung!  
 She looked on the tokens, and brief was the strife,—  
 A shriek and a sigh told the closing of life!

Thus lay they—thus died she : her last pulse had fled!—  
 Thus lay they—child, mother,—the living, the dead!  
 Vain hope to recall her!—existence is o'er:  
 Alas! think ye death will his victim restore?

Her life will be quickened to no second birth—  
 Her spirit no more be united to earth:  
 The link that had bound it is broken in twain,  
 And the innocent smiles on its mother in vain!

*London.*

*M.M.*

## IMPROVEMENTS IN HUSBANDRY.

THE following pages contain a statement of very considerable improvements on an extensive farm in Northumberland, of which the writer had the practical charge.

The farm measures about 600 acres, of great diversity of soil. The portion of turnip land consists of a loamy sand, on a porous sandstone bottom, producing fair crops of turnips and barley in wet seasons, but miserably deficient in dry. The greater part of the farm consisted of a black top soil, on a strong clay bottom; and in other parts, of a pretty good wheat soil,—both adapted for fallow; and in some places so very loose and friable as to throw out winter-sown grain, and the quality so very bad as to equal, in that respect, perhaps any land in England under the plough. For a long period the farm had been very badly managed, and severely scourged by the tenants, nearly 100 acres were run to waste; and the other parts showed no signs of modern cultivation,—most of the fields lying in crooked ridges; some wide, and others narrow, in the most awkward form imaginable. The rotation followed on these soils is the four years' shift: viz,—1st, fallow; 2d, wheat; 3d, grass; 4th, oats. To this method of cropping, very strong objections may be made. The land, weak of itself, and getting no rest, is completely worn out by the frequent action of the plough; and when sown with grass seed, it has not time to gather a rim of grass, without which a crop of oats is seldom obtained. Clover, ray grass, and broom grass, often gathered from a hay-stack, and sown indiscriminately, are the only grasses used; and in most instances the crop of hay is miserable, and the appearance of the aftermath so bad, that it is sometimes difficult to say what crop the field has borne. A stem of clover is rarely seen, the pale-blue tops of the prunella having almost undisputed possession. That such a course of cropping is ruinous to such soils, requires little demonstration; for, on land of four times the value, many eminent farmers, after losing by their obstinacy, have been obliged to return to a five years' shift, to recruit their lands, now tired of wheat and clover. For all weak and inferior soils, a course of five or six years is admirably adapted, and is particularly noticed and recommended by Messrs. Bailey and Culley, the intelligent writers of the Survey of Northumberland, where the same reasons are stated in favour of the five years' course, and against the four. But fallow and wheat have long been the object of the

farmers, who have imbibed the notion that their lands will not produce grass, and that as the five years' course reduces the quantity of fallow land, it consequently must reduce the profits of the farm. But that this is a very erroneous opinion, the following experiment, made under circumstances similar to the lands around, will sufficiently show :—

About fifty acres of a pretty good wheat soil, that lay at an inconvenient distance, was fallowed and dunged in the ordinary way, and sown for permanent grass, with a mixture of perennial ray grass, *actylis glomerata*, *phleum pratense*, *cynosurus cristatus*, *alopecurus pratensis*, *poa pratensis* and *trivialis*, and white clover. The seeds took well; and, during the five years of grass, two acres have kept three sheep, which, at a very moderate calculation, leaves 25s. per acre more value than was ever laid on it. Such lands vary in value from 8s. to 16s. an acre; and allowing an acre to graze one sheep, the profits of sheep will be at a very low ebb, when one beast will not leave the value per acre. This experiment proved, in a very satisfactory manner, that the bare appearance of these lands in grass, is owing to the management, and to the want of proper grasses. It is not meant to assert here, that these sterile clays can be made to produce grass like loams; but to show, that by judicious management, and the sowing of proper grasses, they may be advantageously pastured and rested, and their quality improved, and the profits regularly maintained.

The farm was put under a five years' course :—1st, turnips or fallow; 2d, barley or wheat; 3d, grass; 4th, grass; 5th, oats. For hay and pasture, a mixture of the above-mentioned perennials were sown, and the result was most satisfactory. While fields on the adjoining farms were nearly bare, and produced no lattermath, these grasses, by closely covering the earth, afforded a close bite, prevented the growth of noxious weeds, and afforded a striking contrast with the neighbouring fields. The land under the four years' shift is fallowed, until, in many instances, it will literally grow nothing. It is generally believed that those pastures were unsafe for sheep, for the rot; but, by allowing the sheep a quantity of salt every day, no signs of the rot ever appeared; and by careful management in every respect, the best Leicester sheep were kept, and, when shown in the market, no better mutton was to be found.

During the second year, the pasture improves much, by the spreading of the roots, and the shedding of seeds; and on a field allowed to lie for four years as an experiment, it continued improving. But on the cold, thin clays which we had to work, the grass generally failed after three years; and if continued longer, would certainly have returned to a state very unsafe for sheep; but being renewed every fifth year, and sown with the best of grasses, the sheep had the benefit of a fresh and wholesome bite, which on these wet soils was the very thing that supported and saved them. Of the perennially sown, the *cynosurus* was decidedly the most useful grass. Where the land was of tolerable quality, had some loam in its composition, and depth and moisture, the *alopecurus* and *phleum* answered well. The former grass is known to be very shy, and many of its seeds are abortive. The *dactylis* grows very strong on good lands, and when used for hay has rather a coarse appearance. But bulk cannot be obtained without some degree of coarseness; and the *dactylis*, when sown as a mixture, was very useful, and has rather gained than lost its reputation. For pastures it is very valuable; producing, on inferior soils, an early bite for sheep, and yielding a good produce throughout the season. The coarseness only appears when used for hay; on pastures it is always cropped bare, and seems to be relished by sheep. The *poa pratensis* appeared well on dry loams; but the *trivialis*, affecting a moist situation and good meadow land, did not seem to thrive much, though all the grasses sown were to be found. It was on the hard sterile clays, where scarcely any grass would hold, that the superiority of the *cynosurus* appeared. During the second and third years' pasture, it was almost the only grass that appeared; and though its wiry stems are refused by cattle, and its fibrous roots, penetrating to no great depth, are not very suitable for dry summers, and its foliage

not very abundant, yet it is confessed by Curtis and others, that it affords a favourite and wholesome food for sheep, and is found on the very best and soundest of our pastures. In all our experiments it fully supported the high character given it by Sinclair in the *Hortus Gramineus Woburnensis*; and though it may be inferior in several respects to some of our grasses, yet, on most inferior soils, and on these hard sterile clays, it proved decidedly superior. A great improvement has been effected in sowing grass seeds by means of a machine, which scatters them evenly on the surface, and prevents all the mistakes of hand-sowing, where spaces are often missed, and produce weeds. This machine must be regarded as one of the greatest improvements in modern husbandry. On wet-bottomed lands the musci soon appear, and overrun the surface, when it may be renewed by breaking up, or top-dressed. A part of the above-mentioned pasture was dressed with twelve tons of good compost per acre, when the difference was very evident on the grass, being of a much darker colour, and coming earlier in the spring.

The light sandy loam being very favourable for raising turnips with bones, a mill was erected for the purpose of crushing them to a convenient size for being deposited in the drill by a machine. From half a ton to a ton were drilled on an acre, and the prime cost, grinding and carriage included, the expense would be from 50s. to 60s. The machine is provided with two coulters, which split the drill for the reception of the bones; and immediately behind are two tubes depositing the turnip seed, and the whole is closed by a roller. In some places where the land was cloddy or rough, the soil on the drill, after being split by the coulters, did not return so as to cover the bones, and they were consequently often left bare. An improvement was adopted by a double-mould-board plough following the bone machine, which, by throwing the soil over the bones, covered them completely, and also afforded moist earth for the turnip seed to vegetate in. A sower followed, depositing the seed.

It appears from the Report of the Committee of the Doncaster Association on bone manure, that bones have been applied to different crops, to grass and fallows, drilled and broad-cast, mixed and unmixed. It is said they are most useful when mixed; and that, on heavy loams and clays excepted, they have proved a valuable manure, extending through all the crops of the course, and sometimes farther. Our experiments being confined to the turnip drill, nothing will be stated but what experience repeatedly proved. As a manure for turnips, they equalled, and in many instances surpassed, the best prepared farm-yard dung, and in dry seasons the superiority is most decided. During the severe drought of 1826, they produced a heavy crop, while farm-yard dung completely failed. It is very judiciously observed in the Report above-quoted, "that the effect of bones on the after-crops depends mainly on the turnip crop itself, and that, in the proportion to the number of sheep that can be fed per acre, is the benefit to the land." Our turnips being usually drawn off to cattle in the straw yards, for the purpose of reducing the straw, it was soon observed that the crops of barley and hay on the boned land were much inferior to the farm-yard dung. It is generally agreed upon, that turnips sown with bones should be eaten on by sheep; and at page 11 of the Report, it is stated, as the result on the Duke of Newcastle's estate, "that, whenever the turnips miss, or are drawn off, the subsequent crops are seldom productive, unless assisted by an additional quantity of manure." In 1827, the boned land was assisted with a slight top-dressing before sowing the barley, which equalled, or rather surpassed the other part, and the crop of hay was visibly superior. The result of all observations on bone manure seems to warrant the conclusion, that the turnips should be eaten on by sheep; and that, when they miss, or are drawn off, the land must be assisted with manure. On farms partly wheat and turnip soils, they are a valuable acquisition, by affording an additional quantity of dung for the fallows, which would otherwise get none. It has been observed on Lyneside, and places where land has been repeatedly boned, that the crops fail, and the quality of the land deteriorated; but, in a regular system of cropping, this might be somewhat obviated, by manuring, with dung and bones alternately, each return of the rotation.



A field of sixty acres, soil a black muirish top on a clay bottom, overrun with heath and whins, was divided into three; one of which was pared and burned each year, beginning in 1824. This field had not been ploughed for upwards of forty years, and appeared not to be yielding one shilling per acre. The season (1824) being very dry, the sward was reduced to ashes, ploughed and sown in fine state. The expense stood thus:—

|                                          |         |
|------------------------------------------|---------|
| Per Acre—Paring,                         | £0 18 0 |
| Burning, 6s. ; Spreading Ashes, 1s. 6d., | 0 7 6   |
| Ploughing,                               | 0 10 0  |
| Harrowing,                               | 0 12 0  |
| Seed, 3s. ; Hoeing, 3s. 6d.,             | 0 6 6   |
| Total, per Acre,                         | £2 14 0 |

After the ashes were spread, the land was ploughed with a light furrow, and harrowed sufficiently fine to admit of the seed being covered by a single tine of the harrow. In some places the turnips were thinly planted, but the crop on each of the fields was fully equal to the expense, and the quality of the turnips was excellent, as is always the case on fresh land. It was observed that the best turnips grew where the sod was only half-burnt, scorched, or torrified, and where there was foggage and moisture; and that the ashes reduced to a cinder by over-burning, did not answer so well. This is admitted by most writers on this branch of agriculture; but much attention will be required to prevent over-burning. The large turnips were carted off, and the small eaten on by sheep in dry weather. Next year oats were sown, and yielded thirty-six bushels per acre. Grass seeds were sown, and the crop on each of the fields would be about a ton per acre. The crops of oats after grass were good on land of such quality, except on one field much infested with the wireworm; and consequently the oats ripened at different stages. After oats, the fields were fallowed in succession. On such loose, friable soils, consolidation being more necessary than loosening, only two ploughings and several harrowings were applied; and the field being tolerably level, was laid from crooked ridges into a narrower form of three yards each. In the month of August, five loads of lime-shells in a powdered state were laid on per acre, on half of the field, and harrowed in. In October, sixteen carts of dung were applied per acre, when the ridges were once gathered; in which state they lay until January, when they were gathered again, being previously harrowed across to fill up any deficiency in the shape of the ridge that might arise from the effects of straightening, and then sown with spring wheat. No marks were visible of the effects of straightening; and as the ridges were harrowed by means of a tree stretching across, with the harrows attached, and the horses walking in the furrows, the shape was better preserved than if the horses had travelled on the ridge. In March, the wireworm appeared, heaving the top of the ridge, like the bursting of a lime shell. A heavy roller was twice applied, which seemed to check their progress considerably. By the middle of summer, the blanks occasioned by their ravages were pretty well filled up, and the crop yielded twenty bushels per acre.

But here the narrative must be interrupted. The writer, however, will return to, and conclude it in next Number.

## THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.

“This life, sae far’s I understand,  
Is a’ enchanted fairy lan’.”

Burns.

Is there one of all the unnumbered millions of the sons of Adam that have looked upon the blessed sun, who will deny that human life is full of romance? Even the most prosaic and soulless,—the veriest gin-horse—the vilest earthworm that lives—must feel that there is much of romance in his comparatively mechanical and every-day existence. The bright and beautiful,

the dark and dreadful lights and shades that fall upon that mysterious, tormenting, delightful dream which men call Life, his soul may not be able fully to feel; but still, to some extent, these must be felt by every human being. Come forth, thou man of shears and thimbles!—thou shred of humanity,—thou, whose thoughts, one might have supposed, would never rise above the board on which thou sittest, and the fopperies and fashions to which it is thy business to minister;—stand forth, Snip! and say, dost not thou, even thou, feel that there is a romance in life,—nay, a romance in *thy life*?—for thou didst not always handle the goose in thy inaster's garret. Thou too hast been a child, light-hearted and happy, running among the woody braes and the bonnie burnsides of thy native parish; on thee the eye of morning has blinked bonnily: the blue skies and the green earth thou too hast looked upon, and thou hast, at least for a time, felt some of those emotions of admiration and delight which they are fitted to produce. Thou too hast had a father and a mother: perhaps thou at this moment hast at home a loving wife, and a band of little playful elves, that wait thy return at night, to climb upon their father's knee;—and is it possible that the needle can have so entered into thy soul, that thou canst deny there is any romance in all this? No;—we feel assured that thou and all others must feel, more or less intensely, the romance of that “pleasing anxious being,”—that strange union of the spiritual and the material—the heaven-descended and the earth-sprung, which forms our life. And if there be romance in the existence of even the most heartless and most unimaginative, how deeply must the soul of the enthusiastic and the passionate feel the poetry of life! To such, this ever-changing world is full of romance, awakening all the sympathies of his soul,—now thrilling it with delight; and anon, wringing it with suffering. Existence is to him a very fever,—freezing and burning by turns,—as hope, fear, joy, and grief possess, alternately, his spirit,—pressing upon it like the fearful night-mare; or shedding over it a flood of brightness and of beauty.

From the cradle to the grave, the hues of romance never die away from our soul; but continue to tinge, with colours brighter than those of the rainbow, even the darkest and the dreariest clouds that gather around us on our mortal journey. At its first outset in the morning of existence, it is almost unmingled romance. The wondering child looks round him with rapture on a world where all is new, all beautiful. He knows nothing—he comprehends nothing. His own being, and all that he sees and hears, are to him a mystery and a delight. The flowers that bloom upon the green bank, overhung with hazel and alder bushes, on which he sits listening to the murmur of the stream below,—the song of the little birds in the boughs above his head,—the bright beams of the summer sun,—the calm mirror of the crystal wave, as it slumbers in the little linns or pools which the massy rocks that skirt the streamlet form upon its course,—all, all is charming to the happy child. The patter of the rain among the leaves, as it rushes to the earth,—the singing of the tempest,—the untrodden snows of winter,—its frost and its ice,—the gleam of the lightning, and the awful roll of the thunder,—each and all awaken new and thrilling emotions in his mind. As his youth advances, the bright skies, the woods, the meadows, the hills and the vales,—and, more than all, the wide blue ocean, fill his awakening spirit with transport. We can ourselves recollect, though the sun of many a summer hath since then embrowned our cheek, the raptures we felt, when, in the days of our boyhood, we first beheld the sea. Often had we heard it described, and had formed many a conjecture as to its appearance;—we knew it was wonderfully wide, and very, very deep; and we had made up our mind that it must be something very strange and extraordinary. But when we did first catch a glimpse of its far-stretching waters, at a sudden turn of the road by which we were approaching it, the sublime reality far exceeded our highest expectations. Boy although we were, we felt the grandeur of the prospect; and as we looked upon the mighty sheet of water before us, and were told that the little black specks we could descry afar off upon its breast, were vessels coming into port or departing for far distant lands,—as we saw, for the first time, the sea and the

sky meeting together on the dim horizon, we felt our youthful enthusiasm kindling, and we would gladly have gone away upon that glorious sea, which was now so magnificently spread out before us, to explore the wonders of those fairy lands which, we felt convinced, must lie slumbering in beauty beyond it. And then, when we actually stood on the beach—when we listened to the musical and ever-recurring dash of the waves, as they broke in long lines of foam upon the shore, or thundered against the rocks—when we wandered along the yellow sands to gather shells, or when we launched our tiny vessel, with its snow-white sails and gaudy streamers, among the heaving billows—when we stood by the water's edge, our feet from time to time laved by the advancing tide, and looked out upon the endless succession of waves rolling in towards the shore, now darkly green, now crested with white foam, now flashing with yellow light, as they reflected the gleam of the unclouded sun,—oh! how we then felt that ours was indeed a glorious world!

But the days of youth have more of romance than all this. How did our soul then thrill with mingled pleasure and dread at those strange and fearful tales of ghosts, demons, fairies, magicians, and witches, which hushed the listening and awe-struck circle in breathless silence! The dark forest and the lonely muir were peopled, by our teeming fancy, with horrid shapes and airy phantoms. Through the pale moonlight glided the sheeted ghost, and in the darkness of the night lurked hobgoblins and things fearful to think on, which turned the cheek of superstition pale. And how did our excited imagination then rejoice in the beautiful creations of Eastern fancy! The Arabian Tales were to us the most precious of books, and we hung delighted over their descriptions of vales of flowers and perfumes—of palaces glittering with gold and precious stones—of incantations, transformations, deeds of the Genii, and all the other creations of oriental superstition.

But “a change comes o’er the spirit of his dream,” as the boy ripens into the man. All, however, is still bright and full of golden promise. Disappointment has not yet damped the ardour of his mind—sorrow has not yet dimmed his eye. Even should a cloud at times appear upon the horizon, it is no chilling mist that settles above the future, but a passing storm-cloud, dark enough it may be, and charged with wrathful thunder, but quickly passing away, and leaving the blue heavens more lovely than ever. Many and bright are the visions that now fill the soul. Wealth, honour, and distinction dazzle the youthful aspirant; and love—young love, with all its blissful dreams—converts the world into a very region of romance. Golden visions now float upon the kindled imagination; the paths of life seem strewed with flowers; the sun of hope shines glorious overhead; and through all, and in all—in the dream by night, and the scarcely less extravagant creation of the waking fancy by day—the bright form of the lovely, the beloved one, is ever present. How could the lover, for a moment, forget those fair locks, those soft blue eyes, those angel features, which have brought his whole soul into bondage?

Youth, however, passes away, and with it vanish its loveliest and most romantic dreams. But have the more calm and reflecting years of middle life, no gleam of romance to brighten the dull uniformity of their flowing? The heart is still young, and the fancy, though chastened by wisdom and experience, is neither dead nor dormant. Do the stars of night, as they wheel their silent rounds, awaken now no emotion in the soul? They are, it is true, no longer regarded as the glittering abodes of those aerial beings with whom the superstition of our childhood peopled the heavens and the earth; but in them we have now learned to recognise innumerable suns, each gladdening with its light its own revolving worlds, and our spirits feel the sublimity and the grandeur of the boundless universe. And still for us the earth is clothed in beauty—for us the woods are green, the ocean blue. For us the sun sinks down to his bed in a flood of light and unutterable glory, while the heavens are brightening with the richest dyes. For us does nature still lay open her wondrous volume, which does not now, as in the days of yore, merely please us by the beauty of its characters, and the splendour of its



illuminated pages, but by the endless lessons of infinite wisdom and goodness which are inscribed in it by the finger of God himself, and which man hath in these latter days learned to read, in part at least, by the light of reason and philosophy.

And is there not still the romance of friendship and affection? For

"None are so desolate, but something dear,  
Dearer than self, possesses, or possess'd—  
A thought."——

And oh! who would exchange the feelings with which, in the hour of sickness and affliction, he receives the ministrations and consolations of a fond mother, a kind sister, or a tender wife, for all the brilliant visions of his early days? Who would exchange the welcoming smile and the tears of joy of those he loves, when he meets them once more, after long separation, for all the world could offer in their stead? In presence and in absence, in joy and in grief, in the bustle of the world and in the stillness of solitude, the soft consolations of friendship, and the happy consciousness of the possession of the affection of those we love, are the sources of the purest bliss, and shed over the most prosaic periods of life a halo of romance.

Then, there is also the romance of reading,—the witchery of books. By their aid, more potent than the enchanter's spell, we are transported from our own firesides to the most distant climes, the loveliest and the wildest regions; we wander across the vast and silent deserts of the Eastern world, and gaze with wonder and awe upon those everlasting pyramids, which there lift up their giant forms, the monuments of long-forgotten ages; we climb the loftiest mountains, luxuriate in the sweetest vales, visit the most splendid cities, and explore the most unknown shores. How, at our bidding, imagination can call up before us all of which we have heard and read in books! In the seclusion of our own apartment, even at the dead hour of night, we can thus enjoy the finest landscapes, and view the most celebrated scenes this world can boast. Perhaps romantic Spain rises lovely before us, and we list to the song of chivalry, or the soft tinkling of the lover's lute; or, it may be, the mighty Alps, or lofty Appenines, sweep up stupendous to the bending skies, while below them stretches away the fair Ausonian land, glowing in her own bright sun, and rich in the glorious recollections of classic antiquity. Then, o'er the blue waves rise the isles and shores of Greece, the land of heroes, poets, and philosophers—the birth-place of the great and the godlike. And, lo! where Estamboul herself—the city of the faithful—gleams o'er the waves that separate opposing continents! Look round thee, now, on this most lovely scene. How rich! how beautiful!

"Know'st thou the land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in that clime?"—

The sun's setting ray is falling in golden brightness on the towers of yon fair city; and from the top of each tall minaret, hark! the deep voice of the muezzin calls to prayer. But lo! once more a change comes o'er the scene! The shores are now less rich and blooming—the hills more bare and rugged—the Turkish mosque is transformed into a Gothic cathedral, and, instead of the muezzin's voice, the solemn bell invites the Christian to the house of God. It is—it is our native land! Those are indeed its romantic hills, and these are its noble sons and lovely daughters, that are now hastening to the worship of the God of their fathers!

"Land of the mountain and the flood!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood!  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

But books can not only annihilate distance, but even time itself. By them we can recall the past, awake from their silent tombs the mighty dead, and listen to their inspired accents. And is there no romance in thus holding high communion with the good, the wise, and the great, who have slumbered

in their graves for thousands of years? Is there no romance in listening to those spirit-stirring strains of immortal song, which delighted nations that have long since disappeared from the earth? Is there no romance in being, as it were, transported back to the days of old—to look upon the grandeur and the glories of the ancient world—to follow the march of earth's triumphant conquerors—to behold the conflict of nations, the bright deeds of patriotism, the rise and fall of empires? Surely this is most truly called the romance of history.

But the days of manhood pass away, and old age—weak, helpless old age—comes at last. And will you say that romance mingles with existence, even in this cold and cheerless period? Alas! the days of enthusiasm and of fancy are now gone by; yet, though the present be sad and sunless, there still lingers a beauty over the past, and a glory still hangs over the future. From the sicknesses, the weariness and the sorrows of age, memory loves to steal away to the green and glowing scenes of former days—to recall the faces and the forms that gladdened our youth—to listen to voices which have long been hushed for ever—and to weep over the graves of former friends and companions, who have gone to sleep on the breast of their mother-earth, and left us to buffet with the gathering ills of life alone. And while memory recalls the past, hope points to what is yet to come. She tells of happy lands beyond the tomb, where the death-divided meet, and where God shall wipe all tears from all eyes. And who can wonder that, amidst the infirmities and the griefs of age, the weary spirit should long to fly away and be at rest in those bright homes of the blessed? For most truly the days have then come, in which all are obliged to confess that they “have no pleasure in them.” Before the sad and weary traveller to his home in a far country, the sunny land of Immortality is lying—but as yet he sees it not; around him are wide and dreary deserts, among whose barren and burning sands his steps are uncertain and painful; and it is only now and then that he can find a spring of sweet water welling up beside his path, to cool his parched lips, and reinvigorate his weary frame. Where are now the buoyant spirits that supported him in youth? Alas! the vigour of his mind is gone—the freshness of his heart has perished. His soul is darkened, and his eye is dimmed. The sun hath lost its lustre—the sky has no longer that deep blue, nor the clouds of evening those gorgeous tints, which they had in the days of his youth. He can now scarcely hear the song of the birds, or the murmur of the sea. Why should he longer live? His friends are all gone before him to the world of spirits. No soft voice of love now falls upon his ear; no kind hand wipes the cold perspiration from his furrowed brow. He feels as if deserted—left alone in frailty and in sorrow in a strange land. Poor solitary! why shouldst thou longer linger in this vale of tears? Is it not in mercy that thy God commands the “silver cord of thy life” to be loosed, that thy spirit may ascend to those bright worlds where age shall bow down no more, where death shall smite no more, and where sorrow and sighing shall be for ever unknown?

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## ON PROVERBS IN GENERAL.

### No. I.

“AN ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy;” so that the knowledge of proverbs, which are only snatches of mother-wit to be used as occasion may serve, is, according to this reckoning, by the imperial standard, just *sixteen* times more valuable than a classical education. As we have been all along great believers in the truth of these little and short sayings of wise and excellent men, which, Tillotson says, “are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds,” we are of opinion that it may not be unprofitable to inquire somewhat particularly into the qualities which are

essential to the excellence of a proverb, and, by reviewing those of different nations, try to ascertain which of them are best entitled to be looked upon as masters in this very ancient and widely-diffused science. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*

As a proverb is intended to be an abridgment of knowledge, the first quality that is evidently essential to it, and which ought to be always conspicuous in it, is its *truth*. Now, the following we consider somewhat faulty in this respect, as the *truth*—if there be any at all in them—is by no means apparent, at least at first sight, as it ought to be. The modern Greeks say,—“He was born on Wednesday,”—“I am no glutton, but a growler,”—“These fish eat beard,”—“My husband does not love me, because he has not beaten me,”—“He has no share in the sun,”—“A pair and a branch,”—“Either marry very young, or turn monk very young,”—“Better fire coals than a thousand sheep,”—“The pease-pudding, I see, has a hollow in it,”—“Don’t sow beans with your superior,”—“Every opprobrium carries with it consolation,”—“The ascent shows the praise of the old woman,”—“If you sit down with a lame man, you will learn to halt.” The Scotch say,—“He that steals an auld man’s supper, does him a kindness,”—“Honest men marry soon, wise men never,”—“Before you choose a friend, eat a peck o’ saut wi’ him,”—“Be ready wi’ your hat, but slow wi’ your purse,”—“As you thrive, your feet fails you,”—“The best that can happen to a poor man is, that ae bairn die, and the rest follow,”—“Wha marries between the sickle and the scythe, will never thrive,”—“Send your son to Ayr; if he did weel here, he’ll do weel there,”—“Fat paunches bode lean pows,”—“It’s a’ tint that’s done to auld folk and bairns.” The English say,—“Naught is never in danger,”—“The best wits are soonest caught by Cupid,”—“The chameleon has most guts, and draws least breath,”—“The foul toad has a fair stone in his head,”—“Ever spare, ever bare,”—“Spend and God will send.” In these, and several other examples that might be adduced, the truth is by no means apparent, and this renders explanation necessary, which is frequently ineffectual, and always unwelcome. Thus,—“*He was born on Wednesday*,” is explained by Negris as follows :—\* “To those who being born of noble and genteel parents, are, by a reverse of fortune, reduced to serve others. We still retain, as is seen by this proverb, what is said of the birth of Hercules, who, in consequence of its having happened on that day, was doomed to serve others, be subject to them, and perform such labours as were enjoined him.” From this it appears, that the whole burden of the proverb is laid upon Hercules’s shoulders; but although they were, no doubt, pretty broad, we are of opinion that this “wise soothsay” is not much mended by being placed there. As for the third one,—“*These fish eat beard*,” we think it stark nonsense, notwithstanding of the following explanation appended to it by Mr. Negris,—“To those who in consequence of riches, increase in power. Here the fish represents the rich, and the beard power, as being the strength of a man.” The next one,—“*My husband does not love me, because he has not beaten me*,” if it has any truth in it, must certainly be looked upon as a strong evidence of the waywardness of the fair sex; for, whatever may be the case in the land of *Socrates* and *Xantippe*, we are very much inclined to doubt whether any wife in Great Britain, Ireland, or “the Colonies thereunto belonging,” would be quite well pleased even with the soundest beating that the best or worst conditioned husband could bestow upon her. Let us hear, then, what Mr. Negris says in explanation of this difficult point of casuistry. In elucidation of this proverb, he says,—“To those who distrust the love of their friends, merely because the expression of it appears at variance with their own ideas of affection, it is said that, in some parts of Upper Albania, the wives receive so much maltreatment from their husbands, that they consider a frequent beating a sure proof of conjugal affection, and the absence of that seasoning a no less certain sign of cold indifference. A

\* *Vide* Negris’ *Modern Greek Proverbs*, p. 33.



newly-married woman being one day asked by her friends whether her husband loved her, complained bitterly of his cruelty, as he only caressed and paid her attention, as if she were a stranger; and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, ‘No! my husband does not love me; I have not yet received a single blow from him.’” We can only say, for our parts, that he must have been a horrid hard-hearted brute of a husband, indeed, who would not condescend to gratify his *cara sposa* in such a trifling indulgence as this. Yet the case of this fair Albanian is by no means a solitary one, as is sufficiently evident from the following account of a Muscovite lady, which is given by Montesquieu in his “Persian Letters.” “Though the fathers in the marriage-contract of their daughters,” says he, “generally covenant that their husband shall not beat them, yet you cannot think how much the Muscovite women love to be beaten. They cannot be made to believe that they have their husband’s heart, if he does not bang their bones for them: an opposite behaviour in him, is an unpardonable sign of indifference. Here is a letter which one of them lately wrote to her mother:—‘My dear mother,—I am the most unfortunate of women. I have omitted nothing to gain my husband’s affection; but cannot do it. Yesterday, I had a thousand things to do about the house. I went abroad, and staid out all the livelong day: I thought at my return he would have beat me purely; and he did not so much as give me an angry word. My sister has far different treatment: her husband rib-roasts her daily: she cannot look at a man, but he is presently about her bones: they love one another sincerely, and live the most comfortable life in the world. This it is that makes her so vain: but she shall not despise me long. I am resolved to make my husband love me, cost what it will. I will provoke him to such a degree, that sure he must give me some proofs of his kindness. It shall never be said that I could never get one beating, and that I live in the house unminded. Upon the least slap he gives me, I will set up my throat and roar out as loud as ever I can bawl, that people may believe things go right; and I fancy, if any neighbour should come to my help, I should tear their eyes out. I beg, my dear mother, you would represent to my husband that he uses me very unworthily. My father, good man, did not do thus by you: and I remember, when I was a little girl, I thought sometimes he loved you a little too passionately. I embrace you, my dear mother.’”

So much for the truth of this proverb, which has led us rather too much into detail; but in any case where the happiness of the ladies is concerned, we think ourselves never out of our way if we can do any thing to promote it.

The only other Greek one we shall take notice of here is, *The pease-pudding, I see, has a hollow in it*; explained thus—“To those who indicate, by their manner, that they are anxious to ask some favour; for pease-pudding, as the Greeks prepare it, requires oil.” Now, although we flatter ourselves that we can “see as far through a whinstone as any person,” yet we really did not see through this “pease-pudding with the hollow in it.” The annexed explanation, however, elucidates the matter completely; and, indeed, makes not only a *hollow*, but even a *hole* in it, large enough for any one to see through, who has got an eye in his head. The truth or pith contained in this observation or proverb, is well illustrated by our common Joe-Miller story of the tailor’s boy, who, being sent to a gentleman’s house about business, happened to be introduced when the owner was at breakfast; and it appears that amongst the eatables on the breakfast table there were two or more eggs. These the boy thought were no doubt good for a hungry stomach, and he asked the gentleman if he would give him a little *salt*. “Give you salt,” said the gentleman, “why, what do you mean to do with it?” “It was merely,” replied the boy, archly, “in order that I might be prepared, in case your honour should ask me to eat an egg with you.”

If we think the *truth* of these Greek sayings questionable, we must confess that we are still more inclined to question that of the Scottish ones which we have here produced. How the *stealing of any man’s supper*, whether he be an old man or a young one, can be construed into a *kindness*, is what we

have not intelligence enough to discern. If we might be allowed to parody Shakspeare a little on the occasion, we would say,—

“ Who steals my purse, steals trash : ’tis something—nothing ;  
 ’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;  
 But he that filches from me my good supper,” &c. &c.

In regard to the next one,—*Honest men marry soon, wise men never*—our own experience is completely against the *truth* of it. We are married, but we did not marry *soon*, yet we are honest ; and to say that we are not *wise*, would certainly be the height of absurdity—*ergo*, said proverb is not true. We have a small quarrel, also, with the third one of the Scottish list,—*Before you choose a friend, eat a peck o’ salt wi’ him*. This wise saying is likewise common in English, as also in French, thus :—*Pour bien connoître un homme, il faut avoir mangé un muid de sel avec lui*. Now, notwithstanding that these three puissant nations, the Scotch, the English, and the French, have joined together in this matter—notwithstanding of the opinion of this powerful *triumvirate*, we say, the *truth* of this soothsay may very fairly be considered questionable. What ! you must eat a peck of salt with a man before you can know him ! This is sharp work, with a vengeance ! It is not meant, of course, that you are to eat the salt, as a physician would say, *per se*, by itself ; that is, you may eat beef, mutton, pork, broth, porridge, or even bread along with it, if you choose : but still this does not mend the matter much ; it is still a villainous libel upon human nature, and deserves to be scouted as such. Many instances might be adduced to prove that a man will often, in times of difficulty and distress, meet with one who does him the most friendly offices, in the most disinterested manner, and without ever having had an opportunity of eating an ounce of salt with him, far less a peck. One example may suffice, and we select the following, which is to be found in the narrative of Captain Donald Campbell’s Adventures in India. After describing how he was thrown ashore naked, when the vessel was wrecked, this unfortunate gentleman’s narrative says, “ A Lascar belonging to the vessel, perceiving that our traveller’s state of nakedness gave him great concern, tore into two a piece of cloth which he had tied round his waist, and gave him one part of it, which afforded a short apron.” This simple act of a poor uninformed black man, whom Christian charity would call an idolater, Capt. Campbell considers as having had more of the true and essential spirit of charity in it, than half the ostentatious parading newspaper public charities of London—the slough of purse-proud vanity, and unwieldy bloated wealth. “ Of all the acts of beneficence,” says he, “ that I ever met with, it struck me the most forcibly : it had kindness, disinterestedness, and delicacy for its basis ; and I have never since thought of it without wishing I could meet the man, to reward him for his beneficence with a subsistence for life. The lower order of people of a certain country I know, would think a man in such circumstances as I was then in, a fitter object of pleasantries than pity.” Here was a friend, and a good one too : yet we don’t think that he had eaten a peck of salt with Captain Campbell before the time of this occurrence ; so that, in this instance at least, the proverb is stark naught. We don’t, however, object altogether to the eating of salt as a test of friendship ; far from it. We are quite aware that this is considered quite a criterion on this subject in many parts of the world, and in none more so than in the East. The only difference is, that the quantity is much reduced ; and, in fact, the mere tasting of salt is considered quite sufficient to secure a man’s friendship for life, amongst the generous, liberal-minded Orientals, who are not near so stingy in this respect as we are. The Arabians call a treacherous or perfidious person, *Numuk-huram*, i.e., “ one who pollutes the salt ;” and to cause injury to a person whose salt you have eaten, or who has partaken of food with you, is considered by the Orientals as a high degree of wickedness. To this purpose, the following circumstance is mentioned by Baron de Tott, in his memoirs :—“ A Turk, who had been great Provost of the Sultan’s household, was desirous of an acquaintance with me, and seeming to regret that

his business would not permit him to stay long, he departed, promising in a short time to return. I had already attended him half-way down the staircase; when, stopping, and turning briskly to one of my domestics who followed me,—‘Bring me directly,’ said he, ‘some bread and salt.’ I was not less surprised at this fancy, than the haste which was made to obey him. What he had requested was brought, when, taking a little salt between his fingers, and putting it with a mysterious air on a bit of bread, he ate it with a devout gravity, assuring me that I might now rely on him.” So much for *salt* and *friendship*.

These three,—“Be ready wi’ your hat, but slow wi’ your purse”—“The best that can happen to a poor man is, that ae bairn die and the rest follow”—and, “It’s a’ tint that’s done to auld folk and bairns,”—we consider as smacking much more of *selfishness* than of *wisdom*; and we hope, for the honour of Scotland and of human nature, that the majority are inclined to look upon them (at least the last two) as *untrue*. As to the phrenological one, that “Fat paunches bode lean pows,” we must confess that we are hardly phrenologists enough to be able to decide the case oracularly; but this we can safely say, that without bringing *ourselves* forward as examples to the contrary, there have many instances come under our observation which militate very much against the truth of this saying. The idea must originally have been got up by some starvings on of Apollo, who, no doubt, comforted himself with the reflection, that although some people’s pockets were better lined than his, yet he was certain that their pericraniums were not; and, therefore, he was more than on a level with them, whatever their outward circumstances might be. Thus Burns:—

“Do ye envy the city *Gent.*,  
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,  
Or, purse-proud, big wi’ cent. per cent.  
And muckle wame,  
In some bit brugh to represent  
A *Bailie’s* name?

\* \* \* \*

While ye are pleased to keep me hale,  
I’ll sit down o’er my scanty meal,  
Be’t *water-brose*, or *muslin-kale*,  
Wi’ cheerfu’ face,  
As lang’s the Muses dinna fail  
To say the grace.”

There is great comfort here, no doubt; and many a poor bard, as well as Burns, has been glad to take advantage of it: but still this does not prove that a man who has “a muckle wame” must needs be a gomeril. By no means,—for there is our good friend, the Fifeshire Knight, Sir John Leslie, a living and most brilliant instance to the contrary. There is this in it, however, we grant, that fat men are generally more good-natured than lean ones; which, whether it argue genius or not, is in most cases a very desirable thing, as Shakspeare makes Cæsar observe—

“Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights;  
Yond’ Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.  
*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he’s not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.  
*Cæs.* Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not;  
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius.”

This, then, is our opinion of *fat paunches* and *lean pows*.

In regard to the English soothsay, that “Naught is never in danger,”—or, as Burns has it, that “Fools are fortune’s care,”—we are as much inclined to quarrel with the *truth* of this as of any of those that have already been examined. Without, however, bringing forward any observations of our own



on this, we shall merely adduce the remarks which honest N. Bailey, in his English Dictionary, has made on the subject. "This proverb intimates," says he, "that *little things* are safe under the *contempt* of the world, for that their *insignificancy* secures them against all *apprehension, danger, and violence*; for whatsoever is *despicable, useless*, and good for nothing, is safe under the security of this old saying, to all intents and purposes; for *Rete non tenditur milvio*, say the *Latins*. But the adage is commonly applied by the common people upon any providential deliverance, making a banter of God's mercy, and laughing at their own and others preservation and security under the protection of heaven; and frequently with this profane addition,—*If he had been good for any thing, he had broke his neck, been drowned, &c.*, as if *impiety* were the only preservation against *casualties*."

As to the following English adages, that "The best wits are soonest caught by Cupid," "The chameleon has most guts and draws least breath," and "The foul toad has a fair stone in his head,"—the *truth* or *untruth* of these must be left for the natural historians and comparative anatomists to determine at their leisure; for, with regard to the three sorts of animals here mentioned, viz., wits, chameleons, and toads, we must say that we are not so intimately acquainted with the physiological concatenation of their respective frames, as to be able to give a rational opinion on the subject. Leaving these, then, we shall now bring forward a constellation of proverbs, from various quarters of the globe, the brilliant truth of which shall be apparent to all, and in regard to which every one will say, that any attempt to exhibit more plainly this quality inherent in their nature, would be in the highest degree superfluous.

The Arabians say—

The beginning of wisdom is the fear of God.

Do good if you wish to be well dealt with.

Reprove thyself in the same way as thou reprovest another.

An intelligent enemy is better than a foolish friend.

Poverty is better than unlawful wealth or the gain of injustice.

Debauchery destroys much wealth.

Devotion slays covetousness.

There are two people that are never satisfied; the seeker of knowledge, and the seeker of wealth.

The lengthening of experience is the increasing of intelligence.

The ignorant man is an enemy to himself; how then can he be a friend to any other person?

Whoever abstains from covetousness is rich.

Whoever engages much in business, rides upon the seas.

A person void of education, is like a body without a soul.

The surgeon uses the head of the orphan in the way of practice.

The tongue of the dumb is better than the tongue of him that speaketh falsehood.

He who justifies himself without being blamed, causes an accusation against himself.

In French—*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*.

The wise man disgraced, is better than the fool with a pension.

Hear and learn, keep silence and be safe.

It is remarkable, in regard to the last Arabian proverb cited here, that it approaches very near in meaning to the expression in the Epistle of James, chap. i. ver. 19,—“Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath;” which has much the appearance of a proverbial phrase, and is, indeed, almost a literal translation of the Hebrew, or Arabic names, of three of *Ishmael's* sons, which are to be found in Genesis, chap. xxv. ver. 14,—*Mishma, Dumah*, and *Massa*. When these names are literally translated in their order, they mean—*Hear, Be silent*, and *Bear*.

The Persians say—

Riches consist in virtue, not in goods; and greatness consists in wisdom, not in years.

Patience is bitter, but it has sweet fruit.

Mountain won't come to mountain.

Although Jesus' ass should go to Mecca, yet when he comes back he will be but an ass—i. e. *Send a fool to Fife, and you will get a fool back*.

At table every enemy seems a friend.

Riches will have no continuance in the hands of a prodigal, nor patience in the heart of a lover, nor water in a sieve.

Put not your finger into a scorpion's hole.

Every one should pay regard to the king's favour when the time is seasonable.

No one will come into the house of a pauper to pay him the revenue of either ground or garden.

In the sea there are good things without number; but if you wish for safety, it is on the shore.

The young one of a wolf will in the end become a wolf, although he be brought up with a man.

Two people have employed diligence without profit; one is he who has acquired wealth, and not enjoyed it—and the other is he who has studied science, and not made use of it.

Ability and excellence are lost until they be shown.

Ten poor men will sleep together in a cottage; whilst two kings will not consort together in a kingdom.

To a just sovereign the subjects are an army.

Amber has no value in the jewel-market, and a lamp has no brilliancy before the sun.

If the king eat an apple from the garden of a subject, his attendants will carry off the tree by the roots.

How can any one make a good sword out of bad iron?

The Hindoostanees say—

The tongue, though of flesh, is yet a sword of steel.

A hundred sages are of one mind.

Flowing water is pure; stagnant water becomes foul: so no disparagement can attach to an honest wandering mendicant.

The rope may be burnt, but the twist will remain—i. e. *What is bred in the bone is ill to go out of the flesh.*

When the pony is smitten in battle, what need is there to spend a farthing on a whip?

When your whole fortune is about to go, you should give the half of it as a share.

When a business is accomplished, there is trouble without end: the buttermilk falls not to the share of the cowherd.

It is dark under the lamp.

The boldness of men, is the help of God.

Is there a want of pearls in the Rajah's house?

To speak much is not good; neither is it good to be over-silent: much rain is not good; neither is much sunshine.

Agriculture is the best employment; traffic is middling.

Service is bad, and begging worst of all.

A son is the lamp of the family, betel of the mouth, a woman of the house, and the soul of the body.

Acquire whatever you can in the season of youth,—the task is arduous, and the time short.

The Greeks say—

Love your friend with his foible.

He that solicits for another in a disagreeable manner, is making interest for himself.

An enemy's present is no favour.

The eagle catches no flies.

Ravelled yarn makes ill-woven cloth.

What the wind gathers the devil scatters.

The old hen is worth forty chickens.

He who lives with hopes, dies with the winds.

Tell me with whom you go, that I may tell you your value.

Poor What-he-can; rich What-he-will.

The cart-load awakes the carrier.

Blood becomes not water.

Sauce does no harm.

Make the dog your companion, but hold fast your staff.

If the child does not cry, they give him no suck.

Love is blind.

A mangy camel bears the load of many asses.

The Scotch say—

An auld mason maks a guid barrowman.

A liar should hae a guid memory.

A gien game was ne'er won.

A fidging mare should be weel girded.

A fou wame maks a stiff back.

A fool may gie a wise man a counsel.

A's weel that ends weel.

A hantle cry murder, and are aye uppermost.

A tale-teller is waur than a thief.

A wight man never wanted a weapon.  
 Better a sair tae than a fause friend.  
 Better be kind than cumbersome.  
 Broken bread maks hale bairns.  
 Corn him weel, he'll work the better.  
 If a man's gaun down the brae, ilk ane gies him a jundie.  
 If ye sell your purse to your wife, gie her your breeks to the bargain.  
 Wilfu' waste maks waefu' want.  
 Yelping curs will raise mastiffs.  
 Your bread's baken, you may hing by your girdle.

The French and the English say—

*Le sage intend à demi mot*—A word to the wise.  
*Charité bien ordonnée commence par soi même*—Charity begins at home.  
*Hors de veü, hors de souvenir*—Out of sight, out of mind.  
*Qui trop embrasse, peu étreint*—Grasp all, lose all.  
*De deux maux il faut éviter le pire*—Of two evils choose the least.  
*Le moineau en la main vaut mieux que l'oie qui vole*—A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.  
*La patience est un remède à tous maux*—Patience is a plaster for all sores.  
*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*—No penny, no paternoster.  
*Quand la Fortune est à la porte, il faut lui ouvrir sans la faire attendre*—When Fortune knocks, be sure to open the door.  
*Il ne faut pas craindre de donner un œuf pour avoir un bœuf*—He's a fool that will not give an egg for an ox.  
*Le couard n'aura belle amie*—Faint heart never won fair lady.  
*Argent comptant porte médecine*—Ready money is as good as physic.  
*Chacun cherche son semblable*—Birds of a feather flock together.  
*Nouveaux rois, nouvelles loix*—New kings, new laws.

In fine, Sancho Panza says—

There is a remedy for every thing but death.  
 They may come for wool, and be sent back shorn.  
 Whom God loves, his house smells savoury to him.  
 Get yourself honey, and clowns will have flies.  
 As much as you have, so much you are worth.  
 There is no revenging yourself upon a rich man.  
 Never venture your fingers between two eye-teeth.  
 Unhappy is he who has not breakfasted at three.  
 Of the little birds in the air, God himself takes the care.  
 God's help is better than rising early.  
 He that may have good if he will, it is his own fault if he chooses ill.  
 Diligence is the mother of good success.  
 A good heart breaks bad luck.  
 God that gives the wound, sends the cure.  
 The good paymaster is in pain for no pawn.  
 An ass laden with gold, mounts nimbly up the hill,  
 Presents break rocks.  
 Pray to God devoutly, and hammer on stoutly.  
 One take is worth two I'll-give-thees.  
 In a plentiful house, supper is soon dressed.  
 He that cuts does not deal.  
 To spend and to spare, require judgment.

"O, a curse light on you!" cried out Don Quixote, at this instant;—"sixty thousand devils take you and your proverbs! You have been stringing of them this full hour, and putting me to the rack with every one of them. Take my word for it, these proverbs will one day bring you to the gallows. Tell me, where find you them, ignorant?—or how apply you them, dunce? For my own part, to utter but one, and apply it properly, I sweat and labour as if I were digging."

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## WHAT OUGHT THE NATION TO EXPECT FROM A REFORMED PARLIAMENT?

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written and spoken on political subjects, it is lamentable to discover how much ignorance, prejudice, and error still exist among us. That some of the more difficult doctrines of political economy



should be imperfectly understood by the mass of the people, ought not at all to excite our surprise, however much we might regret that men do not take a little more pains to study a science which teaches the true sources of individual, as well as of national wealth and prosperity. But is it not astonishing—is it not disgraceful, that, after all the noise that has for some time been making about liberty, many, even of those who call themselves *liberal*, should but too evidently show, by the absurd and unjust measures which they recommend, that of the true nature of freedom they are still profoundly ignorant? We have liberals who see nothing wrong in compulsorily taxing their countrymen for the support of a church, in whose doctrines they do not believe;—we have reformers, declaimers against tyranny, who forget to respect even the sacredness of personal liberty in their zeal for enforcing a Judaical observance of what that church, and not the gospel, ordains. Others again protest against freedom of trade, and would oppress their countrymen with endless, vexatious, mischievous, and contradictory restrictions and prohibitions. Many would interfere with the freedom of the market for labour, and hinder, by law, the master and workman from making the best bargain with each other they could. Some are absurd enough to wish for laws against the excessive accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals;—some would not allow a man to dispose of his property at death to whom he chooses. There are even to be found among us men ignorant and foolish enough to desire to interfere with the right of the dealer in any commodity, to bring it to, or withhold it from the market, in such quantities, and at such times, as he shall think best for his own interest;—who would limit the size to which cities should be allowed to grow;—who would regulate the numbers permitted to engage in every trade and profession;—who would fix by statute the wages of labour and the price of commodities;—who would proscribe opinion, and prohibit freedom of discussion, at least on certain subjects. We have even heard men of some education, and of much pretension to liberality, who gravely insisted on the propriety of enacting sumptuary laws, by way of correcting the extravagance and follies of the day, and who would have rejoiced in enactments against ingratitude, want of natural affection, insincerity, and avarice! As for drunkenness, we all know how much injustice and petty tyranny have been exercised in the endeavour to check the growth of that destructive vice.

We hope that but a small minority of those who are to form the constituency of the first Reformed Parliament, are as narrow-minded and ignorant as the persons we have above described. But that prejudices and false notions, on many subjects, are entertained by a more or less considerable number of our new electors, cannot be doubted by any one who has at all mingled in general society. In order, therefore, that the evil effects of these erroneous opinions may be prevented, and that a Reformed Parliament may accomplish all the good it ought, it is absolutely necessary that the liberal, the well-informed, and the sensible part of the new constituency, should come to an understanding as to what ought to be done by the representatives of the people, and that, when the true remedies for the national evils have been found, every effort should be made to overcome the prejudices of those who are still in error, that all may unite with enlightened zeal in the great cause of Reformation. Such a union is what the Tories have long dreaded, and have exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent. They laboured to keep the people ignorant and brutal, well knowing that, if ever they came to understand their true interests, the reign of corruption and misgovernment must speedily terminate. We have succeeded in dashing their fetters from our hands; let us now emancipate our minds also from their manifold delusions and sophisms. Nations have often allowed golden opportunities for securing their best interests to be lost, for want of knowing rightly what these interests were. Let it not be said of us, as it has most truly been recorded of some other nations, that, when their fate was in their own hands, they did not improve the favourable crisis, but, like the French in 1830, only overthrow one tyranny to set up another in its stead. We have swept away the bulwarks of oligarchical oppression—the day is our own—and if our minds are not inferior

to the emergency, all that we have so long fought for—the blessing of good and enlightened government—must now be ours.

What, then, ought the nation to expect—to demand—from a Reformed Parliament? This is the important question which all should now attempt to answer, and to answer wisely; for a single false step in politics, often produces the most disastrous effects. An erroneous theory, when adopted as the basis of legislation, has often been the ruin of thousands, and has sometimes shaken the whole social fabric to its centre. How necessary, then, clearly to understand what we are about, when we proceed to pledge our representatives to particular measures?

Now, if we were merely called upon to declare in what we consider good government to consist, we would say that a good government is one which, while it protects all interests, interferes with none. It has no partialities, no antipathies;—no restrictions, bounties, or prohibitions. It guarantees the fullest liberty of thought, word, and deed, to every individual, so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others. It leaves industry and commerce entirely unfettered, and deals out impartial justice to all its subjects. But the duties of a Reformed Parliament must be much more embarrassing and difficult than these; for it has not merely to prevent future wrong, but to root out old abuses, rectify former blunders, and purify our whole national system from the corruptions engrafted on it by a long course of Tory mis-government.

What the nation ought to expect from its Parliament, then, is this: First, that it will do away with the abuses of the old system; and, secondly, that it will take good care that no new abuses shall be suffered in future to arise.

The first thing, then, that the Reformed House of Commons must do, is to bring back the national affairs from their present false and deplorable position, into a natural and healthy state. The enormous weight of taxation must be lightened; and, in order to be able to do this, all sinecures and unmerited pensions must be annihilated—all extravagant expenditure stopped, in whatever department—and all the national establishments placed on a simple and economical footing.

Then the affairs of the Church will require to be taken into consideration. The Tithe system must be put an end to. Above all, the atrocious injustice of taxing the people of Ireland for the support of a Church which they believe to be heretical and damnable, must no longer be suffered to continue. But in that country, and in England, the unholy alliance between the Church and the State ought to be dissolved. Such alliances always hurt the cause of religion. If the Church to be established by law is that which the people approve, why command them to pay for its support, when they are ready, voluntarily, to contribute? And if it be *not* the Church of the people, how great is the injustice of compelling them to pay for what they do not desire?

The Free Trade system must also attract the early attention of a Reformed Parliament. In the abstract, nothing is plainer than that free trade is desirable in every thing. Prohibitions and bounties do no good, and much harm; but when the restrictive system has been adopted to such an extent as it has been in Britain,—when our whole commercial system is cramped and impeded by the most complicated and vexatious regulations, it is by no means an easy task to bring it safely back to a natural state. This must, however, be done; and, as a first and absolutely necessary step, Parliament ought to repeal the Corn Laws. These laws, as we showed in our last Number, limit the quantity of food our population can command, by raising its price while the wages of labour remain stationary; and thus they, in effect, keep the whole working population in suffering and want. Till these laws be abolished, it is in vain to think that we shall be able to compete on equal terms with the foreign manufacturer, who buys his food so much cheaper than we do; but let them once be swept away, and then our ingenious and enterprising artisans, being on fair terms of competition with their neighbours, will soon be able fearlessly to meet them, either in the home or the foreign market. Free trade, in every thing, ought then to be

resorted to ; and what is called " the protecting system," with all its absurdities, injustice, and evils, abandoned for ever. Monopoly, wherever it exists, must be destroyed. India and China must be laid open to British enterprise. All exclusive corporations should be dissolved,—all privileges withdrawn,—and every man made free of every town and village in the empire, and at full liberty to betake himself to any calling he may choose to follow.

The charter of the Bank of England should be allowed to expire, and the trade in banking be thrown open. Then might the southern, as well as the northern part of our Island, enjoy the blessing of a small note circulation,—a circulation so well fitted to develop the latent resources of the country, and so useful in all the various branches of industry and traffic. We know that many well-meaning men have a sort of horror for small notes, ever since the great panic of 1826 ; but if they would institute a calm and candid inquiry into the true causes of that calamitous crisis, they would soon find that it was the unjust monopoly enjoyed by the Bank of England, which injured the stability of the country banks, and thereby rendered their notes so unsafe a circulation. Let that monopoly expire, and banking establishments, on a firm and secure footing, will quickly be formed all over England, and a free paper currency will then be found to be as safe and beneficial there, as it has all along been in Scotland.

The Laws must likewise be reformed and simplified. Our sanguinary and disgraceful penal code must be mitigated, that it may cease to revolt the feelings of every good man, and may be rendered more effective for the true end of criminal legislation—the prevention of crime. The civil law must be divested of its complexity and unintelligibility. A compendium of its principles and general tenor ought to be in every one's reach, that all may know something of the nature of the laws under which they are placed, and that the people may be, as far as possible, protected against the rapacity and chicanery of the unprincipled part of the legal profession.

The laws of Primogeniture and Entail should be abolished. These laws have done incalculable mischief, enabling the aristocracy to ensure the permanency of the greatness of their houses, by binding up all their property in the hands of one of their children, who was destined to represent the dignity of the family, while the rest were snugly quartered on the public, as officers in the army or navy, dignitaries in the church, placemen or sinecurists. But now that, on account of the passing of the Reform Bill, such facilities for providing for the younger branches of the aristocracy, at the public expense, will not much longer offer themselves, the possessors of entailed estates will themselves begin to desire the repeal of laws which oblige men to leave part of their families unprovided for. This is, therefore, a favourable moment for putting an end to these laws of primogeniture and entail, which, by throwing capital into great masses, and then prohibiting its future division, do so much prejudice to the true interests of society.

There must be a system of poor laws for Ireland, both for the sake of its own destitute population, and for the protection of the working classes in England and Scotland, from the unequal competition to which they are at present subjected, with the swarms of the starving natives of the sister island, who, flying from misery at home, are willing to work for the very smallest pittance that can support existence, and consequently depress and ruin the wages of labour.

The taxes on knowledge, which operate to prevent the mass of the people from rightly understanding their moral and political duties, and perceiving what are their rights and true interests, must be repealed. The Scottish Burgh system must be reformed ; and many other measures, to which we have not space even to allude, must be carried, before a Reformed Parliament will have accomplished what we stated to be the first part of its duty—the rectification of the errors of the old system.

And then, when it has completed the great task of removing what is wrong, the labours of the Legislature, if guided by wisdom and justice, will be both easy and pleasant. It will guard the rights and liberties of the people, but



will carefully abstain from all unnecessary interference with their various interests. Almost all the governments the world has ever yet seen, have erred in doing too much. They imagined it to be their duty to dictate to their subjects in matters of opinion and religious belief; and to direct, foster, or check the growth of the various branches of national industry. Now, with these things a government has nothing whatever to do. What makes it more able to decide upon the merits of creeds and opinions than its subjects? or what right has it to prohibit or depress any branch of industry, and to stimulate others beyond the natural demands of society, by bounties and unjust privileges? Let government preserve order, punish fraud, injustice, and oppression, and leave the people to judge for themselves what is best for their own interests; and, if this be done, error, both in doctrine and practice, will soon be detected and abandoned; and the blessed fruits of free institutions will quickly be apparent, in the growing prosperity of the country.

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## MODERN SONGS, AND MODERN SONG-WRITERS.

ALTHOUGH we are quite willing to give to the "march of intellect" all the credit that is claimed for it, and to allow that, with regard to a great variety of matters and things, the present generation are greatly superior to their fathers and grandfathers, in respect of increased knowledge, and improved modes of thinking and acting, still there is one thing—no great matter to be sure, and yet intimately connected with the business and pleasurable enjoyment of every-day life—in which we hold there has been no improvement; and that is, the public taste with regard to songs, song-writers, and singers, and the degrees of reward and approbation bestowed on these persons and things, according to their real and true merits. So far from any improvement having been effected in these matters, we think we can show, and without any lengthened statements, or elaborate process of reasoning, that there has been a considerable falling-off from the former standard of excellence—or what vastly learned folks would call a "retrogradation;" in short, that the public taste, in this matter, in place of being improved, purified, and refined, has, like the shadow upon the sun-dial of Ahaz, gone fifteen degrees backward; and that, unless something be done to check this retrograde movement, our taste and notions, in this respect, will soon be at antipodes with every thing like true merit and real excellence.

To begin with that class of songs which, perhaps, have the largest circulation, and which, undoubtedly, in the days of our grandfathers, exercised a great influence over the minds, feelings, and opinions of the population—those which amuse the leisure hours, and help to cheer and lighten the toils of the laborious and hard-working part of the community—those which are sung through our streets and villages, and which readily find their way into workshops and cottages, the farmer's ingle, and the various dwellings and communities of the more ignorant and unrefined part of our population,—mercy upon us! what a change and falling off is here!—the modern supply that is brought forward to meet this part of the demand, is, with hardly an exception, the veriest doggerel that ever disgraced the name or assumed the shape of poetry.

Like the Laird of Macnab's composition, it sets at absolute defiance all the rules of orthography, grammar, and poetry. In one song, or rather in what we get in the form of a song, we sometimes meet with a specimen of every poetic measure that has ever been invented, from the long trailing Alexandrine, down to that of three syllables, so much used by Peter Pindar. Now, let those among us who have paid attention to such matters, and whose memory is worth thirty years' purchase, reflect for a moment on the excellent songs that were current among the poorer classes only thirty years ago, and with which the childhood and youth of the fathers and mothers of the present generation were amused and enlivened. To say nothing of the best produc-

tions of Ramsay, Fergusson, and other celebrated poets, there was, "The Blae Berry Garland," "Gregor's Ghost," "The Blackanoor of the Wood," "Young Brechan," "Gil Morris," and many others of the same kind, which, as the showmen say, it would be too tedious to mention, but all excellent in their way; they might fall short of the higher beauties and excellencies of poetry and poetic feeling, but they contained a pretty large sprinkling of simple feeling and pathos, which flowed out easily, and without effort, in beautifully regular rhyme and measure, and they were, perhaps, upon the whole, better fitted to leave a powerful and lasting impression upon the youthful imagination, than productions of a more finished and elaborate character. We have already said that it is necessary to adopt some strong measures to put a stop to the corruption and debasement of the public taste in this matter, which has already gone a great length, and which, as the Yankees say, is still "progressing." It therefore gives us much pleasure to communicate the important intelligence, that a number of gentlemen in this city, who feel interested on this point, and are deeply impressed with a sense of its great importance, have resolved to apply, by petition, to the first Session of the Reformed Parliament for a law, providing that no song shall be sung through the streets, or printed for general circulation, until it has been examined by a Board of Poets, and other learned persons competent to judge of such matters, and received their sanction; and we think these gentlemen cannot more effectually secure the laudable object they have in view, than by getting some clause respecting a law of this kind inserted among the "Pledges" to be exacted from our City Members at the approaching election!

There is another department, or branch of this subject, where Reform is not less needed than in the one to which we have already adverted, because the good taste of the public, if not vitiated and debased to an equal extent, is at least very greatly violated and exposed to contamination; and that is, by the kind of songs, or what is made to supply the place of songs, which are brought forward at our theatres and public concerts. We have neither time nor room to enter into this part of the subject at such length as it deserves and requires, else we could display an extent of erudition and learned lore, that would somewhat "astonish the natives;" but we cannot help remarking, that there must be some very curious secret at the bottom of that dexterous mode of "management," by which our theatrical managers and songsters, and our professional singers, who get up and conduct concerts, continue to secure the patronage and support of the public, while at the same time they have nearly banished everything like a real good song from their entertainments. Indeed there seems to be a sort of tacit agreement among such persons, that songs of real sterling merit, as to language, sentiment, and poetry, whether new or old, shall be regularly and rigorously excluded and discountenanced, and the living authors of such beautiful effusions kept from receiving that public respect and patronage which are their due. We have all seen, and many of us have expressed regret to see, the veriest *waddlers* and *twaddlers* puffed, and pushed, and "badgered" into ephemeral notoriety, while the authors of some of the best songs in our language—and this applies to persons both alive and dead—are allowed to pass on among the crowds of ordinary *hum-drum* characters, nearly unnoticed and unknown; and those among us, who are fond of the kind of amusements to which we are referring, know very well, that our theatres will ring for weeks and months together, with such stuff and trash as "The Dashing White Serjeant," "Betsey Baker," "The Bonnie Breast Knots," "Cherry Ripe," and other nonsensical trifles of the same kind; while you may wait ten years before you will see in a play or concert bill, such an excellent song as "Highland Mary," or "The Banks of the Devon;" and although we have scores upon scores of attempts at wit, humour, and comic effect,—they are no more like the genuine productions of our great poets, than a Kilmarnock night-cap is like a Duke's coronet. And yet we suppose that, to offer a reward of ten sovereigns, could not bring forward any person who ever heard "Last May a Braw Wooer," or "The Kebbuckstane Waddin'," by Tannahill, sung at a theatre or concert. These things are, no

doubt, vexatious enough; but, by-and-bye, when our Poetical Board is fairly constituted by Act of Parliament, the evil will be remedied. Who can doubt it?

Among those who, by the bright and sparkling effusions of their wit and genius, have contributed to the enjoyment of social and convivial life, nobody is more deserving of notice and respect than a poet of our own city,—Mr. Alexander Rodger. This highly-gifted, and truly-modest and meritorious person, like many, many of his predecessors who have displayed the same sort of excellence, belongs, by his circumstances, to that humble condition of life which inherits the original malediction to the greatest extent,—“In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.” And although it cannot by any means be said that he is altogether unnoticed and unknown, yet true it is that he has hitherto been too much

———“A child of rustic song,  
Who, noteless, steals the crowd among.”

Perhaps this may be partly owing to the modesty and independent spirit of Mr. Rodger, which has prevented him from having recourse to any of those little arts of manœuvring and under-hand management, by the use of which many persons of greatly inferior talent and ability have risen into notice, and some of them even attained to eminence, in the public estimation. We have good reasons for believing that, to a great extent, this is the true state of the case; and it is merely on this account that we feel an anxiety—an honourable one, we hope,—to make the great body of our readers better acquainted with his merits than they have hitherto been.

Mr. Rodger has, from time to time, produced a variety of songs and other short poetical pieces, which have been, and still are, highly popular; and they are admired by persons perfectly qualified, in every respect, to judge of their merits: and it is a fact not generally known, though not the less true, that many of his songs have attained fully a higher degree of popularity in the United States of America, than they have ever enjoyed at home. This remark especially applies to the well-known and celebrated songs, “Behave yoursel’ before folk,”—“Isabell,”—“Dinna forget,”—“The Peasant’s fire-side,” and several others; and indeed the last-mentioned piece deserves to be better known than it is,—for truly it is an admirably drawn picture of real happiness in humble life—almost sufficient to make a rich man wish himself poor, for the sake of enjoying the scene described; for, although it embraces a much less extensive range of incidents, so far as it goes it is quite equal to “The Cottar’s Saturday night.” For the fact of these songs being very popular in America, we have two sorts of evidence. We have seen them published in the American newspapers, and other periodical publications, and very highly commended, although, in some instances, “Brother Jonathan” was *ungentlemanly* enough to withhold the author’s name; and we have been informed to the same purpose by persons who have “peregrinated” over a considerable part of the States.

Mr. Rodger’s muse is particularly adapted to satire of every kind; but especially to political satire. In this sort of warfare his arrows are keen, piercing, and well-directed, to a proverb,—nor has he been at all sparing in the use of his powerful bow. There are thousands of persons in Glasgow, and many at the distance of fifty miles from it, who must well recollect the effect produced, in the year 1816, by a little poem, entitled, “The Sooty Rabble,” addressed to “James Block, Esq.,” and no small curiosity was awakened to find out the author. In 1819, a new version of “The Muckin’ o’ Geordie’s Byre,”—a piece of political satire, so happily conceived and directed, that it has seldom been equalled,—gave such mortal offence to “the powers that then were,” that a learned Judge from the Bench vented his spleen and indignation, by denouncing it as “sedition and blasphemy;” and had the author been known, beyond all doubt he would have tasted the sweets of Lord Sidmouth’s prison discipline. But his most effective and annoying piece of this kind was produced in the year 1822, when his late Majesty, George the Fourth, of glorious and happy memory, paid that visit to the “Modern



Athens," which called forth such abundant overflowings of Whig and Tory loyalty. It was published in Edinburgh the very night before the King landed; and having, by some unaccountable conveyance, found its way to London, it was, a few days afterwards, inserted in the *Examiner*, which made bad worse, with a vengeance. The *exposé* which it contained, of the fawning and sycophantic spirit of Scottish Toryism, was so complete and so exquisitely ludicrous, that it was exceedingly offensive and annoying to those who then filled the "high places" in Scotland; even the equanimity and bland courtesy of Sir Walter Scott were said to be greatly ruffled by it. Many of our readers will recollect the song, as well as the effect which it produced, when we remind them that the chorus commenced with

"Sandy, now the King's come!"

Of comic and humorous songs, Mr. Rodger has produced a great number; some of which enjoy a high degree of popularity. Of course, every body has heard or read "Highlan' Sobriety,"—"Maister Shon Macnab,"—and "Donald Grant's opinion of the Reform Bill." Five or six years ago he published a small volume of poems and songs, which contains several of those to which we have referred, as well as others, which, although not mentioned, are also excellent; but his best, or at least his most humorous and popular comic songs, have been produced and published in various newspapers, and other periodical works, since that time. There is, however, a more serious *desideratum* than that which arises from this cause. The volume contains none of those exquisite political satires which we have mentioned, while their place is supplied by Peter Cornclips, (a long poetical tale,) which, although far above mediocrity, is not very interesting, and affords no proper standard for estimating his talent and genius as a poet. We suppose that the principal reason for omitting his political pieces, was the advice of some friends, whose good wishes and intentions were in this instance greater than their wisdom; but the political atmosphere being, at the period referred to, particularly smooth and unruffled, it was perhaps feared that some of them might find their way to a "high quarter," and disturb the "dignified retirement" of "the finest gentleman in Europe." If what we have heard be correct, Mr. Rodger derived no advantage from this publication, owing to the embarrassments in which his publishers became involved. We hope, however, that he intends to publish a "new and enlarged edition," and heartily wish him better success.

Having said so much respecting his talents and ability as a poet, many proofs of which have been long before the public, it only remains to add—and we do it with great pleasure—that his character and conduct as a man, and a member of society, do him equal credit and equal honour. We have already said that his condition and circumstances are humble;—he has through life maintained himself and his family by the labour of his own hands in a laborious occupation, but with a degree of fidelity and perseverance which reflects the highest honour upon himself, and lustre upon that numerous and important portion of the community to which he belongs;—he discharges all the duties incumbent upon him as a husband—as the father of a numerous family—as a kind, obliging, and useful friend and neighbour, and an actively benevolent member of society. We cannot do better than conclude with one of his songs, which has never been published, and the MS. of which lately came into our hands by a very odd accident. It is a most humorous picture of the jolly churchman of the "good old times," as well as an excellent imitation of the style and orthography of the period to which it professes to belong.

#### SANCT MUNGO.

Sanct Mungo was ane famous Sanct,  
And ane cantye carle wals hee,  
He dranke o' ye Molindinar burne,  
Quhan bettere hee culdna prie;  
Zit quhan hee culd gette strongere chere,  
Hee neuer wals wattere drye,  
Butte dranke o' ye streame o' ye wimpland worme,  
And loot ye burne rynne bye.

Sanct Mungo wals ane merrye sanct,  
 And merrylie hee sange;  
 Quhanever hee liltit uppe hys sprynge,  
 Ye verrey *firre Parke* rang;  
 Butte thoch hee weele culd lilt and synge,  
 And mak sweet melodye,  
 He chauntit aye ye *hauidest* straynes,  
 Quhan prynd wi' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane godlye sanct,  
 Farre-famed for godlye deedis,  
 And grete delyte hee daylye tooke  
 Inn countynge owre hys beadis;  
 Zit I, Sanct Mungo's yongeste sonne,  
 Can count als welle als hee;  
 Butte ye beadis quhilk I lyke best to count,  
 Are ye beadis o' barlye-bree,

Sanct Mungo wals ane jollye sanct :—  
 Sa weele hee lykt gude zill,  
 Thatte quhyles hee staynede hys quhyte vesture,  
 Wi' dribblands o' ye *still*;  
 Butte I hys maist unwordye sonne,  
 Have gane als farre als hee,  
 For ance I tynde my garment skirtis,  
 Throuch lufe o' barlye-bree.

## POLITICAL AND LITERARY COMMENTARY.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR IN LONDON.

### NO. I.—LITERARY.

I WRITE a Commentary, not a Review; and it may not be amiss that, in beginning my labours, I take a glance at the trade of literature, and the kind of literary men in this vast metropolis.

It is incredible the numbers who manage to gain a livelihood here by their pens: who look to the press for their daily bread, and whose study day and night is, to cater to the intellectual wants and cravings of their fellow-creatures. It is no exaggeration to say, that the mass of those connected with literature, work harder than any other class of labourers in the country; and, like the hard-working classes everywhere, they are among the lowest in the scale of remuneration. The out-of-door labourers, and the majority of artisans, have healthful occupations. Their fatigues, though great, are yet strengthening to their bodies—but the poor fellow who is compelled to toil with his pen in his garret, shut up from the wholesome air, and deprived of the benefit of healthful exercise, with his mind continually on the stretch, leads, unquestionably, a life of severer application.

The most active and laborious of the literary men of the metropolis, are those connected with the daily and periodical press. The Editors and assistant Editors, the Parliamentary and Law Reporters, are, the greater number of them, students in the several professions, especially in that of the law—and the intervals of time which they are able to snatch from their political and professional labours, are generally devoted to strictly literary pursuits. It frequently happens, that men of purely literary habits seek for a connection with the daily press, as a means of securing for themselves a fixed income, and placing them beyond those contingencies, which all those who have ever been compelled to depend on the tender mercies of booksellers can easily comprehend. At the same time, merely literary men, who attempt the business of the newspaper press at an advanced period of their lives, seldom succeed in duties which are at once of so harassing and so complicated a nature, and which frequently require the energies of the mind

to be directed upon the instant to the consideration of topics of the first interest, which call for a condensed and popular mode of treatment. Your countryman Galt, a writer, in his line, of unquestionable skill and talent, and whose claims to popularity are on all hands conceded, is an instance in point of what I am here stating. With all his abilities, he failed in his undertaking as Editor of the *Courier*—not from lack of information or of talent, but from a want of that power of quick and instant application which practice will give, and doubtless, also, from his not having made politics so much his study as it is incumbent upon a writer in the public journals to do.

In many respects, the trade of book-making is a singular and an amusing one. "The gentle reader" in town and country, little imagines where the interesting volumes of travels and voyages have been concocted, over which he or she is poring with so much delight, and seeking to obtain the very latest information of the places described. Fashionable tradesmen in country towns, have occasionally a very convenient custom of taking a jaunt or a visit to their relations, and returning, in a few weeks, to their delighted customers, with the newest fashions of London and Paris, and perhaps, should their business be improved by the announcement, Germany is laid under contribution also. In like manner, many of our tourists by sea and land, manage to get up exceedingly interesting works. Perhaps, in fact, more so than if they had really seen the countries in which they pretend to have travelled. For their fertile imaginations are not limited to tedious and dry narrations;—"moving incidents by flood and field"—love adventures, of great novelty and variety, and touches of the pathetic, appropriately thrown in, are materials to which modern tourists are exceedingly partial—which are well relished by the reader, and which are also highly estimated by the bookseller,—the author's first and greatest consideration. I remember that, some years ago, a work issued from the shop of one of your Edinburgh publishers, purporting to be a Tour in the North of Ireland. The book was published after the intercourse by steam had become so general; and the writer, or compiler, at a trifling expense, and with much pleasure, could have made himself personally acquainted with the several places he pretended to describe,—but, laughable to state, so carelessly had the thing been got up, that towns, many miles inland, were converted into sea-ports, and mistakes, equally ludicrous, were conspicuous throughout the book! When this could occur as to places at our own doors, we may easily suppose what a pretty hash is occasionally made of the histories, or pretended histories, of countries that are distant.

So much for one branch of book-making. But there are again a set of *authors* (!) who never write a word of what is set down for them,—who are brimful of vanity—who have a stock of money, but no brains—and who are, of all things, ambitious of seeing their names set off to the best advantage in the title-pages of books,—who want passports of admission to the Literary Club, and who are excessively desirous of figuring forth, even for a very brief space, the lions of their little circles, and the wonder of their aristocratical acquaintances and country cousins. You will every day see poor literary labourers in the Library of the British Museum, quoting and concocting materials for some whiskered dandy, who is at the moment refreshing himself with a jelly at "White's," or the "United Service," or who is swaggering about, stays and all, after a most magnificent manner, on some fashionable promenade of the West end. You must have observed of late, how much we have been inundated with fashionable novels, political essays, and the campaigns of high personages in the war of the Peninsula. Productions of the latter kind have been at a high premium, and have been, for many reasons, especial favourites with the kind of authors to which I have alluded. As to parliamentary speeches, and public speeches generally, it has been long known that literary men have considered these as among the staple articles of their trade. When I was younger and less experienced, I could not conceive it possible that men of rank and *blood* would condescend to speak speeches which had been written for them by others. I thought the thing was told merely as a satire upon that class of people, who arrogate to themselves all



consequence, all talent, all wisdom, and all authority. I happened, however, shortly after my arrival in London, to call upon a literary friend who was in the King's Bench prison—(you must know that the air of the Fleet and King's Bench prisons is considered peculiarly favourable to literary studies)—and I found my friend employed in dishing up a speech for a Noble Lord, who had sent his notes to him for that purpose! My friend and I had a hearty laugh at the vanity of the aristocratical speechifier, as you may well believe.

I shall, for the present, avoid a notice of *theatrical authorship*, as I purpose, in an early number, to devote an article exclusively to the consideration of Theatricals in the Metropolis; and shall pass on to observe upon the system of *reviewing*, as it is called, that prevails to a great extent amongst us. You are no doubt aware, that certain of the Reviews are the property of booksellers. Of some of these it is broadly asserted, that they are made the mere vehicles for puffing such works into notice, as the capital of the Review proprietors may happen to be invested in. Whether this statement be strictly true or not, I can at least say, that, in a great many cases, reviews are the merest of humbugs. I have even known *an author write a review of his own work*. Of course I am far from saying that there are not many independent periodicals in the metropolis. I could mention several, were it necessary, or were I called upon to do so. The Westminster Review is an instance of one, alike independent in literary matters, and in the advocacy of political rights. There are others, also, which are highly estimated by the public; and, latterly, several publications of minor importance have been established, which have materially aided in the promotion of liberal principles. These, especially, in consequence of their cheapness, have been more accessible to the bulk of the people, and have produced a corresponding benefit to society. There is no longer the idea entertained, which was at one time so strenuously inculcated, that literary journals should be limited to strictly literary matters—that they should never interfere with politics. This cant, like all cant of the kind, was seen to be on the wrong side—and the doctrine of abstaining from politics, merely meant abstaining from saying anything that would trench upon the dogmas of the “passive-obedience and right-divine men.” This cant was soon laughed at, and was most effectually answered by the support given to such literary publications as combined a fearless political advocacy.

Various things have tended, in our days, to produce a very great and a very salutary change in the size and price of books. The expensive and ponderous folios have nearly quite disappeared, and works of all kinds are now published in a form to suit the convenience and the means of the reading public, and not to please the fancy and the whims of the library-collecting few. The advantages resulting from this change are most important; and we have already witnessed the good results in the great Revolution which, by the force of intellect—by the exertion of moral power alone, the people have accomplished. But I look to other good consequences from this cheapening and extending of knowledge. I look to the infusion of political opinion and principle into the affairs of literature, and to the softening down, within reasonable bounds, of that arrogance and assumption which those who claim to themselves the title of literati, are too fond of exhibiting. An aristocracy is incompatible with the “*Republic of Letters*.” The scholar and the man of talent will always receive attention and respect; and that respect and attention will be increased in proportion to the intelligence of a population;—but there are learned A.S.S.(e)s, as well as L.L.D.'s; and we not unfrequently find, that an intellect will gather dirt and rust even from the black-letter of the schools. I speak, of course, of men of *mere learning*, and who possess not an iota of talent—who plume themselves more in giving to the world the sentiments of others, filtered and frittered away in the translation, than others do in the production of valuable and original ideas.

## No. II.—POLITICAL.

THE Manifesto of the German Confederation at Frankfort, and the landing of Don Pedro in Portugal, are two events of the month which are likely, in their consequences, to be of the utmost importance in Europe ; and, by the influence which they may exercise upon the cause of liberty, materially to advance or retard the happiness of the whole civilized world. It is singular that these two events, so dissimilar in their natures and their objects, should happen almost at the same moment. It would seem as if the one was sent to be a counterbalance to the other, and to hold out an assurance to the struggling patriots of every country, that events and circumstances are daily and hourly, though imperceptibly, working in their favour ; and that every movement of the despots for the destruction of national freedom, will be thwarted by a principle beyond their control, and untouched by their mandates. When the Tories of England succeeded in defeating the Reform Bill, and in driving Earl Grey from office, they never thought of the existence of such a principle. They imagined that they held the destinies and the happiness of these countries in their grasp, because they found themselves triumphant at court, and powerful in the circle of their order, and in the stronghold of their despicable party. They, too, sent forth their insolent manifesto ; and when they little thought that events were occurring elsewhere, that would set themselves and their denunciations speedily at naught. They were secure of court sunshine, and they never supposed, and seemingly never calculated, that tempests could assail them from any other quarter. But they were mistaken.

Of all the documents which, of late years, we have seen sent forth from Cabinets, and Confederations, and Congresses, they fall short, considering the circumstances, in the extent and atrocity of the manifesto issued at Frankfort by the Diet of Germany. Dreadful must be the alarm of the despots of that fine country, when even they would dare to issue such a document, which sets at utter defiance every recognized principle of enlightened government, broaches the most monstrous doctrines, and strikes at the very root of the great and leading feature of social institutions—that representation is the inherent and inalienable right of the people. The principle set forth in the first resolution of the manifesto or protocol, is despotic in the very extreme, and makes one almost feel astonishment at the presumption of the creatures who could proclaim it, namely—that *all the powers of the State are united in the PERSON OF THE SOVEREIGN* ; who is, by the same resolution, bound to pay no attention to any petition or remonstrance that is opposed to the objects of the Confederation,—and which may be described to be the exercise of the most unbounded and unlimited despotism ! Farther—the refusal of taxes by any of the assemblies of the States, is condemned and declared to be unavailing and of no consideration ; and, worst of all, under the pretext of maintaining tranquillity, each State of the Confederation is required to demand the assistance of the other States, in the case of any popular movement ; and, in the event of such assistance not being required in any State so situated, the confederates are empowered to march in, with their interference, upon their own judgment and at their own discretion ! The manifesto, quite in character, winds up with alluding to the former appointment of a Committee to inquire into the *abuses* of the periodical press—the report of which Committee is waited for before final measures are taken on the subject ! Any thing more atrocious in spirit and in character than this document, sent forth under the pretexts which are assigned, and with the varnish which is thrown over it, we have never, till now, witnessed. Talk of the tyranny of Napoleon !—he was a despot, it is true ; but, even in his despotism, there was something intellectual. He despised the grovelling meanness of the German whiskerandos. His boldness and his daring were combined with something of grandeur of conception ; and his aim was, at least, to make the country over which he ruled, superior in power to all the countries of the earth. He was, moreover, a *single* tyrant, and his defeat or his death

brought hopes that his tyranny would be at an end, in the one case or the other. But this hydra-headed monster of a German Confederation—this most detestable and most dangerous of all despotisms, cannot boast of even one redeeming trait—of even one atoning circumstance. It is all meanness, and coldness, and calculation.

From a manifestation, however, of such extreme despotism, we can yet draw consolation,—if that deep, and daring, and determined spirit be abroad in Germany, which all accounts concur in affirming, will prevent this manifesto or protocol from ever being carried into effect. The attempt of the confederates is an unparalleled one; and nothing but a conviction that their affairs are in a desperate condition, would have induced them to venture on such a desperate step. It is evident that the meeting at Hambach carried alarm into every State of the Confederation, and too truly satisfied them of the extent to which liberal principles had been carried throughout every portion of their iron-bound territories. The overwhelming armies of Austria and Prussia may give confidence to the Diet, and may induce them to think that they can carry their arbitrary resolves without hinderance or impediment; but it cannot be possible that the millions of Germany—the men of that country to which civilization owes so much,—where printing was invented—that art which has achieved more against tyranny, than all else that has ever been done or attempted,—it cannot be supposed that the present generation are so fallen and degraded, that they will submit to the despotism of their “thirty tyrants.” I should rather hope that the confederates have dug a pit for themselves, and that their manifesto will call forth a resistance which will not terminate till that Confederation, which is the curse of Germany, and the greatest enemy of European liberty, be effectually scattered and destroyed.

It is a relief to turn from the contemplation of such insolent despotism, to the struggle which has at length commenced in Portugal, and commenced successfully too. Setting aside the anxiety which every man must feel for the annihilation of such a Government as that of the ruffian Miguel, there are so many most important interests involved in the establishment of a liberal Government in Portugal, that one is really in duty bound to wish the present attempt the most unqualified success. It is in this point of view only that we can feel any anxiety in the matter. For the personal claims of Don Pedro, or of his daughter, we cannot care one fig; and as to the trash that is put forth about Donna Maria being the *legitimate* head of the Portuguese Government, I consider such nonsense deserving only of being laughed at. At this time of day, I should have supposed that it was well understood, that the question of *legitimacy* was one *that lay with the people to decide, and with the people only*. Kings and Ministers are so fond of sliding in the cant of legitimacy, that the people cannot too frequently record their contempt of the slavish doctrine; and, in the present effort in Portugal, it is a claim which the supporters of Donna Maria would do well not to urge, till the people of that country have given her an unquestionable right to put it forth, by a hearty manifestation of feeling in her favour, and by a recognition of her authority. Recent circumstances have, with foreigners at least, given greater interest to the present enterprise; and what at first appeared to be a struggle for power only, between two branches of the same family, is now of higher importance, as it is too plain, that, on the regeneration of Portugal, depends, to a very great extent, not only the freedom of the Peninsula, but much also of the freedom of the Continent. If the despotisms of Spain and Portugal could be preserved, the Holy Alliance could act with greater security in Germany, and could concoct measures with a greater certainty of success against the new state of Belgium and revolutionized France. But the Peninsula free, France and Belgium would bid defiance to all enemies; and, under such circumstances, Italy could not long remain within the iron grasp of Austria. Gradually, the influence of these liberated countries would be felt and extended; and gradually, and with every successive despotic effort, would the power of the Continental despots be shaken, till ultimately the whole of Germany would be included within the liberated circle,—and Germany free, the work of European liberty would be accomplished.



When one looks at the state in which matters still continue between Holland and Belgium, it is impossible not to feel that much of the speculation relative to other countries, must be, under such circumstances, vain and idle. The hostilities so long threatened in the midst of absurd protocols, seem to have reached to the very last point; and latterly, the intelligence brought from both countries, relates, almost entirely, to military preparations. The Belgians are, with reason, highly excited against the Dutch, and the Powers of the Conference. They feel that they have been exceedingly ill used, in having been compelled to accede to the 24 articles; while the King of Holland has been permitted, in the most insolent manner, to trifle away, day after day, and while he is, at this moment, seemingly as far from acceding as ever. This has justly irritated them; and as they are well prepared, they are resolved to bring the matter to a speedier settlement. On the other hand, the King of Holland is, no doubt, secretly prompted by the Holy Alliance; and the appearance of the manifesto of the Confederation of which he is a member, will make him, more than ever, obstinate in his demands, and insulting in his proceedings. That dreaded collision which will, in all likelihood, involve the whole of Europe, seems therefore inevitable—and, happen when it may, we cannot reasonably doubt that it will terminate in the destruction of that uniform system of despotism, under which the Continent of Europe has so long groaned.

It is disheartening that the French people should witness another anniversary of their glorious "three days," without having it in their power to congratulate themselves on the possession of those free institutions which they so bravely shed their blood for, and which it was the great and grand object of their heroic struggle to establish. It could matter nothing to France, whether the King should be called Charles the tenth, or citizen Louis Philippe the first. It was not, alone, a change of Kings that France wanted—it was a change of system. It was the tearing up of despotism, root and branch, careless by what name the Government was called, so that that primary object was effected. It is, therefore, the more deeply to be regretted, that, when the French people evinced such dignity and such moderation, they should have been doomed to such disappointment. But, as I have before observed, France is well able to regenerate herself; and the patience which she shows at present, adds another argument to the number—that, not till patience is utterly exhausted, will a people rise against a Government. The attempts of the Carlists are as nothing, and worse than nothing, when their cause is considered; and the occasional and petty risings in the capital, had little of a national movement in them—and many of them, it is affirmed, were the work of the police. What might have taken place, had not the Court of Cassation given the Government an opportunity of withdrawing the state of siege, can be imagined from the feeling which was, every day, becoming stronger against it. Peace is continued, from the hope which is entertained, that the opposition, now united and powerful, will compel the King to change his Ministers and his policy, as the necessity for such change is considered more than ever demanded by the aspect of affairs in Holland and Belgium, and by the attitude which France is called on to assume, to meet the manifesto of the German despots.

In home affairs we have little of novelty during the present month. The business of legislation has been protracted to an unusually late period, in order that the Scotch and Irish measures of Reform might be brought to a conclusion. The former has become law, and the latter is getting rapidly forward to its concluding stage. The sneaking attempt of the Tories to introduce the qualification clause into the Scotch Bill, was signally defeated by the prompt exertions of the people, and the few popular members which Scotland at present returns to the House. In the case of the Irish Bill, the Ministers are, in like manner, compelled to abandon some of the unpopular clauses which they attempted to thrust upon the Irish people. In the meantime, the note of electioneering is heard in every quarter of the kingdom, and we shall presently see whether the people will make that rational use of Reform, which, I hope, we may confidently anticipate.

# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WE have to congratulate our dear Patron the Public, on the variety, if not the excellence of the New Publications presented this month. In the language of Agriculturists, "a rotation of crops" is generally found to be a system highly beneficial in many points of view, both to the ground and to the cultivator; and, in literary matters, we are clearly of opinion, that the same thing holds true. Thus a "rotation" of *Prose and Poetry*, for instance, is highly to be commended, as not only best suited for promoting the cultivation of intellect on a great scale, but also for producing a salutary effect, as well upon the mind as the purse of the Public. With these observations, we now proceed to examine what the cultivators of intellect have here presented us with in the way of rotation. Let us see first, then, what we have got in the way of Poetry, "the divine art."

Here is a pretty tolerable specimen, at least as far as appearances go—"The Messiah."\* This is certainly a taking title, but does Mr. Montgomery not think that it smacks a little of plagiarism? Without speaking of Milton's "Paradise Regained," we have surely heard of "The Messiah," a poem, by one Klopstock, a German; and we have no doubt that Mr. M. has heard of it too. In this case we think the author is placed in much the same predicament, as if he had published a new poem about Ulysses, and had entitled it "The Odyssey!" Indeed, we don't think Mr. M. is at all fortunate in the way of titles. His last poetical production procured him, amongst wicked wits, the designation of "Satan Montgomery," to distinguish him, we suppose, from his Sheffield namesake of Antideluvian notoriety. But leaving the title, let us come to the *subject*. In this, we think, Mr. M. is still unfortunate. Our author will, no doubt, be inclined to stare with astonishment at this *dictum* of ours, but it is not the less true for all that. The fact is, that however paradoxical the assertion may appear, we are clearly of opinion that the subject which Mr. M. has here chosen, is far *too good a one*. Our mean-

ing will be best explained in the words of Shakspeare:—

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or, with taper light,  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Milton was just as unfortunate in his subjects for "Paradise Lost," and "Paradise Regained;" and hence Voltaire, in speaking of the former work, says, "that blockhead, that has made a long commentary, in ten books, of rough verse, on the first chapter of Genesis." The subject of "Paradise Lost," however, is not quite so unfortunate as at first sight might be supposed. There is a broad outline, and plenty of room left for imagination to work in, in filling up; but such is not the case in regard to "Paradise Regained," or "The Messiah;" for the subject here resolves itself entirely into a "Harmony of the Gospels"—into a statement of plain matters of fact, which are of such a peculiar nature, that there is no room left for imagination to exercise itself legitimately in filling up. In truth, the awful denunciation with which the New Testament closes, seems almost calculated to discourage such attempts. Milton tried to obviate the difficulty here spoken of, and to procure elbow-room, as it were, for imagination to work in, by taking only the temptation in the wilderness as the basis of his poem on the Messiah. But still it was a failure; and Milton failed entirely from the cause which we have pointed out, viz., that the subject was in itself *too good*, and afforded no legitimate scope for filling up. Mr. Montgomery has certainly taken "elbow-room" enough for his Muse, one would think, in the work before us, at any rate; for he commences with a date anterior to the *creation of the world*, and never quits his subject till Nature itself deserts him—and then, of course, he is left in the lurch; but that is evidently no blame of his.—Thus he begins his subject:—

"Ere matter was, or Time his race began,  
Jehovah, with omnipotence begirt,  
In full effulgence reign'd, and fill'd the vast  
Immensity, where never world had hung,  
Or aught created moved; and thus enthroned,  
Himself was All;—the unapparent God.  
But Life the symbol of His Love became;  
He will'd a universe,—and lo, it was!"

\* The Messiah. A Poem, in Six Books. By Robert Montgomery, author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'Satan,' &c. London: John Turrill. 1832.

And thus he concludes it :—

"Another gaze! ere earth and nature die:  
The Spirit of eternity descends,  
Seven thunders speak, to heaven he lifts his arm,  
And utters—'Time and earth shall be no more.'—  
Creation withers at his dread command,  
And, like a shade, the Universe departs!"

We are not partial to English blank verse, for it is in general merely "rambling prose with a wider margin:" yet we don't deny that there may at times be very fine poetry found even in blank verse; but we think all poetry is the better of having the charm of metre to set it off, in the same way as the precious stone is all the better for the setting. Mr. Montgomery has not committed "the sin of rhyme" throughout this whole work, however, with the exception of the Song of the Angels at our Saviour's birth; and why he should have made them transgress in this respect, we do not clearly understand. Some parts of his composition are very pleasant and poetical, even although they are in blank verse; and we had several of them marked for quotation, but this we find our space will not allow. Speaking of plagiarism, however, we must quote the following lines from Book IV., and then ask Mr. Montgomery a question about them :—

"—Six stony water-pots antique,  
For pure lavation, such as holy rite  
Demanded, in the nuptial chamber stood!  
And each, obedient to Messiah's voice,  
With gushing water to the brim was fill'd;  
*When lo! the element, by power subdued,  
Blushed into wine, and glow'd beneath its God.*"

Now, in regard to the two last lines, which we have put in italics, and which contain the only poetry that is to be found in the passage,—we have merely to ask Mr. M. whether he ever saw the following lines on the same subject by Aaron Hill?—

"When Christ, at Cana's feast, by power divine,  
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,  
See! cried they, while in red'ning tide it gush'd,  
The bashful stream hath seen its God, and  
blush'd"

The coincidence here is certainly not a little remarkable.

On the principle of the "rotation of crops," we take now a piece of plain prose, viz., "The Mercantile Navy Improved."\* This is intended to be a very plain piece of English prose, but we must confess that the greater part of it is High Dutch to us. It seems to be "a plain unvarnished tale" or statement, made by a practical man, who understands his business, on a subject of the highest importance to a commercial country, viz., the doing away with various defects in the construction of steam

vessels and other merchant craft, as they are at present constituted. Mr. Ballingall's style of writing is far from being one of the clearest; and as the book is necessarily stuck full of technical terms, from beginning to end; it is no easy matter for us to comprehend precisely what the author would be at. The drift of his observations, however, tends to prove incontrovertibly, that, in regard to the construction of steamers and other merchant vessels, there are several radical defects which ought forthwith to be rectified. Mr. B.'s plan for rectifying these defects, seems to consist in the adoption of three things, which he demonstrates to be decided improvements in the construction of such vessels. These are, 1st, solid bottoms; 2dly, percolators connected with the pumps; and, 3dly, a marker or index on deck, to show when there is any and what quantity of water in the vessel. The very insufficient manner in which the sort of ships here spoken of are at present built—being in many cases only inch and half thick, which, Mr. B. says, "was all that was between the passengers, when the vessel was on the ferry, and the water, and probably eternity,"—is a matter which ought certainly to be attended to, for the sake of the public safety. The system of Insurance, is openly and directly blamed by our Author, as the efficient cause of the insufficient manner in which steamers and other merchant vessels are at present constructed. This is certainly a most alarming evil, and one which might and ought to be put a stop to by the Legislature :—

"Merchant steamers and merchant vessels, (says Mr. Ballingall), including East Indiamen, may, not inappositely be compared to stage coaches and stage waggons. The one set carry passengers and goods on the water for hire, the other set on the land. Now it would not be tolerated that the proprietor of a stage coach or waggon should have an unsafe vehicle, to break down and risk the necks and limbs of his Majesty's subjects, and lose the property committed to his charge, when the method of making a stronger and safer vessel was known and pointed out to him; nor would it be received as any exculpation, that a vehicle on the improved construction would cost him a sixth part more of price, or even a half, or even double the price; far less would it be allowed him to plead in justification, that his vehicle, although unsafe, was insured by a person who, in all probability, had never seen it,—like the majority of cases where shipping is insured; and that, so far as his pocket was concerned, it was his interest to have a cheap and insecure vehicle, instead of a strong and safe one. So far the comparison between steamers and merchant shipping, and stage coaches and waggons, holds good, except that the vessels, instead of breaking the necks and limbs of the passengers, drown them. But there it ceases; because the proprietor of a stage coach or waggon does not insure it,—and thence it becomes his interest to have a strong and safe vehicle, and which he procures accordingly.—The same causes would produce precisely the same effects in shipping.

"The root, origin, and real efficient cause, therefore, of the present unsafe state of steamers and merchant shipping, and, consequent drownings and loss of property, is the system of insurance."

Poetry, again. What have we here?

\* The Mercantile Navy Improved; or, a Plan for the greater safety of Lives and Property in Steam Vessels, Packets, Smacks, and Yachts; with Explanatory Drawings, and an Appendix, &c. By James Ballingall, Manager of the Kirkaldy and London Shipping Company, and Surveyor of Shipping for the Port of Kirkaldy. London: W. Morrison. 1832.



"The Western Garland."\* This pretty volume consists of a set of musical compositions, with poetical accompaniments, so that its contents are partly fitted to be either "sung or said," according as the fancy of purchasers may desire. Our talented townsman, Mr. T. Atkinson, the Author of "the Chameleon," figures as the *Magnus Apollo* of the Collection; as the eminent Professors of Music in Glasgow "had honoured me," says he, "in selecting my verses as the string to bind their Wreath together." Now, we must here declare, that, in regard to Music, we are, like many other *very great geniuses* whom we could mention, utterly and avowedly the perfectest ignoramuses imaginable. In fact, we are placed in much the same predicament by Nature as was that other *great man*, Samuel Johnson, who, we believe, was possessed of only so much knowledge of Music, as to be able to know the difference between the sound of a fiddle and a bagpipe. It is evident, therefore, that we must leave the examination of the Music of this Collection to some of our Critical brethren who are able to do it justice, and confine our observations entirely to Mr. Atkinson's verses, which we consider by no means the least important part of the concern. We have been always inclined to suppose, that there was truth in the common remark, that people strive on most occasions to put "the best foot foremost;" but in the present instance we do not think that it holds true. Mr. A.'s "Stanzas Introductory" is by no means the most happy of his present effusions. In attempting to be *innocent*, he has here become *childish*; and in attempting to be *playful*, he has become *trifling*. The concluding stanza, we think, is particularly "redolent" of all these faults, and therefore not worth quoting. The best in the Collection is "The Minstrel's Roundelay," as follows:—

"You bid me sing!—the notes are rude  
That I could e'er attune;  
Yet ruder far were sure the mood  
That could refuse such boon!  
Then let me touch again the string,  
Neglected many a day;  
—'Tis beauty teaches men to sing  
The Minstrel's Roundelay!

If e'er it turns to other themes—  
Fame, glory, war, or wine—  
'Tis but by fits it thrills, and seems  
Then only *half* divine:  
Of love and beauty when it speaks,  
We own like theirs *its* sway;—  
Their smiles alone for guerdon seeks  
The Minstrel's Roundelay.

—But, ah! the meed I once could woo,  
With all a lover's fire,

No more my heart—my hopes pursue,  
Since grief unstrung my lyre!

—Yet still some notes, like echoes lone,  
At times will o'er it stray;  
Then's heard, at Friendship's call alone,  
The Wanderer's Roundelay!"

The next best is, "For one fond hour with thee!" These two songs are excellent, and entitle Mr. Atkinson to rank amongst the best writers of English Songs of the present day. We can't say so much for his Scotch ones, however, of which there are two given here—"O could to me," and "Mary Shearer." It is, indeed, a very difficult thing to write a good song. Burns, Tannahill, Hogg, and Ramsay, have done wonders in Scotland in this way, and have, in fact, beat the whole world. There are not above a score of Songs of English growth that are decidedly popular, or that deserve to be so; whilst Scottish Songs, in great abundance, are chanted and admired in every quarter of the globe. We should, therefore, suppose that the Scottish dialect would be found to be better adapted for this sort of composition than the English language. Whether this be the case or not, there are few Song-makers of the present day—saving and excepting always Sir Walter Scott—who are fit to be mentioned in the same breath with those that we have spoken of. We would caution Mr. Atkinson against bringing in such an expletive as "faith" into any song, but more especially an English one, as it smacks rather *lowish*. We don't like the idea of a sweet sixteen-year seated at the piano, twisting her pretty mouth to the reiterated pronunciation of this "slang" monosyllable. Why, we would have her by-and-by giving herself airs, and talking about "'Pon honour," "It's all in my eye and Betty," &c., &c. In the same song in which this expletive occurs, Mr. A. has introduced an innovation which we cannot by any means agree with, and that is arming Cupid with a *Rifle*. Now, this we think, is not fair. We cannot allow the bow and arrows, which he has been possessed of from time immemorial,—“his bow of sugar-cane, or flowers, with a string of bees, and his five arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality”—we say we can't allow these articles to be taken away from the poor, dear, naked boy, and a *rifle* substituted for them. What! one of Captain Kincaid's Waterloo Rifles, with an "allowance" of sixty rounds of ball-cartridge clapt upon the innocent child! Why, at this hot season of the year, it would be enough to induce disease, and perhaps kill the poor thing outright. Then, again, who knows but that Mr. Atkinson, or some other poet, might carry the matter a little farther,—get one of the huge hairy caps of the Scots Greys clapt upon "Love's" head, and set him to cut the "Divisions" with a *broad sword* five times the *length* of himself! O no! brown Bess and the oil-rag won't do for Dan Cupid, so he must just content him-

\* The Western Garland. A Collection of Original Melodies, composed and arranged for the Voice and Piano-Forte, by Musical Professors of the West of Scotland. The Words by the Author of "The Chameleon." London: J. Willis. Glasgow: Mackellar and Robertson. Edinburgh: Purdie; Paterson & Roy; Robert-son.

self with his bow and arrows, notwithstanding of Dugald Dalgetty's denunciations against such weapons, as not fit to be used in Christian warfare,—till we see what better can be done for him.

As for Prose, again, here is a "New Historical Work,—To be completed in about Twenty Parts, price Two Shillings each,"\*—which amounts, we think, to "about" £2 sterling. This is rather a serious concern, and it must, therefore, be a matter of some importance to ascertain what we are likely to get for our Two Pounds, should our love for "The Highlands and the Highland Clans" be strong enough to lead us into the speculation. Dr. Browne is well known as a writer of very respectable abilities on certain subjects, amongst which we have no hesitation in classing the one before us; so that we are sure the matter, such as it is, has every chance of being well managed in his hands. The subject which Dr. B. has here chosen, or rather which, according to his own account, his Publishers have chosen for him,—is, in many points of view, extremely interesting; and we are, at the same time, aware, that notwithstanding all that has been done by General Stewart, Dr. McCulloch, and our friend Mr. R. Chambers—without speaking of Julius Cæsar and Tacitus—there remains yet a great deal to be said about it. "No work has as yet appeared," says the Doctor, "in which the subject of the Highlands and the Highlanders has been treated of in all its branches, or to which reference may be conveniently and safely made for such information as it is desirable for the public to have presented to them in an agreeable and accessible form."—"From the title of the Work, it will be seen that it naturally resolves itself into two parts, each requiring to be distinctly treated; first, a general history of the Highlands from the earliest to the present times; and secondly, a detailed account, partly genealogical and partly historical, of each sept or clan into which the aboriginal population was divided." The language, the local traditions, the usages, and general peculiarities of the Highland population of Scotland, are fast passing away; and we are glad, therefore, that a writer possessed of such extensive research, and powers of investigation as Dr. Browne, has stepped in to rescue whatever is valuable in these from being carried off into oblivion. The field is wide, as well in a geographical as in a moral and literary point of view. The line of demarcation between the Highlands and Lowlands has kept the inhabitants of these two divisions of Scotland so distinct, "that, for seven centuries," as General Stewart observes, "Birnam Hill, at the entrance into Athole,

has formed the boundary between the Lowlands and Highlands, and between the Saxon and Gaelic languages. On the southern and eastern sides of the hill, breeches are worn, and the Scotch Lowland dialect spoken, with as broad an accent as in Mid-Lothian. On the northern and western sides are found the Gaelic, the kilt and the plaid, with all the peculiarities of the Highland character. The Gaelic is universal, as the common dialect in use among the people on the Highland side of the boundary. This applies to the whole range of the Grampians; as, for example, at General Campbell of Monzie's gate, nothing but Scotch is spoken, while at less than a mile distant on the hill to the northward, we meet with Gaelic." The portion of the Work which is here presented, is certainly not of the most interesting description; being mostly occupied with an account of the warlike doings, chiefly fabulous, of the "salvages" who possessed the whole of the northern part of our Island, as well Highland as Lowland, in early times. We have, first, "according to the most authentic accounts that can be obtained, the names and topographical positions of the twenty-one tribes which at the time of the Roman invasion occupied the whole of North Britain,—a country at that time without agriculture, studded with bogs and covered with woods, almost in the state in which it had been formed by nature;"—and the Part concludes at the time of the union of the Scots and Picts under Kenneth. The matter will get more interesting of course as our Author proceeds; particularly when he gets about the time of the "Rebellions." "In as far, indeed," says he, "as regards the two rebellions, the history of these extraordinary occurrences still remains to be written; whilst the political links by which they were connected have never yet been attempted to be supplied by any competent hand. Of the short-lived and ill-conducted insurrection of 1715, there absolutely exists no readable or rational account; nor has the bolder and better sustained effort of 1745 been more fortunate in an historian. We have indeed had gossiping and garrulous narratives, manufactured out of scraps, collected from the most impure sources, and replete with the catch-penny trumpery which it is so much the fashion of the day to palm upon the Public—but NO HISTORY." This is smart work, Doctor! You have thrown down the RED-GAUNTLET with a vengeance. Sir Walter's "Tales of a Grandfather," as well as our good friend Mr. R. Chambers' *delectable* narratives in "Constable's Miscellany," and our *old* acquaintance "Ascanius, or the Young Adventurer," may now "go hang." "It remains to be seen," as you very wisely observe, "whether this HISTORY may not even yet be supplied." And we certainly expect, after this bold challenge, that it will be supplied by you.

\* A History of the Highlands and of the Highland Clans. By James Browne, Esq., LL.D., Advocate. Illustrated by a Series of Portraits and other Engravings. Glasgow: Fullarton and Co. 1832.

Here is another concern about the Highlanders, viz., "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*,"\*—which is to say, An extended Catalogue of Gaelic Books. Really people are wonderfully fond of being authors now-a-days, and of having their Works also "Dedicated with permission to his Most Gracious Majesty, William the Fourth," &c. &c. We wonder if his Majesty has derived much benefit from this Catalogue, for we can't say that we have. Glasgow can boast of two *Literary* Booksellers, however, Mr. Atkinson, and Mr. Reid,—and that is something. As to the renowned Gaelic Authors, whose memories are here embalmed, we must confess that we are such Barbarians as—with the exception of Ossian M'Fingal—never to have heard of their names before. Even in regard to Ossian himself, the only Gaelic Author whose Works are worth the putting into a Catalogue, we are clearly of opinion that the existence of such a person at the time fixed by M'Pherson is extremely problematical; and notwithstanding all that Dr. Browne has brought forward on the subject in the work above noticed, and in which he rather strangely brings M'Pherson on the carpet about the end of the *fourth* century,—we say, notwithstanding all that Dr. Browne and Mr. Reid have brought forward on the subject, it remains in our idea just as open to discussion as ever. "The subject," says Mr. Reid, "is, however, involved in much obscurity, notwithstanding the many inquiries which were made, both at that time, and in later periods; and this obscurity has been much deepened by the whole of the conduct of M'Pherson. If he ever had the original Manuscripts, and there appears to be little doubt on the subject, he took particular care to *destroy* them, in order to further his claims to being received as the original author." This charge of M'Pherson's having destroyed the original MSS. of Ossian, is certainly one way of cutting the Gordian knot at once; but it is a grave charge, and one that should not be advanced upon slight grounds,—yet here we have nothing but Mr. R.'s *ipse dixit* for it, and with this, we suppose, we must rest contented. Speaking of a work of one of these Gaelic Authors, Mr. R. says, "An attempt was made to render it popular in English, but it failed. Had it been Buchanan's fortune to have written in English, his name would have been familiarly known from John O'Groat's house to the Land's End." This gentleman's Poetry must have been very thin, if it could not stand being transferred into English. How curious it would sound to have such a remark applied to Homer—"Had it been Homer's fortune to have written in Eng-

lish," &c. Mr Reid's work has only confirmed us in the opinion, that the sooner the Gaelic becomes a *dead*, though not a *buried* language the better. "In many places of the Highlands," says he, "parents are also unwilling that their children should '*waste time*' in learning to read the Gaelic, in consequence of which the greater part of the youthful Gael talk neither English, Scottish, nor Gaelic, but a jargon made up of the three. The Gael find it to be their interest to study the English language; and, however patriotic their feelings may be in regard to their mother tongue, yet interest is a powerful charm, and the more the English is cultivated in the Highlands, the less attention will be paid to the Gaelic." This, we dare say, is quite true.

Turn we now to a bit of Poetry once more. What is it? "*Helvetic Hours*,"\* by the Author of "*Evenings in Greece*." From this we must suppose, that this gentleman has *lunched* in Switzerland and *supped* in Greece. In his Preface, which is a pretty longish one, our Poet says, "Neither Byron nor Wordsworth have left any description of the magnificent roads of Mount Cenis or the Simplon; nor Montgomery in his '*Wanderer*.' May not, then, a Scotsman, fond of such scenery as the sublime scenery of Helvetia, attempt some poetical outlines of the romantic routes made by Napoleon into Italy?—May he not, also, attempt some description of the lakes of Lugano and Locarno, as well as of Bienne, Lucerne, and Vordun?"—Oh, most assuredly there is nothing to hinder a *Scotsman* to attempt all this, and even much more; but the way in which he does it is another thing. For instance, does this *Scotsman* think that the following attempt is enough to put Wordsworth or Montgomery, without speaking of Byron, to the blush?—

"One tarried since, some time, on Como's bank,  
(In late, late years) a princess and a queen;  
Though high accomplished, and though high  
in rank,

But little wedded bliss this dame had seen.

Why left she England? Oh! I cannot tell;

She lived not happy with her high-born  
spouse:

Better a pair in hut should joyous dwell,

Than mint or taint their days by ill-accom-  
plished vows."

This is truly pitiable!—and we do not wonder at what the Author says, when he tells us, that he "*hath never enjoyed the celebrity of Byron!*"

We are done with Poetry, at least for one month. Here we have volume second of "*British India*," forming volume seventh of the "*Edinburgh Cabinet Library*."† In

\* *Helvetic Hours* : A Series of Poetical Pieces, descriptive of the Sublime Scenery of Switzerland and the Simplon. Edinburgh: Cadell & Co. 1831.

† *Historical and Descriptive Account of British India, from the most remote period to the present time. In three volumes. Vol II.—and 7th of Edinburgh Cabinet Library* Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. London: Simpkin & Marshall 1832.

\* *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*; or, an account of all the books which have been printed in the Gaelic language, with bibliographical and biographical notices by John Reid. Glasgow: John Reid & Co. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. London: Whittaker, Treacher & Arnot. 1832.



speaking of this production in our former number, we treated of it somewhat in detail; and the favourable opinion which we then gave of the work, is much increased by our perusal of this volume. The historical department of the work is here brought to a conclusion; and the after part of the volume, nearly the one half is occupied with very interesting, well-written details, regarding the mythology, the manners and literature of the Hindoos, the British Government in India, the British Social System in India, and, lastly, the Industry and Commerce of India. We are sorry that our limits do not admit of our entering farther into detail regarding this excellent work at present; but we have no hesitation in saying, that it is the cheapest and best work on India that has been yet attempted in this country.

We were anxious to conclude this article with something serious, and here it is. "A short Letter, addressed to the Labouring Classes, on the Cholera."\* The author, or, we believe, rather the *authoress*, of this small performance, seems deeply imbued with a pious and benevolent spirit; which has led her to take occasion, from the dreadful visitation of Divine Providence under which we are now labouring, to tender a kind word of condolence and of admonition to the lower classes of our population in particular. The style is simple, and, at the same time,

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\* A Short Letter, addressed to the Labouring Classes of Scotland, England, and Ireland, on the Subject of the Present Visitation of Cholera, along with a Sketch of the Origin and Progress of this Pestilence, &c. Edinburgh: Waugh & Innes. 1832.

impressive; and we consider such attempts as this, to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded bosom, and to stir up the thoughtless to a true sense of their situation, as extremely honourable to the feelings of any one, and more especially one of the softer sex. It has been well observed, that "he who is certain that his life is never a moment in his own power, will be as calm in the tempest as when he runs before the breeze. It is of little consequence whether the worm or the loud thunder destroy us; whether the earth open and swallow up a nation, or whether that people go down to their graves the single victims of death." All this is true, but still it is natural for us, guilty creatures as we are, to feel anxious as to the time and manner of our removal from this sublunary scene; especially at a time when the fearful workings of God's providence are abroad amongst us. The following observations from this Tract are just and salutary:—

"But how mercifully have *we* been hitherto dealt with, when I believe the word 'plague' has been almost forgotten in Scotland, since that fearful one in the reign of James IV., in the year 1513, when in Leith alone, though then only numbering from four to five thousand inhabitants, we hear that, between the months of April and December, three thousand individuals died,—until, we are told, 'the number of the dead was greater than the living!' Oh, then! my dear friends, whether to you this present pestilence has been sent as the Destroying Angel, beneath whose footsteps your best worldly joys have disappeared—or whether its mercy in sparing your household has awakened the throb of gratitude in your breasts—or whether towards your still untouched city or village its unseen breath is now stealing, and before its noisome gales sending forth the general message of alarm,—to each individual, under these various circumstances, the duty of *self-examination* is equally urgent."

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## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

RESUMING our narrative where we concluded in last number, by mentioning that his Majesty had lost the most favourable opportunity that would ever present itself of regaining his popularity, we proceed to say, that, at five minutes past four o'clock, on the 7th day of June, the English Reform Bill received the Royal Assent in the House of Lords, and became the law of the land. His Majesty, as was to be expected from his immediately previous conduct, did not choose to be present on an occasion so great, so glorious, and so fraught with blessings to the people. Small as this "plant of renown" is, it is destined to shoot up into a large tree, which will yet overshadow the land. Planted in the generous soil of England, it will be nursed with assiduity and care. After such a triumph on the part of the people, they have no cause to be afraid of accomplishing

any object which the constitution and liberties of the country may require; and they have learned the proper method by which this can be accomplished, namely—an enlightened and peaceful demand of their just rights. Upon Friday, June 8th, the Marquis of Northampton laid upon the table a bill to enable Members of Parliament to retain their seats on accepting office under the crown—after which it was moved, that the House go into Committee upon the Scotch Exchequer Courts' Bill. The boy Buccleugh opposed the motion; but it was ultimately carried, "that the Bill should be committed upon the Thursday following." In the Commons, on the 6th, upon the question being put, that the Speaker leave the chair, Mr. O'Connell moved that the Privilege of Parliament Bill should be committed that day six months, which, however, being negatived by a majority of 33, the House went

into Committee, *pro forma*. After agreeing that it should be fully committed on that day fortnight, the House resumed for a short time for the consideration of the "Scotland Arrestment of Wages Bill," the "Deccan Prize Money Bill," when, upon the motion of the Lord Advocate, the House again went into Committee on the "Scotch Reform Bill." The remaining clauses, as far as the 36th, inclusive, were in this sitting agreed to, after considerable discussion. The English Boundary Bill was then taken up and forwarded a stage. Next night, Mr. Stanley postponed his motion relative to illegal processions in Ireland till the Thursday following, upon which Mr. O'Connell pledged himself that no more Catholic processions should take place on the day of the Patron Saint. In the House of Lords, upon the 14th, the Marquis of Londonderry asked Earl Grey if he would put the law in force as Mr. Pitt did in 1794, or permit Political Unions to absorb the powers of government? to which Politico-unio-phobia the Noble Premier replied, "that he had an unabated reliance upon the good sense of the people, and he had no intention of introducing any new law upon the occasion." Monday, the 18th, the Exchequer Court Bill was read a third time and passed, notwithstanding all the opposition which the Duke of Buccleugh could give it. Next night, the Anatomy Bill was read a second time. The Irish Reform Bill was considered in Committee in the Lower House upon Monday, and further proceedings postponed until the 25th. Mr. O'Connell moved an instruction to the Committee, to extend the elective franchise to 40s. freeholders in fee; but this, as well as one or two other motions of a similar liberal tendency, was negatived by a considerable majority. Mr. Bulwer brought forward, on Thursday, his long-promised motion for the abolition of all taxes impeding the diffusion of knowledge. His speech contained much clear reasoning and sound argument; but, after a feeble debate, he withdrew his motion, pledging himself to bring it forward next Parliament if he should have a seat. There is an apparent unwillingness on the part of Ministers to carry some of their former professions into effect; for, excepting the passing of the Reform Bill, no other kind of Reform has been attempted during a period of 18 months. Since Lord Althorp engaged to bring these taxes under consideration in June 1831, twelve months have elapsed; and, after contriving twice to get rid of Mr. Bulwer's motion, his Lordship now apologizes by telling the country that it is too late in the Session to investigate a question of such serious import. The country must look to a Reformed Parliament for the abolition of this most injurious tax. After five different divisions in Committee upon the Scotch Reform Bill,

on the night of the 15th, in all of which Ministers commanded powerful majorities, the preamble of the Bill was agreed to, and the report ordered to be received on Monday. This night, the Irish Reform Bill afforded some pretty sharp skirmishing, after Mr. O'Connell moved an instruction to the Committee, "to extend the elective franchise to persons seised of any freehold estate, and occupying the same, of the yearly rent of £5, over and above all charges, except public taxes, county, cess, church, or other description of rates. Here, again, Ministers were impregnable, as well as in a similar motion brought forward by Mr. Mullens. Mr. Sadler's motion for introducing Poor Laws into Ireland, was lost by a majority of 19. Unhappy Ireland! thou complainest to no purpose! thy sufferings move no commiseration! but, ere long, retributive justice will be dealt out to thee, and that, too, to the full. Mr. Hunt brought before the House the subject of flogging in the army, and moved that an address should be presented to his Majesty, to dispense with corporal punishments till after the meeting of next Session. Mr. Hume seconded the motion. Sir John Hobhouse opposed the motion, and it was consequently thrown out by a great majority. Why? Sir John, at one time, pleaded strongly for the abolition of such a disgraceful punishment! But he is in office now; and we shall not hear another word from him upon the subject, until he again finds himself in opposition. Nothing of any consequence was done in the House of Lords until the 25th, when the order of the day was read for the abolition of the punishment of death. Both Lords Tenterden and Eldon opposed any alteration, chiefly on the ground that no secondary punishment was either known or sanctioned by law, which could operate to deter from the commission of crimes. The time, however, is fast approaching, when the sanguinary punishment of the English Criminal Code, "which makes us the reproach of neighbouring states," will be forced to give way to milder and more effectual correctives. Both Houses voted an address of congratulation to the King for having escaped, without injury, from the effects of a stone thrown at his person by a miserable creature of the name of Collins, at Ascot races. In the House of Commons an insidious attempt was made upon the third reading of the Scotch Reform Bill, to add a clause by way of qualification, enacting, that Representatives for Counties should be possessed of landed property to the amount of £600; and for Burghs, to the amount of £300; and all this when the people had ceased to have any farther solicitude about its becoming the law of the land—a measure which would have rendered the Bill nearly nugatory. Edinburgh and Glasgow became alarmed, and remonstrated.

ed with indignation—the Scottish Press spoke out with its usual force and candour—Members connected with the country did their duty—private letters to the Premier, Lord Chancellor, and Lord Advocate, were sent from the most influential in the kingdom, and the result was, that the whole of the obnoxious clause was withdrawn. The Bill finally passed the House on Wednesday night. It was carried up to the Lords next night, where it was read a first time without observation, and ordered to be read a second time on Wednesday. On the 25th, the Irish Reform Bill underwent farther consideration in Committee, in which some concessions, extending the franchise, were made by Ministers, which have given much satisfaction to the liberal Irish Members. Mr. Baring's motion for the re-committal of his Bill relative to the privileges of Members of Parliament, was carried by a majority of 19—the numbers being 69 for, and 50 against it. On Thursday, June 28th, Mr. Cutlar Fergusson moved for the production of a copy of the Imperial Manifesto respecting Poland, dated 26th February last, and of the organic statute which accompanied it. In one of the most brilliant and powerful speeches ever delivered within the walls of the House, he pointed out the atrocities of the Russian despot, and hoped the day was not distant when condign punishment would be inflicted upon the barbarian, and when the nationality of the brave Poles, who had, more than once, secured the liberties and religion of Europe, would be restored to the map of the world. In conclusion, he urged that Great Britain and France had a right to interfere, and show their determination, that the treaty to which they are parties shall not be violated with impunity, assuring them that their interference would not be in vain. Mr. O'Connell said, the barbarian conqueror had violated the treaty regarding the Poles in a manner such as no treaty had ever been violated before. The miscreant barbarian had violated all compact—had trampled on all rights,—“and was this Attila—this scourge of God, to found a new claim to the kingdom of Poland, because success had, by barbarian force, crowned his perfidy and infamy with triumph?” Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Baring, deprecated the use of insulting language towards the Emperor, and particularly the application of such terms as “miscreant.” Mr. Sheil said, Mr. Baring would have Members “mince their words, and mollify damnation with a phrase.” “He should, however, give the allowance he so freely took—he should pardon another for speaking of a miscreant on a throne, who described his fellow-citizens as blackguards in the streets.” After a most animated debate, the motion was agreed to, with the addition of a copy of the Polish constitution, moved for by

Sir Robert Peel. How will such language as this suit the great *Arctos*? In a few days it will be presented before his royal eyes. And what has been the result of all this? Lord Durham is already at the Court of St. Petersburg, charged with a special mission, the nature of which, none can be at a loss to conjecture. The House having resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, on the 30th, £1,000,000 was proposed, by way of loan, to the West Indian Planters, to enable them to re-construct the buildings burnt and destroyed in the late insurrection—one-half to be advanced to Jamaica, the other half to the other islands, where the effects of the hurricane had this season been so severely felt. After some conversation the motion was agreed to. The motion of Mr. Bulwer, for an address to his Majesty, to give a system of legislative representation to New South Wales, being opposed by Ministers, was lost by a great majority. It is gratifying, however, to know, that it has been resolved to extend to it the benefit of trial by Jury in course of next year. Mr. Stanley announced his intention of giving up the Irish Party Processions Bill, as it could not be passed in sufficient time to be of any effective service this year; but the fact is, that he was doubtful of its success, as it was threatened with opposition at every stage of its progress. The Irish Bill made some farther progress in Committee. On Monday evening, July 2nd, a grand stand was made by the Tories upon Lord Roden's delivering a long homily speech when moving an address to his Majesty, to take into his consideration the state of Ireland. His Grace of Wellington was unwilling to push the matter to a division; but the Duke of Cumberland, too sanguine in his expectations of a strong muster, insisted upon a division, in which, however, the majority against the motion was 41. The Scotch Reform Bill went through the second reading on Wednesday, with but very slight opposition from the anti-reformers. In the Commons, on the 5th, Mr. Stanley brought forward his new measures respecting Irish Tithes. The three Bills, in which the Ministerial measures are embodied, are—one, for making tithe compositions compulsory and permanent—another, to appoint a corporate body in each diocese, consisting of the Bishop and beneficed clergy, by whom the funds belonging to the joint body are to be collected, and divided among its individual members—and a third, to allow landlords to buy up or redeem their tithes, and the corporation of the diocese to invest the price in the purchase of land. Mr. James Grattan moved several resolutions by way of amendments, and, after some discussion, the debate, upon the motion of Mr. O'Connell, was adjourned to Monday. Next night Mr. W. Ross presented a petition from Banff, for an improvement in the corporations of the Scotch boroughs,



which was opposed by the conservative mis-representative for Edinburgh. Mr. Fergusson thought it but a matter of course that they should be improved after the Reform Bill was passed. Mr. Hume was astonished at the effrontery of the Member for Edinburgh, and said, the Scotch boroughs stood self-condemned by reports of Committees of the House. We have purposely refrained from noticing the case of the soldier Somerville, as Lord Althorp has pledged himself that a Court of Inquiry shall examine into the whole affair. Another opportunity will, therefore, occur. Nothing of consequence in the Lords until Tuesday the 10th, when the Scotch Reform Bill passed through the Committee without any material alteration. The report was brought up on Thursday, when the third reading took place with scarcely any opposition. On the Tuesday following, it received the Royal Assent, by Commission. In the Commons, on the 9th, the Irish Reform Bill got out of Committee; and here we must call—"halt," until we have another opportunity to resume.

## EUROPEAN CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—The affairs of this insulted and misgoverned kingdom, continue to occupy the attention of all Europe. Louis Philippe is deservedly unpopular. He has already shown himself a greater tyrant by far than Charles X.; but, that our readers may judge for themselves, we shall proceed to give a consecutive account of his acts. On his accession to the throne, the people naturally expected that he would follow up those principles which he had avowed, to which he had pledged himself, and without which Lafayette might at this day have been sitting in the Presidential chair of the Republic. His policy, with regard to the cause of Poland, was far from being acceptable to the people; and this policy, in conjunction with the odious *juste milieu* system of M. C. Perier, and the persecuting spirit which has been uniformly evinced towards the press, notwithstanding the fate of his predecessor in 1830, have done more to alienate the affections of the French nation, than perhaps any other act of his Government. The popular voice of the Chamber of Deputies is suppressed, because the majority are under the control of the government; but France, even under *King Massacre*, is not without fearless patriots, for M. Lafitte, and forty other deputies, met in consequence of the present circumstances, and subscribed a declaration to the King, representing the necessity of modifying the present system, and not concealing from Philippe their assurance, that, if prolonged, France, and the revolution of July, would become a prey to their enemies, concluding their notable document in the following memorable words:—"As for us, united by the same devotedness to that great and noble cause for which France has been fighting for the last forty years, we

will forsake it neither in its successes, nor in its reverses. Our lives are devoted to it, and we are confident that it will be finally triumphant." Within a few days the number of signatures had amounted to nearly 100.

The Duchess de Berri, it appears, was actually at the head of the movement in La Vendee, instigating the insurgents, under the title of "Regent of France," and proclaiming her son Henry V., accompanied by Marshal Bourmont and M. Menars. The Vendean displayed a bravery and determination worthy of a better cause, but they were speedily put down by the National Guard, and the troops of the line. Few of the Noblesse, however, appeared in open hostility to the government, how favourable soever they might be in their hearts to Carlism, which was perhaps fortunate for their safety, as the King's troops gave no quarter. Those of them who had been wrought upon either by the Duchess or the Marshall, threw down their arms at the first onset, and secretly retired either to their own residences, or to towns, where they might the more easily escape observation. The departments of Maine and Loire, La Vendee, Loire Inferieure, and others, were placed in a state of siege. Strict orders were issued to the National Guards and troops of the line, to disarm every man within these districts, and to capture all such, among a population including 2,000,000 souls. A simultaneous revolt was expected in Paris, but was checked by the activity of the police; however, thirty of the Carlists are said to have been arrested there, and large quantities of arms and ammunition of all kinds, besides medals of Henry V. Seditious writings and proclamations, signed by the Duchess, in name of her son, have been found in the houses. But it is impossible, in the present state of things, that such a cause can succeed; for, notwithstanding Philippe's pretensions to put down and arrest the rebels, and capture the Regent herself, it is reported that he despatched a confidential officer to offer her every facility to quit France. However, she still traverses the provinces, in perfect security, under the assumed title of Regent. Another movement, of a still more sanguinary description, followed in Paris, which may be regarded as wholly Republican. General Lamarque died on the 1st of June. He was an avowed Republican, and was the head of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies. The last act of his life was signing the protest of the forty-one Deputies. The funeral of this veteran warrior, and tried advocate of the rights of the people, was accompanied to the barriers, on its way to its native province, by almost all Paris. Seven thousand of the National Guard and regiments of the line, led off in bands, preceding the hearse, which was decorated with tri-coloured banners, drawn slowly forward by three hun-

dred youths, and surrounded by an immense mass of spectators. These were followed by a deputation of the Chamber of Deputies, headed by Gen. Lafayette, leaning on the arm of Gen. Clausel; and the procession was closed by bands of foreigners and Polish emigrants, bearing banners with appropriate devices, and by other public bodies, among which the printers made a conspicuous appearance. The junior legions of the National Guard brought up the rear. This huge moving mass, extending nearly four miles, proceeded with the utmost order to the head of the Rue de la Paix, when a deafening cry was set up by the crowd to bring the hearse round by Napoleon's Pillar, in the Place Vendôme, which was accordingly done; but on its approach, the troops which occupied the Hotel of the Etat Major, retired within, and shut the gates. At sight of this, the people were enraged, and instantly demanded that the military should come forth, and do honour to the deceased soldier, which the troops in the hotel refused. The National Guard then drew their swords, and threatened to storm the house if they did not immediately obey the voice of the people, upon which they had no alternative but compliance. General Clausel mounted the hustings which had been prepared for the occasion, after the procession arrived at the Place de Bastille, and delivered a funeral oration over the deceased, followed by General Lafayette and others, who respectively pronounced appropriate orations. From the numerous and contradictory reports, we are led to believe, that it was here, and at this stage of the proceedings, that actual hostilities first commenced, in consequence of the several societies getting involved in a brulzie with the dragons stationed at the Place de Bastille, while the ceremony was performing at the hustings; and, just as the unarmed National Guards, who had followed the procession, were returning, the military discharged their carabines, and charged down the Rue St. Antoine, by which a number of people were wounded. Indignant at the attack, the people, with one voice, shouted—"Aux Armes!"—"Vive la Republique!"—"Liberté!"—"Vive General Lafayette!"—Coaches and carts were immediately overturned, and formed into barricades in various parts of the city, to interrupt the advance of the cavalry and artillery; and, for the moment, the general impulse seemed to be, the annihilation of the existing government. They supplied themselves with arms and ammunition, by disarming parties of the National Guards, breaking into armourers' shops, and obtaining possession of a powder magazine, besides collecting missiles, by partially breaking up the pavement of the streets. At the same time they forcibly entered one of the banks, and carried off all the money they could find. Troops of the line now poured in from all quarters, but the people

stood firm. Considerable slaughter was made on both sides. The firing continued till midnight, but the military were victorious, and tranquillity was apparently restored. The King arrived in the evening, at a late hour, and reviewed the National Guard and troops of the line. By daybreak on Wednesday, the troops that had entered the city were not fewer than 40,000, and the National Guard amounted to as many. The troops were again inspected in the morning, after some severe fighting near the Halle, in which the insurgents were completely routed. Every thing appeared quiet until 3 or 4 in the afternoon of Wednesday, when the firing recommenced upon a house in the Rue St. Martin, which had been seized by the insurgents. General T. Sebastiani gave the rioters ten minutes to surrender, at the expiry of which he charged, and, according to accounts, killed 1000 out of 1100, by whom the house was occupied. The students of the Polytechnic and Alfort schools, mingled in part of the affray. Such is a succinct account of the disturbances in Paris, which at no period seem to have been attended by more than 3000 or 4000 rioters. The whole, indeed, appears to have been begun without concert, and continued without aim,—neither sympathized in by the citizens, nor aided by the military. Persons to the number of 2000 and upwards are said to have been arrested; and the Press has been destroyed, or put under restrictions. The city was declared to be in a state of siege, and martial law proclaimed, which very much disgusted the Parisians,—a measure which the most imperative necessity only could justify. After order was restored, and general support afforded to the Government, it was undoubtedly a violation of the laws. France cannot long continue in its present state—a tremendous and final explosion will ere long take place, and King and kingdom, with them, be among things that were. REGNUM FUIT will be inscribed upon all their records.

To suppose, for a moment, that the rising in La Vendee in favour of the expelled dynasty can now succeed, is the very acmé of stupidity. No! the French people must go forward, and that speedily. A crisis cannot be far off in that country, which will terminate in the restoration of those blessings bought by the best blood of France on her Three Glorious Days. If Louis Philippe is really desirous of retaining the sovereignty of the country, and reigning with honour to himself, and blessing to the nation, he ought at once to call to his councils Lafayette, Odillon Barrot, Lafitte, and the other prominent friends of France and of liberty. The spirit of freedom is abroad; it is making its way silently, but securely, in every land, even among the armies of despotism: whole nations have been aroused by its inspiration, and all the myriads of barbarous power shall not be able to extinguish it.

The Courts-martial were not long in commencing their sittings. The first trial was that of M. Pepin, a grocer, and captain in the National Guard. It was proved that arms were found in his house, and that, when taken out of it, his hands were blackened with gunpowder, and that a number of shots had been fired from the house. Six of the Court declared for his acquittal, and only one for his condemnation. The second was named Vachez, a baker. He protested against the competency of the Court, but said he was ready to yield to a force which he could not withstand. He was unanimously acquitted. Geoffroy, a painter, was next arraigned. He was charged with carrying a red flag, and distributing cartridges and powder among the populace. This was proved, as well as his having had a quantity of flints and percussion-caps in his pockets when arrested. He, too, protested against the jurisdiction of the Court, but was found guilty by a majority of 6 to 1. Sentence of death was passed upon him, with liberty to appeal to the Cour de Revision, and afterwards to the Cour de Cassation. A man named Margot was convicted of firing, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. These, however, were but small deer, but the Royal Hunter soon found nobler game. The celebrated Chateaubriand, Hyde de Neuville, and the Duke de Fitzjames, were afterwards arrested, on the charge of being implicated in certain plots contrived by M. Berryer, a Member of the Chamber of Deputies, who had been previously arrested at Nantes. Chateaubriand and Hyde de Neuville were treated with marked respect, and lodged at the Prefecture. Towards Fitzjames no such courtesy was observed. Chateaubriand declared his innocence in a letter to the Editor of the *Journal des Debats*. Fitzjames transmitted to the Prefect of Police a document, in which he denied the authority under which he had been arrested. A man named Leger was convicted, and sentenced to hard labour for 20 years. Another man was acquitted. A lady was tried and acquitted before the Second Council. Two men were on trial before the First Council on the same day, who were convicted. While these things were going on, the prisons and hospitals were crowded, the streets filthy to a degree absolutely pestilential; the summer was more than half over; no court, no pomp, no show, no amusements, no trade, no confidence, no commerce, no security; the hotels were literally empty, the lodging-houses abandoned, the streets dull and lifeless, the public walks deserts. Such was the situation of Paris, at the close of the THIRD REVOLUTION,—a city once so famed for the gaiety of its inhabitants. As was expected, the Court of Cassation declared the proceedings of the Courts-martial null, being contrary to the constitution, and the "State of Siege" was raised by a decree. The Court commenced its sittings on the 29th of June, and as soon as it was known that

the appeal of Geoffroy was to be called, the Court became thronged before the President took his seat. Odillon Barrot contended against the legality of the Court by which the prisoner had been tried. After three hours' deliberation the Court quashed and annulled the proceedings, and declared that Geoffroy should be detained and sent before the examining officer of the tribunal of Paris. After the delivery of the judgment, the Court for some moments resounded with the cry of *Vive la Cour de Cassation*. Immediately after the decision, Ministers proceeded to St. Cloud, when the repeal of the ordonnance establishing Martial Law was resolved on, and the question of an immediate convocation of the Chambers was discussed. The *Moniteur* of the same day declared Paris to be no longer under Martial Law. Gentle Reader! this decision is of more importance than fifty Revolutions, for it places the arm of the law in triumphant superiority over brute force. Most of the French Journals considered the impeachment of Ministers inevitable. Poor Louis Philippe! in what a pitiable predicament you are! His situation is not unlike that of our own Tories. Both have attempted to play the tyrant without success; and, now divested of their fangs, by which only their venom can be rendered dangerous, they are objects of contempt. If the Ministers of the French King are sent to Ham, to associate with Polignac, it is very probable that the King himself may come over to Holyrood, to amuse himself, and enjoy a few days' shooting with Charles X. The Duchess de Berri is still in France, and there is good reason for believing that the Government have all along known her places of concealment, but that they do not wish to seize her. Accounts from Paris, July 3d, however, at last confirm her departure from France. A general European war seems just on the eve of breaking out. The continental despots, especially those of Austria and Prussia, are meditating an attack upon France, with the view of putting down European liberty, but the *people* of France will be found equal to the crisis. Austria is moving upon Switzerland,—Prussia upon the Rhine. Louis Philippe holds out obstinately against the popular will. He must be got rid of, by hook or by crook. He cannot succeed in forming a Ministry; and the Chambers, it is said, are not to be convoked before October. The anniversary of the Revolution of 1830 approaches.

GERMANY.—A great political meeting of the liberals of Germany was held at Hambach, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of May. Fully 20,000 persons were assembled, and the national Germanic flag, with an immense number of smaller ones, was exhibited. Tents were pitched in the valley, under the ancient ruins of Hambach castle, ornamented with banners and inscriptions. With regard to the political and moral result, something more solid than show, however, is expected. At a private meeting in the Schieshaus, the por-



traits of all the reigning German princes, or caricatures intended to represent them, were trampled on, torn and burned; and the national union of Germany solemnly pledged and sworn to. The meeting has produced a great sensation throughout Germany; so much so, that the Sovereigns of Western and Northern Germany dread the celebration of another festival. Even the Grand Duke of Baden has declared against such general assemblages, and has issued his manifesto, forbidding any meeting for similar purposes within the states of his Grand Duchy. Russia and Austria, with several of the small Germanic States, have entered into a treaty, offensive and defensive, against the encroachments of popular power, and of the press. Wirth, and several other popular writers, have been arrested, because of the freedom of speech in which they indulged at Hambach. But all will not do. Encouraged by the success which has crowned the exertions of the people of Great Britain, they will go on until they, too, shall be emancipated from regal and aristocratical despotism.

**HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.**—The Dutch King has protested against the 65th Protocol as arbitrary and unjust, and has resolved to have recourse to a *coup d'état* of the boldest and most striking character, if the Conference shall determine to resort to hostilities. On the approach of an English fleet or French army, the kingdom of Holland ceases to be. He will declare himself Stadtholder of the United Provinces; in that character he will issue letters of marque, and invite not only his

own State, but the owners of foreign vessels, to make reprisals on the ships of his enemies, in virtue of similar letters. He will probably call on Hanover and France to follow the example of Holland, in declaring themselves republics. There is a character about the King of Holland, of which his enemies seem to be ignorant; and there can hardly be a doubt that, if he act on this determination, all Europe would be revolutionized before Holland could be subjugated. He seems resolved to sacrifice both himself and his country rather than yield to foreign dictation. The Belgians say, the matter must be settled between themselves, but the Dutch King will not condescend to treat with Leopold, and has once more appealed to the five Allied Powers, allowing them two months to decide.

**PORTUGAL.**—Don Pedro's fleet has not yet arrived; but, it is probable, that the fate of the kingdom will be sealed before our time of publication, as the whole armament would reach its destination, certainly not later than the 15th.

**AMERICAN CONTINENTS.**—The great length to which we have been obliged to extend our account of the revolution in France, and the interest which still attaches to our Parliamentary proceedings, forbid us to introduce any thing transatlantic in our present number. Very fortunately there is nothing urgent, with the exception of a riot at the West Ward election, Montreal, in which four men were shot. This, however, must stand over until our next.

## AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

WHAT a glorious prospect is before our countrymen! It may be safely predicted that the year will be crowned with plenty, and it is well that it is so, for trade never was worse than at present. Many thousands are every week unemployed; but, while we heave a sigh of sympathy for our suffering countrymen, in the hope that their privations will soon be over, we are happy to add, for their consolation, that if their income be small, the necessities of life will be cheap. Hay harvest began in the county of Edinburgh about the 20th of last month, and by the 30th the greater part was cut. It was most luxuriant. Indeed, one notice upon this head may serve for all; for, from all parts of the three kingdoms the reports are the same; but, in Devonshire, and other parts of England, particularly around London, hay-making had been greatly impeded by heavy rains that fell about the middle of the month. In Sussex, hail-storms were so severe, that hen pheasants were found dead on their nests, and many full-grown leverets were

killed by the same means. For many years the mower's arm has not had to contend against so powerful a swathe: it is everywhere heavy, and upon some soils has produced four hundred stones an acre. This, with the great promise of straw, must render hay very cheap, although there is not a great quantity of last year's crop in the yard. Pastures and meadows, too, continue very rich. The wheat crop in East Lothian has seldom been so full of promise. It is all in ear, and appears to be very bulky. The fly has done little injury, and, in all probability, its ravages will be perceptible only in the spring-sown portion of the crop. Barley and oats were both very promising at the date of last report; but turnips had suffered much from the beetle, and required to be sown a second time. The same complaint existed in Lanarkshire, where there were instances of a third sowing. In Roxburghshire, early sown Swedes were repeatedly cleared off by the fly; and from the effects of a thunder-storm which visited that district about

the 13th, both Swedes and whites again suffered from a deluge of rain, which rendered the land, for a time, unfit either for the plough or the sowing machine. The general appearance of this crop, therefore, in that county, is unfavourable, and a great proportion of it will be late. The same heavy rains and high winds which succeeded, were not, however, without their beneficial effects; for we learn from the *Leeds Mercury*, that they delivered the woods from a host of caterpillars and other insects, by which they had been well nigh devoured. We cannot omit mentioning here, a new species of wheat, that does not seem liable to the attacks of fly. In the Highland Society's Transactions it is said to have been found accidentally. It is most prolific, grows a foot taller than the common wheat, but is not like Revel wheat: it is awned, and somewhat like the Egyptian, but of a clearer colour, without the protuberances of the latter. If once a supply of this variety for seed is found, the fly will be starved. Of a patch, standing in the middle of a field, where every ear of the common wheat was hurt, and where flies were very numerous, not one ear of the new species was touched, although other bearded varieties suffered. Potatoes have, in several instances, failed to a considerable extent, from a cause hitherto little felt. It is supposed that the cuttings, or parent plants, either decay, or put forth roots with a worthless potato or two adhering; and at no time do they obtain a stem or shaw. These are called *blind potatoes*. This is very probably an agricultural ruse, to cry up a deficiency, so as to improve upon last year's prices, but it is impossible that it can succeed, as the ground never bore a better-looking crop than the present. Farmers must continue to cultivate great breadths of potatoes, from the great importance they are now allowed to have in field culture. The extension, however, of this root, as a measure of real

permanent utility, has been questioned by men of sound practical knowledge and experience, to whose minds an enlarged produce of that food, which will *barely* sustain human life, does not present many advantages. From all parts of the country the most gratifying accounts may be read in the provincial journals; but it seems to be the general opinion, that harvest will be a fortnight later than last year. From England and Ireland we learn that the fruit crop promises to be most abundant. Not so in the vale of Clyde: the *haud*, as it is provincially termed, is much smaller than was at one time expected. The trees were greatly thinned by the high winds in June.—Markets remain unchanged, with the exception of cattle, which are selling high. At Shotts fair, on the 26th ult., queys after a first calf brought readily from £6 to £8; and those after a second calf, from £12 to £14, if of a proper breed and body. At Earlstoun fair, good two year olds brought from £8 to £10 a-head, year olds from £5 to £6. At the West Linton sheep market, on the 26th, wether hogs brought from 11 to 15 guineas a-score; dinmonts, from £16 to £18 per score; and ewe hogs from £12 to £17 10s. Some lots were re-sold next day at an advance of 1s. 9d. a-head. Sellers appeared to be quite sensible that the stock was above the fair value—nay, they even obtained half-a-crown a-head more than they had valued them at home. Store farmers expect good prices for this year's clip, as the stock on hand is greatly exhausted. The present state of the money market, however, will operate injuriously.

Judging from all the accounts we have received, nothing can be more favourable than the present appearance of every growing crop; but it would be still premature to draw any determinate conclusion with regard to productiveness, they being yet exposed to many contingencies.

## COMMERCE, MARKETS, AND MANUFACTURES.

JULY 23, 1832.

WE greatly regret that the commercial aspect of the country, since our last report, has assumed a most decided gloom. The temporary stimulus felt in several branches of business immediately after the passing of the English Reform Bill soon died away, and complaints became general of the want of demand, and its corollary low prices. With the exception of some isolated branch of the great tree of British industry, let us view it from whatever position we may, it at present presents but a withering appearance. The provinces and the metropolis, for the greater part of the month, have echoed to each other but one similar outcry of unprecedented dullness of trade.

The great cause, undoubtedly, of this state of things, is the continued ravages of that fearful malady which is at present devastating the world, overrunning it with giant strides, and crushing with a giant's strength, and a demon's malignity, the political and moral energies of individuals and of empires. Since this time last month, the progress of the distemper has been truly terrifying. In Scotland, England, and Ireland, the fatality of the disease has been tenfold; and from the circumstance that its inroads have been made chiefly among the manufacturing districts and principal seaports, the effect upon commerce, trade, and manufacturing industry, has been most lamentable. In

our last we noticed its appearance in America; but since then, the havoc it has made in that country, among all classes, has been quite unequalled in this, by any thing that has hitherto occurred. At Quebec and Montreal, in particular, it has been awfully severe; and trade was completely at a stand. Many of the shops were shut up, and people flying into the interior for their lives. All of the upper country merchants who had come to Quebec to lay in their supplies had fled home; and many of the steam-boat proprietors were obliged to lay the vessels up in consequence of the men, engineers and all, having deserted. The state of the Bank Question, as well as Cholera, however, must have had a considerable share in inducing the present dullness—which is certainly greater than even what is usual at this stagnant season. The uncertainty and distrust regarding that question, in the very feeble state in which the principle of commercial regeneration has been so long kept, has spread much gloom and embarrassment. Certain members of the Committee, it is alleged, are endeavouring, by various manœuvres, to bring the inquiries to an abrupt and premature close; but although early information on that point would be very desirable, we feel satisfied that after Lord Althorp's declaration, that the investigation should be full and fair, such trickery can only terminate in the complete discomfiture and to the

shame of the parties concerned. What is more to be dreaded, is a collusion said to exist between the Bank directors and the country bankers: the equally active and insidious movements of the latter gentlemen require to be watched, for they are, in an equal degree with the former, disposed to sacrifice the public interest to their own.

In the money market scarcely any new feature has presented itself since our last. The funds have varied very little in their price until last week, when consols were depreciated nearly 2 per cent., and there being some fear that the discordant elements on the Continent may possibly, at no remote period, come into collision, and lead to convulsion, speculations are limited, and not entered into with confidence. The Foreign funds have been like our own—extremely little doing in any of them.—Within these two weeks, Portuguese Stock and Regency Scrip were somewhat on the advance, from the anticipated success of Don Pedro; but latterly they have receded, from the holders cherishing a less favourable idea as to the result of the expedition. In the other descriptions of foreign stock, the variation during the month has been immaterial.

The following is the abstract of the net produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the years and quarters ended on the 5th July, 1831 and 1832, showing the increase and decrease on each head thereof:—

|                    | Years ended July 5.     |            | Increase. | Decrease. |
|--------------------|-------------------------|------------|-----------|-----------|
|                    | 1831.                   | 1832.      |           |           |
| Customs.....       | 16,307,295              | 14,844,911 | ...       | 1,462,384 |
| Excise.....        | 15,644,559              | 14,658,716 | ...       | 985,843   |
| Stamps.....        | 6,504,213               | 6,552,829  | 48,616    | —         |
| Post-office.....   | 1,397,017               | 1,346,000  | ...       | 51,017    |
| Taxes.....         | 4,935,709               | 4,905,941  | ...       | 29,768    |
| Miscellaneous..... | 585,020                 | 403,568    | ...       | 181,452   |
|                    | 45,373,813              | 42,711,965 | 48,616    | 2,710,464 |
|                    | Deduct Increase.....    |            | ...       | 48,616    |
|                    | Decrease on the Year    |            | ...       | 2,661,848 |
|                    | Quar. ended July 5.     |            | Increase. | Decrease. |
|                    | 1831.                   | 1832.      |           |           |
| Customs.....       | 3,754,865               | 3,515,569  | ...       | 239,296   |
| Excise.....        | 3,332,097               | 3,388,325  | 56,228    | —         |
| Stamps.....        | 1,630,109               | 1,615,243  | ...       | 14,866    |
| Post-office.....   | 358,006                 | 304,000    | ...       | 54,006    |
| Taxes.....         | 2,016,981               | 1,934,510  | ...       | 82,471    |
| Miscellaneous..... | 105,500                 | 95,346     | ...       | 10,154    |
|                    | 11,197,558              | 10,852,993 | 56,228    | 400,793   |
|                    | Deduct Increase.....    |            | ...       | 56,228    |
|                    | Decrease on the Quarter |            | ...       | 344,565   |

The above table exhibits a serious defalcation; and we regret this state of matters, in so far as it marks a decline in the prosperity of the country, but in every other point of view we derive much satisfaction

from it. £7,500,000, of course, must be raised for the service of the next quarter, by an issue of Exchequer Bills, for nothing but dire necessity will ever cause a reduction to be made in the national expendi-



ture: Still we are glad to think the people have this year paid two millions and a half less to the Treasury than last year; for so long as money is received by any government, means will be found for spending it; and we will never think the revenue too low, while hundreds of thousands are annually wasted in extravagance and absurdity.

The Foreign Trade, during the month, has been considerably on the decline, which has arisen from the glut, noticed in our last, in the markets, both on the Continent and in America, but principally on account of the pestilence now so generally prevalent. In the island of Malta and at Gibraltar, much pecuniary embarrassment has resulted, from the extraordinary supply of goods sent out in spring. Trade with France has been somewhat benefited by a late Ordinance of the French Government, reducing the tonnage dues on British vessels entering the ports of France from the United Kingdom, from 4*l.* 12*c.* to 1*l.* 50*c.* The settlement of this question, with others of minor importance, which have been under discussion since 1826, may be the means of considerably improving our commercial position with our Gallic neighbours.

The trade with Portugal has continued gradually on the decline as the present crisis in the affairs of that country approached; and now an almost total stagnation of mercantile transactions has been effected. The non-payment of any bills that may fall due during the struggle, is to be expected; but we trust the unnatural war now waging will speedily terminate, without much shedding of blood, and commercial operations be resumed with that country under a more liberal and healthy Government. On the agitating subject of the American Tariff, a satisfactory conclusion has not yet been come to; and such is the political excitement in that country regarding it, that an amicable adjustment of the question seems farther off than ever. The Tariff *projet* gave great pleasure to several of our manufacturing districts, whose business the proposed reduction of duty was calculated to materially benefit; but it is now supposed the original scheme of the new Tariff will be very much modified.

Since our last report, £1,000,000 of Exchequer bills has been granted, by way of loan, for the relief of our West India interests. One-half of this sum is to be devoted to repair the losses sustained by the Jamaica planters, during the late insurrections,—the other half provides against the sufferings experienced from the hurricane in Barbadoes, and other West India islands. This certainly is a boon that will, in some slight degree, afford a momentary alleviation to the distresses of the planters; but quite another description of relief must be taken into consideration, ere our colonial government can be said to work well.

A treaty of perfect reciprocity has lately been entered into betwixt England and the State of Frankfort. Goods are made liable to the same duties on both sides, whether imported in British or Frankfort vessels, and these are admitted to the ports of either country on the same footing.

The disputes between the Chinese authorities and our Government in the East, so long pending, seems to have made no further progress towards adjustment, and nothing can as yet be traced likely to lead thereto,—consequently, the interest of our merchants in that quarter of the world, remain in the same unsatisfactory state as heretofore. From Calcutta we have nothing more favourable to report of the Indigo crop. Opium has been on the decline. In the Bengal market, European articles, especially cotton piece goods, still meet with little inquiry.

The import trade in coffee and sugar from the Havannah and Matanzas, has continued very brisk; within these two weeks, however, the market seems surcharged with produce, the consumption not keeping pace with the production, which, especially in coffee, has been extreme. The exchange on London is falling. The demand for manufactured goods, it would appear, has sustained a slight improvement, and we are glad to report that the productions of the Glasgow looms are the favourites in the Cuba markets. Except, however, to some places on the Continent, one or two of our colonies, and limited assortments for the United States, our foreign commerce has considerably retrograded.

In London, during the first two weeks of the past month, there was much activity in the British plantation sugar market, and a slight advance was obtained upon the previous rates; since then the demand has gradually subsided, and prices have fallen to the former point. The dullness in refined sugar still presses heavily upon the market for raw, although the stock of the latter is 15,000 casks short of the quantity held at same period of 1831. Molasses have scarcely been inquired for. Rum has continued in steady demand, and the recent imports have met with ready sale. Coffee sold freely and at full prices, until the second week of July; the market then became flat, and the latest sales establish a slight reduction in prices. There has been a very good demand for cotton wool, and some extensive transactions made for exportation. Prices are rather higher.

British plantation sugar has been in very good demand during the month in Liverpool, and prices have slowly been improving. Molasses have also had a steady sale at rising rates. Latterly the smallness of the stock has limited the transactions. In the inferior qualities of coffee there have been extensive sales, and prices are considerably higher. The better kinds being less in request, have

rather declined. Holders of Rum have been very firm, but the recent increase in their demands has checked the extent of business. Cotton wool continued to experience a good demand until the middle of July, and prices had advanced about  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. A very heavy importation at that time abated the inquiry, and a decline of  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. has since taken place.

In Glasgow during the month, the sugar market has been steady in price, but the demand very limited. In molasses some extensive sales have recently taken place, and prices advance. Rum continued dull up to the middle of this month, when some inquiries were made for it, but no material improvement can be reported. In coffee the market has been very bare of late, but the currency does not improve. At the end of June and beginning of this month cotton wool rather advanced, since which, owing to large importations into Liverpool and the Clyde, it has become languid. In other articles of colonial produce there is little variation.

In the Irish market butter has sustained an improvement since last report, but recently it is down again; bacon and other produce are extremely firm, and beef is on the rise.

In the grain markets we have no alteration of much importance to notice. The supplies of the foreign article have continued unabated, and, with the exception of the first qualities of wheat, a slight fall in prices in the markets generally may be said to have taken place. The harvest everywhere promises to be most abundant.

Cattle markets still retain their altitude as to price; young animals are the favourites; but all descriptions, we observe, bring excellent prices in the markets generally. Horses are high in price, but sales are not easily effected. In the sheep market the same improvement we noticed last month continues. The farmers are in high expectation of good prices for their wool this season, as the stock on hand is greatly exhausted, and the woollen manufactures have made considerable improvement, although we cannot say much for them at present.

In London there has been no improvement in the wholesale trade for the foreign market. The shipping interests of London, Liverpool, the Clyde, and the other more extensive outlets of commerce, are evidently all in a worse condition than at our last report. The accounts from the various manufacturing districts in England, are anything but cheering. Every branch of trade in Yorkshire and Lancashire is severely feeling the infliction of cholera, in defiance of all efforts to allay apprehension in the public mind. In several of the clothing districts, indeed, some of the leading manufacturers are said to have raised the wages of the workmen, having

made the discovery that the destruction of the working classes as consumers, rather tends to diminish than increase their profits. The iron trade is presently labouring under unprecedented distress. This has been gradually brought on ever since the alteration in the value of gold in 1823, a measure which has pressed so severely on the industry of the country, that an early revival of it is absolutely necessary. The glass and carpet trades have also been much injured by the measure, and it has tended, after a series of excitements, to produce the present state of convulsion amongst our mining population. Indeed, there is scarcely a branch of our home manufactures, in which it is not the cause of existing distress to a greater or less extent.

The cotton manufactures of Glasgow have not improved since our last report, and the number of unemployed weavers, both in town and country, has increased. The foreign markets are still generally unfavourable, and the demand for the home market is usually limited at this season. There is, however, a general impression, that the autumn trade will improve, if the Bank of England do not, by hurting the circulating medium, tend to check confidence.

In Paisley the trade has been increasingly worse during the last four weeks, and consequently great distress exists among the working classes. Such is the general stagnation, that it is needless to point out what descriptions of goods are doing worst. Preparations for the autumn trade in Thibets, should now be going briskly forward, but all is quiet—hardly a web giving out. The style of shawl borders which prevailed in the spring will not do, and the French style, which has been only generally in vogue for about two months, is said to be finished. In a foreign trade like that of Paisley, working people would require to be able to make, in one half of the year, sufficient to enable them to go about idle during the other.

In Kilbarchan, as in most of the country manufacturing small towns and villages, the dullness of trade is very severely felt. The evils under which the whole community at present suffer, are of a most extensive and complicated nature, and time, and the devoted attention of a Reformed Parliament, can alone mollify them.—From the advancement of rival States in manufacturing ingenuity, and from their possessing many privileges of a commercial nature denied to Britain, it would well become our legislature to do all that in it lies for the removal of every restriction that in any way tends to cramp the native energies of our country, or crush the spirit of enterprise and industrial endeavour, that still adheres to its inhabitants.

## DEATHS OF DISTINGUISHED INDIVIDUALS.

UNDER this head we have, for the present number, but a small list compared to that in our last.

## MISS PORTER.

Miss Anna Maria Porter, the celebrated novelist, died on Thursday, the 28th June, at the residence of Mrs. Col. Booth, Mountpelier, near Bristol, where she was on a visit.

## SIR JAMES HALL.

Died, at his house, Edinburgh, on the 23d ult., Sir James Hall, Bart., of Dunglass, in the 72d year of his age.

The following brief, but judicious notice of this distinguished man, is by a correspondent of the Times:—The death of this eminent philosopher, extinguishes one of the last of a bright constellation of genius and science, which marked the commencement of the present century. Sir James Hall, who devoted himself from his earliest years to the cultivation of science, and became eventually the President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, was the friend and companion of Playfair, Wollaston, Davy, and of all the other prominent names of the day. He delighted to engage those master-spirits in that amicable kind of controversy, which has for its object the sincere purpose of elucidating truth;—he was ever ready, at any cost of patience or labour, to investigate the foundations of his opinions by the rigorous test of experiment. In this walk of philosophy, Sir James Hall rendered himself particularly remarkable, not merely by the boldness and originality of his conceptions, and the penetrating sagacity by which he anticipated consequences, but by the ingenuity with which he devised his trials, so that the results might not merely satisfy himself, but carry irresistible conviction even to the minds of the most resolute of those who maintained scientific doctrines opposed to his own. We have not room to instance more than one or two of these brilliant experiments. Dr. James Hutton, who may well be called the father of the present system of geology, in his well-known Theory of the Earth, had asserted that the great class of rocks called Trap or Basalt, owed their origin to fire; or, in other words, that they must all at one time have been in a state of fusion, like melted lava, with which, in fact, he conceived them to be identical. The opponents of this theory said, "This cannot be true, for if we melt a piece of basalt it becomes, on cooling, a mass of glass, not of stone; therefore it can never have been in a state of fusion." Dr. Hutton at once perceived the want of keeping between the experiments tried by his opponents, and those stupendous operations carried on by nature, and he reasoned thus:—"If nature melts a mass of rock of great extent, it will, as a matter of course, cool very slowly. We cannot imitate nature in the scale of her proceedings, but we may in the rate at which she works." This argument the author of the Theory considered sufficient. But his pupil, Sir James Hall, led, we believe, by some circumstances connected with melted lava which had fallen under his own observation at Vesuvius, determined to try what

could be done. He accordingly took a piece of basalt, melted it, and in the first instance cooled it rapidly. It became glass as he had expected. He now melted this piece of glass; but instead of allowing it to cool quickly, gave it several hours, and in some cases many days, to adjust its mysterious arrangement of crystals, and in the end it came out a mass of stone so identical with the original rock, that the closest scrutiny could scarcely detect the difference. In like manner, it was denied that Dr. Hutton's igneous theory of limestone could be founded in fact, since even a moderate temperature drives off the carbonate acid, and leaves only quick-lime, an infusible material. "Very true," said Dr. Hutton, "but why should we suppose that nature will permit the carbonic acid to fly off? Who knows but it may act as a ready flux to the quick-lime, when heated and forced to remain in union with it, under an adequate degree of pressure from the superincumbent ocean?" Dr. Hutton had doubts whether the chemist could command a sufficient pressure. But after a series of varied trials, which furnish some of the most beautiful examples of experimental philosophy any where to be met with, Sir James Hall succeeded in confining the carbonic acid so effectually, that out of a common oyster-shell, he formed, at a heat not greater than that of melting silver, such perfect specimens of marble, that an experienced ornamental carver in stone exclaimed, when he saw one of the specimens, "If the quarry from which this marble has been taken lies near a great town, it will prove a mine indeed!" We could quote many other instances of our accomplished countryman's sagacity, ingenuity, and perseverance; but the narrow compass of a paragraph like this, denies the requisite space. We trust that, ere long, we may be favoured with a single volume, containing not only a sketch of Sir James Hall's scientific life, but a connected series of his discoveries. None of his papers, indeed, run to any great length; and even his elegant and popular architectural speculations might easily be condensed into a compass suitable to the taste of the present day. Sir James Hall, as we have said, associated during all his life with the most distinguished men of science and letters of his day, and by these men his conversation was very highly valued. His ingenuity, however, and his vigorous power of generalizing,—great though they undoubtedly were,—remained at all times subordinate to his love of truth; and, what was still more rare, his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, and his irrepressible eagerness in seeking to convince the minds of others, never once disturbed his own equanimity, nor left the slightest trace of pain on the feelings of the most sensitive of his company. Every person who enjoyed the pleasure of his society, indeed, will bear us out in this praise. But it is only those who lived with him in the close and familiar intimacy of domestic life, who can duly bear testimony to that unequalled ability and sweetness of disposition, as well as generosity of purpose, which were so constantly present to his thoughts.

## AMERICAN EXPEDITION.

THE expedition sent out by the American Government in 1820-21, to explore the Rocky Mountains, and north from the Numean Line, has at length been heard of, after an absence of 11 years. The company landed at Green Bay, and wintered; went by Prairie du Chien to St. Anthony's Falls, Mississippi; went up St. Peter's two hundred miles in search of lead-mines, where they discovered several very valuable ones; wintered there; went down the same river, and down the Mississippi to the

mouth of the Missouri; then up the Missouri to the foot of the Rocky Mountains; wintered there, and continued to the middle of August; then crossed the Mountains, and were west eight years. While travelling by the Frozen Ocean, and having been into Asia South, towards the head of the Colombia River, they were overtaken by a storm, and compelled to build houses and stay there nine months, six of which the sun never rose, and the darkness was as great as during our nights. The snow, part of the



time, was fourteen feet deep, and the company were compelled to eat forty-one of their pack-horses to avoid starving, while the only food the horses had was birch bark, which the company cut and carried to them by walking on the snow with snow-shoes. After passing the Mountains, they passed three hundred and eighty-six different Indian tribes, some perfectly white, some entirely covered with hair (denominated the Esau Indians), who were among the most singular, and so wild that the company were compelled to run them down with horses to take their dimensions, which was part of their duty, whilst others evinced the most friendly disposition.—While west of the Mountains they fell in with a tribe called the Copper Indians, who received their names from owning extensive copper mines; 300 of them, armed with bows and copper darts, copper knives and axes, attacked the company in the day-time; a severe action en-

sued, and only about 30 of the Indians escaped; the rest were killed or wounded, with a loss of two killed of the company. Among the various discoveries made by the company were many extensive beds of pure salt, the largest of which was 17 acres, several inches deep on the borders, found to be pure and wholesome; also innumerable beds of alum, iron, lead, copper, gold and silver ore, the gold almost pure. Among the animals the grisly bear was the most ferocious. The weight of several killed by the company varied from 69lbs. to 125lbs. Of the company five died by sickness, one by breaking a wild horse, one by the fall of a tree, and fifteen were killed by the Indians—total 22. Ten of the 19 survivors are lame, some by accident. Captain Levensworth is among the number. He was on horseback half a mile distant from the camp, when he was shot by an Indian, which broke his thigh and dropped his horse.

## BANKRUPTS.

## SCOTCH.

June 22.

- R. Stirling, hay-dealer and horse-hirer, Edinburgh.  
R. Cockburn, dealer in china, glass, and paper, Lothian Street, Edinburgh.

June 26.

- H. Harper & Co., manufacturers in Glasgow, and W. H. Harper & D. T. Perry, manufacturers there, as partners and as individuals.

June 29.

- D. Stewart, coach-hirer, postmaster, and dealer in straw and corn, Edinburgh.

July 3.

- J. Manson, wool-merchant at Kyleakin, Isle of Skye, Invernesshire.

July 5.

- A. Baillie, Crosscauseway, Edinburgh, deceased.

July 6.

- A. C. Howden, factor, commission and insurance agent, and writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.  
J. Pile, manufacturer in Hamilton.

July 7.

- W. Henderson, veterinary surgeon and smith in Edinburgh.

July 10.

- Shields, Sinclair, & Co., merchants and commission agents in Glasgow, and cotton spinners at Mile-End, near Glasgow, as a company, and of J. Shields and P. Sinclair, as partners and individuals.

- J. McGrouther & Co., merchants and commission agents, Glasgow, and of J. McGrouther, sole partner thereof, and only surviving partner of A. McGrouther & Co., merchants and commission agents, Rio-de-Janeiro.

July 13.

- H. Wright, merchant, Glasgow.  
W. Martin & Co., manufacturers, Glasgow, and J. Martin and W. Martin, manufacturers there, partners of that Company.

- A. Graham, baker & grain-merchant, Glasgow.

July 14.

- J. Scott & Co., timber and lead merchants and box-makers in Glasgow, and J. Scott, merchant there, sole partner, as an individual.  
A. Scott, jun., merchant & box-maker, Glasgow.

## ENGLISH.

June 19.

- R. Joy, the younger, Grand Hotel, Covent Garden, Middlesex, hotel and tavern keeper, and wine merchant.  
N. Richards, late of Brudenell Place, New North Road, Hoxton, Middlesex, and of London Wall, London, carpenter and builder.  
J. F. Saunders & C. A. Saunders, late of Leadenhall Street, but now of George Yard, Lombard Street, London, merchants.  
T. V. Holmes of Gloucester, corn-merchant.  
E. H. Pollard, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, corn-merchant.

June 22.

- J. Wilde, of Saint Albans, Hertford, malster.  
John Jones, of Carmarthen, grocer.  
J. N. Jackson, of Manchester, Lancaster, nankeen manufacturer.  
E. W. Peters, of Coventry, wine and liquor merchant.

June 26.

- W. Whittemore, of Brighthelmstone, Sussex, bookseller and stationer.  
J. Salthouse, of Mountbarrow, Ulverston, Lancaster, cattle-dealer, and cattle-salesman.  
H. T. Newton, of Derby, liquor-merchant.  
J. Hornby, of Liverpool, Lancaster, corn and hop merchant.

June 29.

- J. Edmundson, of Manchester, Lancaster, cotton manufacturer.  
T. Pomeroy, of Saint Sidwell, Exeter, brewer.  
J. Devey, of Bishopwearmouth, Durham, ship-owner.

July 6.

- T. Saunders, the younger, of Austin Friars, London, merchant, and since of Vallery Sur Somme, France.

- W. Sell, of St. Martin's Lane, Middlesex, bookseller and publisher.

- W. Ogden, of Heywood, near Bury, Lancaster, cotton-spinner.

- S. Coleman and M. Chapman, of Liverpool, Lancaster, silversmiths and jewellers.

- J. Boxall, of Brighthelmstone, Sussex, hotel-keeper and wine merchant.

July 10.

- W. Withers, of Loughborough, Leicester, lace-manufacturer.

- J. Kingsley, late of Biggleswade, Bedford, corn-factor and dealer in corn.

- J. Lawrence, of Round's Green, Hales Owen, Salop, and of Edgbaston, near Birmingham, Warwick, coal-master and coal-merchant.

- E. Shute, of Bristol, wine and spirit-merchant.

- J. Broom, of Kidderminster, Worcester, and of St. Mildred's Court, Foultry, London, carpet-manufacturer and worsted-spinner.

- J. Hall the elder, J. Hall and T. Hall, all of Burslem, Stafford, earthenware-manufacturers.

July 13.

- C. Shipley, of Sheffield, York, currier and leather-cutter.

- J. Hickman, of Birmingham, chemist & druggist.

July 17.

- J. M. Taylor, of Clements Lane, Lombard Street, London, bookseller.

- W. Parker and W. Smith, of Worcester, money-scriveners.

- G. D. Monteith, of Brierly Hill, Kingswinford, Stafford, apothecary and vender of drugs.

- W. H. S. Penley and A. Penley, of Portsea, Southampton, stationers.

- W. Robinson, of Stones, near Todmorden, Rochdale, Lancaster, woollen-manufacturer,

# BENNET'S GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

No. IV.—OCTOBER, 1832.

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## CONTENTS.

|                                                                                              | Page       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| HOW CAN THE WAGES OF LABOUR BE MAINTAINED CONSISTENTLY WITH<br>THE INTERESTS OF TRADE ?..... | 177        |
| THE CLEVER DWARF—A TALE.....                                                                 | 182        |
| ISLAY.....                                                                                   | 185        |
| THE DAWN—A COLLOQUY.....                                                                     | <i>ib.</i> |
| TRUE HISTORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.....                                                       | 189        |
| THE WAEFU' LAMENTATION OF THE PROVOST AND BAILIES OF THE ROYAL<br>BURGH OF BLYTHSWOOD .....  | 193        |
| DIAMOND-CUT-DIAMOND—A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.....                                               | 197        |
| THE KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TOWER—A TALE.....                                                    | 205        |
| A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND .....                                                   | 210        |
| CONCURRENTS.....                                                                             | 211        |
| CHOICE COMPANIE.....                                                                         | 214        |
| POLITICAL AND LITERARY COMMENTARY .....                                                      | 215        |
| MONTHLY REGISTER.....                                                                        | 221-232    |

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OCTOBER, 1832.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

To avoid the trouble of addressing each of our contributing friends separately, we shall here enumerate such of their pieces as we have marked out for insertion; and those not included in the list, will be understood as not suiting us:—"Law Reform,"—"A Florentine Tale of the Carnival of 1831,"—"Sonnet: Night,"—"The Diel turned Bellman,"—"Education, Condition, and Character of Females among the Working Classes,"—"The Press, the Great Reformer, No. II.,"—"Jeanie Scott, or The Rose o' Lugar,"—"Genevra, or The Last of the Cahouns,"—"Sonnet on Cora Linn," and two others,—"Fortune Hunting,"—"The Movement,"—"The Natural v. The Artificial,"—"The Literary Character,"—"Sketches from Shakspeare's Gallery,"—"The Fatal Storm; a Tale of the Last Century,"—"On the Death of a beloved Brother, buried in Cawnpore, &c.,"—"Franklin, and other Leaders of the American Revolution,"—"Haunts of Youth Revisited,"—"Notes of a Colloquy with an interesting old Woman,"—"Sketch of a Summer Ramble,"—"The Power of Love,"—"On the Death of a Young Lady,"—"Morning,"—"Evening,"—"The Wolfe, a Fragment,"—"Sonnet," 25th June.

From the above catalogue it will be seen, by what a host of literary friends we already have the pleasure of being supported. The truth is, we now find, that, had we started a Magazine of the largest size, our contributors would have been numerous and able enough to have more than kept it going. We trust they will have patience with us, until we can do justice to them all. When so many pieces of equal merit flow in upon us, we have no other impartial way of acting, than that of inserting them according to priority of reception.



# BENNET'S

## GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

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### HOW CAN THE WAGES OF LABOUR BE MAINTAINED CONSISTENTLY WITH THE INTERESTS OF TRADE?

THE constantly deteriorating condition of the working population of our manufacturing towns, must afford matter of serious consideration to every humane and reflecting mind. By a gradual process, the workman has had his wages so far reduced, that, even when constantly employed, he is barely able to procure for himself and his family the most common necessities of life; and is, therefore, altogether incapacitated to lay anything past, against the evil days of stagnation of trade, and consequent want of employment. And these evil days are now, unfortunately, of too frequent recurrence. Formerly, our periodical gluts were expected to take place every four or six years; but the periods of brisk demand have become shorter and shorter, till now it may be said that we have constant stagnation of business, and a daily increasing number of our working people almost permanently unemployed.

Many of the causes which have operated to bring about this deplorable state of things, are now well known to every intelligent man; and we may therefore expect that a Reformed Parliament will be necessitated to adopt measures calculated to infuse *some* degree of healthy vigour into the shrunk and withered limbs of our trading, commercial, and agricultural system.

Such measures cannot be adopted in a day, and yet it would be well if they could; for there is reason to fear that, while waiting till they come into operation, our working population, goaded on by hungry necessity, may rise up, and forcibly wrest from the hands of the upper classes, those masses of capital which have, in many cases, been accumulated through the instrumentality of a partial and unjust system of legislation. It is, therefore, the duty of every individual, in whatever station of life he is placed, to lend a helping hand, in the meantime, to prevent that constant fall in the workman's wages, and that increase in the number of the unemployed, which are going far to bring about a state of anarchy and confusion, which all good men must equally dread and deprecate.

To the few observations we are about to make, we would most earnestly call the attention of the masters and workers in our manufacturing towns. The subject, though interesting to all, is of paramount importance to them; for it cannot be concealed that a feeling of hatred towards our master-manufacturers is rising in the breasts of our half-starved working population, which must be productive of incalculable ruin to both parties, if allowed to go on increasing.

We are well aware of the difficulties that lie in the way of all arrangements between master and worker,—being fully convinced of the impolicy of all fixed regulations of the price of labour. No man can doubt the propriety of allowing labour to be freely bought and sold in the market, like every other commodity, who has paid any attention to the history of the various attempts that have been made, from time to time, to fix, by positive regulations, the workers' wages. The restrictions imposed on the silk trade by Act of Parliament, in 1773, at the request of the Spitalfields weavers, afford a striking illustration of the folly of all such attempts. The only effect of these restrictions, which were intended to keep up artificially the price of weaving, was—a decline in the trade of Spitalfields. The manufacture of silk extended itself to

Macclesfield, Manchester, Norwich, Paisley, and other places, where it was easily introduced, and where it was allowed to go on comparatively unshackled,—and the Spitalfields manufacturers and weavers were obliged to evade their own Act, that they might be able to retain a share of that business which, a short time before, they had entirely to themselves. The same result has followed the absolutely-restrictive policy, wherever it has been adopted; and although “tables of prices” have been maintained, for some time, in a few manufacturing towns, it were easy to show that they have been hurtful just in proportion to the extent of the restrictions they have imposed. But, although we are certain that *fixed* regulations of the price of labour must always do harm, we are fully convinced that other and better means might be adopted, which, while they would be consistent with the principle of Free Trade, and perfectly innoxious, would, at the same time, be calculated to prevent all unnecessary breaking down of the workers’ wages. It is our intention to explain, as briefly as possible, what, in our opinion, these means are.

Before we proceed, however, it may be proper to point out exactly what are the prominent evils, both of the perfectly open and of the restrictive systems. It is well known, that when a manufacture has been established for a length of time in a particular district, it cannot be easily moved to any other, unless the new place has advantages for carrying it on which the old one does not possess. This difficulty prevents, in a great measure, what we may term over-competition between different places. But there is another sort of competition, which, if pushed to excess when labour is too plenty in the market, must always be productive of loss to both the working man and his employer,—we mean that jealous competition, which often exists to a hurtful extent, between individuals in the same place. Let us take an example of it. A and B, two Glasgow manufacturers, are giving out work at a time when there are a number of weavers unemployed, and when there is no demand for goods. The work which they are giving out, used to be paid sixpence; but A, taking into consideration that he will run some risk by laying out his capital, and will, at all events, lose the interest of it, offers the work at five-pence-halfpenny. B would have done the same, had he been first; but, before his work is ready, he hears a vague report that A has reduced the price of weaving,—and, not knowing exactly how far, he gives out his at five-pence, to make sure that A has no advantage over him. A, hearing that B has made a considerable reduction, but being equally ignorant of the exact extent of it, comes down a little farther;—and so the system of reduction goes on, till a stop is put to it by the workers refusing to take the work. It often happens, however, that the reduction goes a great length before this refusal takes place. The poor weaver must have bread,—and to obtain bread he is obliged to work, if employment can be had, however poorly his labour may be paid. No doubt the next season of brisk demand raises the workman’s wages to a certain extent; but the reduction has been so great, owing to the fear that each individual had of being undersold by his neighbour, that the brisk season passes over before the wages reach anything like their former level, and the next dull time causes them to be reduced still lower. And what is the advantage obtained? The manufacturer is no gainer: competition forces him to sell his goods with as small a profit as formerly. The agriculturist, indeed, may be enabled, with a little less money, to buy a dress for his wife or daughter; but he will find that his farm produce has fallen considerably in value, on account of the decrease in the demand for it,—caused by the reduction of the weavers’ wages, which renders that class unable to purchase as much of it as they did formerly.

The evils of this over-competition are sufficiently obvious, and cry loudly for some remedy; but the restrictive system, which is the only one that has hitherto been tried, has most signally failed,—and, like the prescriptions of some quack doctors, has gone far to aggravate that which it was intended to cure. It is perfectly evident how the arbitrary fixing of the price of silk-weaving destroyed, in a great measure, the trade of Spitalfields, by driving it away to distant parts of the country; and there is no doubt that wherever the restrictive policy is adopted, the same, or equally hurtful, consequences will flow from it. As, however, there are some cases in which the evils of

positive restrictions are not so easily perceived as in that of Spitalfields, the manufacture of which was not very difficult to transfer, we shall give another example, that has been kindly furnished us by a friend in a neighbouring town. It is one which shows the mischief caused by *fixed* minimum prices of labour, even when adopted under the most favourable circumstances.

In Paisley, the manufacture of imitation shawls and shawl borders has been carried on to a great extent for a long time, and has reached a much higher degree of perfection than in any other place. Some of the Edinburgh and Norwich shawls are equal, or, perhaps, even superior in quality, but then they are much higher in price, and not so well fitted for the general market. On this account it may be said, that the Paisley manufacturers have got the trade almost entirely into their own hands. In that town, previous to the autumn of 1829, both manufacturer and weaver suffered much from the system of individual competition which we have just described.—The weavers' wages were reduced to such an extent, that they could no longer live upon them, and the manufacturer durst hardly venture to make a piece of goods before the season of demand, for fear of being "*cut upon*" by some of his neighbours. The evil was so great, and so obvious to every one, that the trade almost unanimously agreed to put a stop to it, by subscribing a table of prices. The manufacturers, finding that this table was not in the least hurtful to their interests, and thinking to benefit the operatives, shortly afterwards agreed to raise the minimum prices of work 10 or 12 per cent. And, lest the country villages should reap any undue advantage from the prices being fixed in the town, it was agreed, that whatever work was sent to the country should be paid according to the table. If positive regulations of the price of labour could be at all beneficial, one would think they might have been so in this instance. We have seen that the Paisley manufacturers had no competitors who could come into the market with them on equal terms, and it might therefore be thought, that they could pay their work a little higher, without hurting their own interests. And so they could, and so they did; and the regulation, instead of doing harm, was of benefit to the majority of them as individuals. But it was hurtful to the Paisley weavers. It may seem paradoxical to say, that the weavers were hurt by being paid higher for their work; yet nevertheless it is true, that the Paisley "minimum table" has done the Paisley weavers a great deal of harm, and we shall endeavour to show how.

Before the minimum table was agreed to in 1829, it is well known that there was not near the same quantity of Paisley work sent out of the town, and that the Paisley weavers (except in 1826, when the whole country was in a deranged state,) were more constantly employed through the whole year. One set of manufacturers, who made the better description of goods, employed the most of the weavers during the busy months in spring and autumn; and when these manufacturers dismissed their hands, they were taken up by another set, who make a description of goods which do not depend for sale so much upon style of pattern or fashion, as upon being cheaply made. This latter set of manufacturers laid out their capital three months before they required to do so, solely because they could get their work made cheaper, on account of the general dismissal of workers by those employers who make the better description of goods; and, unless they had got this advantage, they would have refrained from giving out work till near the time of demand. The minimum table being *fixed*, and the real price hardly, if ever, rising above the minimum, even in brisk times, have taken away the inducement which these manufacturers had to give out their work in the slack season. And what is the consequence? It is simply what might be expected, viz., that a considerable portion of the Paisley shawls are woven in the country, and the Paisley weavers are thrown out of employment during the greater part of the two seasons of dull trade that occur every year. The reason is obvious. Those who make dear, and those who make cheap shawls, do now both give out their work at the brisk season. Hands are then scarce, and the most of the neighbouring villages, for thirty or forty miles round, are pressed into the service. Paisley work is sent to Kilbarchan, Lochwinnoch, Pollokshaws, Ayr, Irvine, Girvan, Saltcoats, Kilwinning, Beith, Dalry,



Largs, West Kilbride, and even to Perth, nearly 100 miles distant; and thus the work which used to employ the Paisley weavers during the slack months in summer and in winter, is, through the operation of the *fixed* minimum table, forced out to the country, and worked up during the busy months. And this is not the only evil, for the manufacturers of cheap goods being obliged to form extensive connections in the country in periods of brisk demand, they cannot break them off when the slack season comes. Their agents in the villages have sons, and brothers, and uncles,—to get webs for whom, even in the dull times, they use all their influence; and the manufacturers, aware that, as soon as the brisk season arrives, they must, in some measure, be obliged to these people, give them what work they can spare, to keep them, as it were, bound to their interests. In this way it is notorious, that, at a time when in Paisley 1000 weavers have been unemployed, work, which would have supplied them all, *was being sent* from Paisley to the country. We do not mean to say that the minimum table is the sole cause of sending work to the country. Paisley work was introduced, to a certain extent, into most of the places we have mentioned, before the minimum table was agreed to; but we do most positively assert, that, had it not been for the operation of that table, there would not have been the one-fourth of that want of employment from which the Paisley people have suffered during the last three years.

It will be observed, that the bad results which we have just pointed out, would naturally arise, and have arisen, from the *fixed* table of prices, even when it was fully acted upon; but if we were to suppose the manufacturers getting their goods made cheaper in the country than in the town, it is quite evident that, in a short time, the table would drive the trade out of the town altogether. It has not had this effect yet, but, by sending a considerable portion of the work into the villages, it is fast preparing the way for it. The weavers in the different places we have enumerated, are as expert as the Paisley weavers at the more simple kinds of work, and are fast treading on their heels in the more difficult. Is it not possible that, after a while, some ambitious Paisley manufacturer may establish himself in some one of the principal villages, and, being out of the reach of the table, may supply the other country places with work at a lower rate? Or, may not some one, more cunning, make his country agents manufacturers, selling them the materials, and re-purchasing the cloth at a small profit?—the agent, not being bound by the table, will be able to give out the work at a lower rate. These are evils that the regulation, in its present state, *may* cause. It has already, as we have shown, produced much want of employment to the Paisley people.

It appears, then, from what we have stated, first, that the system of “*cutting*” causes much unnecessary misery; and, second, that when positive restrictions of the price of labour are adopted in a place whose manufacture is easily established elsewhere, their only effect is, as in the case of Spitalfields, to drive that manufacture into other districts; and that, even under the most favourable circumstances, they cause much want of employment in the place where they are adopted.

What, then, is to be done? There must be some way of checking the fall in wages, without producing an evil of equal magnitude—the want of work. We think we know of one, and we shall now proceed to describe it. As it was pointed out to us, in connection with the Paisley manufacture, and as it was adopted there in *theory*,\* though never in practice, we shall illus-

\* The minimum table adopted in Paisley, was intended to work much on the same plan as the “Committee of general information” hereafter explained. When any individual gave out work lower than the table, his price was to be immediately made generally known, and become the minimum. Had this principle been acted up to, the table would have had no bad results; but, unfortunately, an idea seems to have got abroad, that the table prices were the lowest that should be paid at any time. And this idea being countenanced by some benevolent manufacturers, who did not see to what it would lead, intimidation was resorted to by the weavers, and the table prices became, in consequence, as much fixed, as if there had been an express Act of Parliament to that effect. No man would venture to give out work lower than the table, even when hundreds were unemployed, knowing that, for so doing, his windows might be broken, and himself maltreated.

trate it by the effects it would have on the price of labour and constancy of employment in that town. The misery produced by the lowness of wages, caused by the system of jealous individual competition, is felt, more or less, in every manufacturing town; and the plan which we would adopt for the purpose of, in some measure, preventing it, is, in our opinion, everywhere applicable.

We would have the whole of the masters, in any manufacturing place, to meet and elect a few of their number to act along with a few of the workers, also chosen from the whole body, as a "*Committee of general information*," for the purpose of communicating immediately to every employer engaged in the same business, any reduction that may be made in the payment of work. It is evident that this plan, while it would not hinder any individual from giving out work at a lower price than what had been formerly paid, if he found it his interest so to do, would effectually do away with that jealous competition which makes one set of masters reduce the price of their work in order to get a little advantage over their neighbours, and which makes another set reduce, through fear that their neighbours are already paying less than they. The better to illustrate this plan, we shall, as we proposed, apply it to the case of Paisley.

Suppose the spring trade of that town over, and the manufacturers of the superior description of goods dismissing their workers,—some of those who make the inferior class, find that, if they could produce their autumn stock a little cheaper in the slack season, it would be a profitable way of laying out their capital; or, even though they should be so situated as to be unable to want their capital for any length of time, they will find merchants who will purchase the goods, if they get them a little cheaper, to stand against the risk and expense they are at in keeping them till the season of demand. The price paid for a particular description of work during the spring, has been, say 16d., and one of the individuals who is going to make goods, calculates, that a reduction of 2d. will enable him to dispose of his goods, or, what is the same thing, will be sufficient to cover the risk of keeping them. Whenever, therefore, as many hands have been dismissed by the other manufacturers, as enables him to make a bargain with the weavers at 2d. less than they have just been receiving, he begins to give out work; his example is followed by others; and thus the hands that are dismissed by the manufacturers of dear goods, are picked up and employed. This employment lasts till these latter employers begin again to make their autumn stock; the weavers are then in demand, and, *if the prices have not been too far reduced*, they will rise, at least, to their former level, perhaps higher. And this good will have resulted, viz., a constancy of employment.

We have said, "*if the prices have not been reduced too far*," but "what," it will very naturally be asked, "is to prevent the prices from being too far reduced?" We answer—the Committee of general information; and it will do so by making it clearly the interest of the manufacturers not to bring down the prices too low. If we examine the working of the principle, we shall see how it will accomplish this useful object. The manufacturers of the dearer kinds of goods must, as a matter of course, dismiss their workers gradually; for, however much they may be disposed to stop their work, it is evident that they will not be able to do so in a day. The competition that exists among those engaged in making the cheaper sort of goods, will cause the workers to be picked up as soon as, by the increase of the unemployed, the wages are reduced as far as is necessary to cover the risk which, as before explained, the makers of cheap goods run, by laying out their capital before the time of demand. This, it will be observed, will have the effect of preventing the prices from being *started* too low; and, when once they are begun at a reduction sufficient to cover the risk, no manufacturer will have any inducement to bring them lower, seeing that the Committee of general information would immediately make his reduction known to the others engaged in the trade, who would at once bring their prices to the same level, and, by competition, reduce the selling price proportionately. But, besides gaining nothing by it, any one who would attempt to reduce, farther

than necessary, would incur a loss. Any considerable reduction must be brought about in a comparatively gradual manner, and even the individual who was most active in lowering prices, would lose something on that part of his stock which was being made while the reduction was going on. It is no objection to say that he might begin clear-handed, for he could never know but that, after he had got the price to what he thought the lowest, some one might begin to give out work still lower, and undersell him in the market. It is thus evident, that we have the strongest of all motives—self-interest, to prevent the manufacturer from reducing the wages too far at a slack season; and this motive will be brought into action by the Committee of general information,—the great benefit of which will be, that it will prevent all jealous competition in the reduction of wages by individuals, by making it certain, that no man can pay less than the others engaged in the same trade unknown to them. Mark well—that he is not hindered from paying less—the committee only makes it impossible that he can steal a march on his neighbours, or derive any *undue* advantage from reducing wages.

Those who wish the adoption of “*fixed minimum prices*” state, “that the condition of the working man is miserable enough already, and that any reduction that could be made in the price of some kinds of manufactured goods, would not cause any increase in the demand for them.” We can testify to the truth of the former part of this statement, and we think we have pointed out the only means that, in the present state of the country, are in the hands of masters and workers, to improve the condition of our labouring population. But we can by no means agree in the opinion expressed in the latter. In all that we have yet said regarding the evil of positive restrictions, we have only pointed out the effect they have in the distribution of the quantity of work made in any place. We have said nothing of the tendency they have to prevent manufactures from being improved and extended. And yet it is well known that, under restrictions of any kind, no manufacture can ever spread to a great extent. It is quite evident that, if a kind of manufactured goods, which at one time cost 80s., and which are now reduced to 10s., had been fettered by restrictions on the price of labour, and on the mode of making, when at the dear rate, those improvements in the manufacturing processes which have reduced the cost, would never have been found out, and the manufacture itself would, consequently, never have been extended. What a fine example of this we have in the cotton trade! In manufactures, necessity is truly the mother of invention; and it is only requisite to adopt measures to prevent that necessity from pressing solely, as it has done of late, on our hard-working, ingenious, manufacturing population.

In conclusion, we may state, that we believe the adoption of the plan referred to, in manufacturing districts, where positive restrictions exist, would cause the workers to be employed six or eight months at prices, as high, or perhaps higher, than those of their present tables, and the remaining four or six, at prices, say 10 or 12 per cent. lower, instead of being, as under the restrictions, employed six or eight months at the regulation prices, and left to support themselves without work the remaining four or six. Moreover, its adoption in those places where “*tables of prices*” do not exist, would at once put a stop to the deplorable system of reduction of wages by the jealous competition of individuals.

## THE CLEVER DWARF.

A TALE.

*From the Persian of Sâdee.\**

AMONGST the family of a certain king,  
There was a boy—a puny, dwarfish thing,  
Possessed of nought, in form of limbs or face,  
That seemed to share of strength or manly grace:

\* The famous Persian poet Sheikh Musluhudeen Sâdee Sherazee, was born at Sheeraz about the end of the fifth century of the Hejira. He travelled a good deal into other countries for the sake



Whilst all his brothers were so formed by Nature,  
As to be faultless both in limb and feature;  
Tall and robust, with comeliness of mien,  
A finer set of lads could scarce be seen.

One day the father viewed this youthful host,\*  
Who were well worthy of a parent's boast;  
But when his eye fell on his dwarfish son,  
The prideful feeling in his heart begun,  
At once was dashed—while, with a mournful look,  
Which of abhorrence and chagrin partook,  
He eyed the lad, whose quick, sagacious mind  
Full soon the cause, with certainty, divined.  
“O, father!” said he, “sure ’tis better far  
To be a dwarf, even mark’d with blot and scar,  
Possessed by Nature with a sterling wit,  
Than a tall dunce, for thought or act unfit:  
And, even, in valuing any common matter,  
Not always what is biggest is the better.  
Amongst the mountains Sinai stands but low,  
And many a hill a grander form can show;  
But with the Eternal none such grace have found,  
For he has mark’d the spot as holy ground.  
And sure you’ve heard what the lean sage, one day,  
To a fat blockhead, thus with truth did say—  
The Arabian steed, although he’s lean and small,  
And can’t with asses vie in fat at all,  
Yet, to prefer to him, you’d ne’er suppose,  
That one would choose a stable full of those.”

At this the father laughed, the courtiers smiled,  
And, in their hearts, admired the clever child:  
Not so the brothers—they despised him more,  
And, in their minds, a rankling hatred bore.  
Thus, till a man speaks out, you ne’er can guess  
His bluntness or acuteness more or less;  
Nor should you reckon every forest bare,  
And quite unworthy of your farther care—  
A tiger, now asleep, perchance may meet you there.

I’ve heard that ’gainst this king a war arose,  
And forth he march’d to meet the daring foes.  
The armies on the plain appear in sight,  
Led boldly on, impatient for the fight:  
But, first, that youth, by love of fame impell’d,  
Spurs on his steed within the battle field,  
And cries aloud—“Let all attend me here,  
And track my steps in ‘glory’s bright career;’  
Amidst the plain, where blood and dust shall be,  
Let each courageous soldier follow me:  
The hero’s name is due to him alone,  
Who, with his army’s blood, expends his own;  
None but a base poltroon would shun the fight,  
And try to conquer by his army’s might.”  
He said—then, furious, charged the coming foe,  
And of their warriors some he soon laid low.

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of acquiring knowledge, and had the misfortune to be made captive by the Crusaders, who set him to work upon the fortifications of Tripoli. He was ransomed from this degrading situation by a merchant of Aleppo, whose daughter he afterwards married; but with her he appears not to have enjoyed so much happiness as might have been wished, as he pathetically mentions his hard case in some parts of his works. He died at a very advanced age, and was buried at Sheeraz, in the year of the Hejira, 692, *i. e.* about A. D. 1258.

The works of this sublime poet and beautiful story-teller, which are well known, are the “Goollistan” or “Rose-Garden,” the “Bostan” or “Orchard,” and the “Pund Nameh” or “Book of Ethics.” These are all upon moral subjects, and are written with all the elegance of the Persian language. The story here given is from the “Goollistan.”

\* At Sir Gore Ouseley’s audience of leave, he begged the Shah of Persia graciously to tell him what was the number of his children, that he might give his king correct information on so interesting a subject, provided, as was probable, he should make an inquiry. “A hundred and fifty-four sons,” replied the Shah.—“May I venture to ask your Majesty how many children,” said the Ambassador. The word daughters, according to the rules of Oriental etiquette, he dared not to pronounce, and, indeed, the general question was, according to Persian notions, almost an offence. The King, however, who liked Sir Gore very much, did not take it ill. “Ha! ha! I understand you,” said he, laughing, and called to the chief of his eunuchs—“Musa, how many daughters have I?”—“King of kings,” answered Musa, prostrating himself on his face, “five hundred and sixty.”

When in his father's sight he now appeared,  
 Respectful, thus, he claimed his high regard—  
 "O, Sir! although my person seem'd to be  
 Such as to cause abhorrence even to thee,  
 My claim to valour ne'er was thought upon;  
 Yet each reflecting mind must surely own,  
 That, in the battle field, the active steed,  
 However lean and small may be his breed,  
 Is, for the soldier's use, to be preferr'd  
 To any ox, the fattest of the herd."

'Tis said, that now the combat thicken'd round,  
 And many a valiant warrior "bit the ground;"  
 For now the foe with crowded squadrons came,  
 And few the king could bring to meet the same.  
 A troop of his, to shun the unequal strife,  
 Seem'd bent on flight to save inglorious life;  
 But when the youth their dastard conduct spied,  
 He stopt their course, and thus with ardour cried—  
 "O, base-born men! unworthy of the name!  
 Whom, clothed in women's garb, we ought to shame—  
 Let not such black reproach upon you lie,  
 But follow me, and 'let us do or die!'"  
 At this, from flight to worthier deeds they turn'd,  
 And every heart, like his, with valour burn'd;  
 With headlong rage they charged the opposing force,  
 Nor did they stop again their furious course,  
 Till victory crown'd them on the well-fought field,  
 And every foe was slain, or forced to yield.

Soon as the combat ceased, the king express'd  
 The powerful feelings labouring in his breast;  
 He took the stripling to his fond embrace,  
 And kiss'd, with eager love, his eyes and face:  
 Nor did he fail, with favours every day,  
 His kind affection for him to display;  
 Till, to a post of honour, trust, and fame,  
 Given by the king, the well-loved stripling came.

But now the brothers sought, with envious mind,  
 Means of his death, by secret art, to find:  
 With poison'd food the dire attempt was tried,  
 But, from a closet, this his sister spied;  
 The lattice, quick, she struck—the youth observed,  
 Withheld his hand, and thus his life preserved.  
 "It may not be," said he, "that virtuous men,  
 Whose minds are bright, and souls unstained with sin,  
 Should cease to live, that vicious men may stand  
 Forth, in their stead, as rulers of the land:  
 Sure none would seek the owl's unseemly shade,  
 Which heavenly power has ne'er auspicious made,  
 Unless the Phoenix\* from the world were gone,  
 Whose course good fortune still attends alone."

When to the father this black deed was told,  
 The brothers, with rebuke, he first controll'd;  
 Then, in the realm, to fitting parts assigned,  
 He sent each off according to his mind;  
 That hatred might depart, and discord cease,  
 And all might live combined in bonds of peace.  
 And 'tis well said, ten beggars may be found  
 To sleep together, on small space of ground;  
 While two great monarchs oft will disagree,  
 Although a climate should their portion be.  
 When half a loaf the godly man partakes,  
 An alms the other half he gladly makes;  
 But many a king, possess'd of regions wide,  
 Is seen to grasp at regions more beside.

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\* Pers. *شاه*, an eagle, a phoenix, a bird of paradise. A bird of happy omen, peculiar to the East. (It is supposed that every head it overshadows will in time wear a crown.)

## ISLAY.

TUNE—"Haughs o' Cromdale."

Now I must leave the peaceful shore,  
The pleasant fields of Elistore,  
Nor dare to hope I'll evermore  
Behold the hills of Islay.

No more I'll climb thy mountains high,  
To view the meeting sea and sky—  
The stately vessels sailing by  
On every side of Islay.

Give honour to the great and brave—  
To sordid souls the gold they crave,—  
Give me a walk, at dusky eve,  
Along the shore of Islay.

How dear to me thy every scene,  
When Sol hangs o'er the western main,  
Or when he wakes, and spreads again  
His golden beams o'er Islay!

By simple Nature's power imprest,  
Here friendship glows in every breast;  
The stranger is a welcome guest  
At every hearth in Islay.

From strife of noisy towns secure,  
Here mortals spend their days obscure;  
And long may harmony endure  
Throughout the Isle of Islay.

May ne'er contention be thy shame,  
Nor base ambition blast thy name,  
Nor cursed lust of wealth or fame  
Corrupt the sons of Islay.

Here all the bliss of life they share,  
In innocence, and free from care,  
With hearts as light and pure as air,  
Upon the hills of Islay.

Here Liberty her throne maintains;  
O'er thy delightful hills and plains  
No domineering tyrant reigns,—  
A heaven on earth is Islay!

Though ne'er to tread thy shores again,  
My heart with thee shall aye remain.  
Where'er I wander, I'll retain  
My dearest wish for Islay.

## THE DAWN:

A COLLOQUY.

*(Translated from the Latin of Erasmus.)*

NEPHALIUS.—PHILYPNUS.

NEPHALIUS. I wished to see you to-day, Philypnus, but you were denied to be at home.

PHILYPNUS. They did not altogether tell you a lie; I was not at home for you, but I was then very much at home for myself.

N. What enigma is that?

P. You know the old proverb, "I do not sleep for all;" nor have you for-



gotten the remarkable jest of Nasica, to whom, when he was wishing to visit his acquaintance Ennius, the maid, at her master's command, said, "Ennius is not at home."—Nasica understood the trick, and went away. But when Ennius, in his turn, having entered the house of Nasica, asked the boy whether his master was in, Nasica cried from his chamber, saying, "I am not at home." And when Ennius, knowing his voice, had said, "You impudent fellow, do I not know you are speaking?" Nasica replied, "You surely, indeed, are more impudent, who do not believe me myself, though I was so credulous as to believe your maid-servant."

N. You were, perhaps, rather engaged?

P. Nay; I was agreeably disengaged.

N. You again torment me with an enigma?

P. I will then speak to you plainly; nor will I call any thing a fig except that which is one.

N. Say on.

P. I was fast asleep.

N. What are you saying? And indeed it was then after eight o'clock, though the sun during this month rises before four.

P. The sun has full liberty from me to rise even at midnight, provided I am allowed to sleep till I am satisfied.

N. But has this happened to you by chance, or is it custom?

P. It is altogether custom.

N. But the custom of doing any thing which is not good, is very bad.

P. Nay, there is no sleep sweeter than that which is enjoyed after sunrise.

N. Pray, at what hour do you usually leave your bed?

P. Between four and nine.

N. A space of time sufficiently long. Queens are scarcely so many hours occupied in being dressed. But how did this become your custom?

P. Because we usually protract our feasting, gaming, and jesting to a late hour,—we make up this loss of sleep by taking a nap in the morning.

N. I scarcely ever saw a man more desperately prodigal than you are.

P. This appears to me to be parsimony rather than prodigality; in the meantime I neither consume candles nor wear my clothes.

N. It is surely a preposterous kind of parsimony, to save glass in order to lose pearls. Another kind of wisdom was possessed by that philosopher, who, when he was asked what thing was most precious, replied, "Time." Moreover, when it is plain that the dawn is the best part of the whole day, you take pleasure in losing the most precious part of a thing which is most precious.

P. Pray, does that which is bestowed on the body perish?

N. Nay, rather taken from the body, which is most agreeably affected, and grows most, when it is refreshed by seasonable and moderate sleep, and when it is strengthened by being awake in the morning.

P. But to sleep is sweet.

N. What can be sweet to him who feels nothing?

P. To feel nothing that is disagreeable, is itself sweet.

N. And on this account they who sleep in their graves are happier; for dreams sometimes are troublesome to him who sleeps.

P. Some say the body is very much fattened by sleeping.

N. That indeed is the method of fattening dornice; it is not the method of fattening men. It is right to fatten animals which are used as food at feasts; but a man can have no other end in fattening himself, than that he may walk about loaded with a heavier burden. Tell me, if you had a man-servant, whether you would rather have a fat one, or one vigorous and fit for the discharge of all his duties?

P. I, truly, am not a man-servant.

N. To me it is sufficient that you would rather have a servant fit for the discharge of all his duties, than one well fattened.

P. I would surely prefer the former.

N. But Plato has said, "The mind of man is man, and the body is no other thing than the lodging, or instrument of the mind." You will, I think, con-

fess that the mind is the principal part of man, and that the body is the servant of the mind.

P. Be it so, if you please.

N. Seeing you would not wish to have a servant slow in motion, on account of his big belly, why do you prepare a sluggish and fat servant for your mind?

P. I am conquered by truth.

N. Now hear another kind of wastery; as the mind far excels the body, so you will confess that the riches of the mind far excel the good things of the body.

P. You say what is probable.

N. But among the good things of the mind, wisdom holds the first place.

P. I confess that.

N. For procuring wisdom, no part of the day is better than the dawn, when the newly-risen sun brings vigour and alacrity to all things, and dispels the mist which is usually exhaled from the stomach, which mist usually clouds the abode of the mind.

P. I do not refuse my assent to that.

N. Now reckon to me how much erudition you could procure to yourself in these four hours which you lose by this unseasonable sleep.

P. Surely much.

N. I have experienced more effected in my studies in one hour in the morning, than in three in the afternoon, and that with no detriment to the body.

P. I have heard of that.

N. Then reflect on that other thing,—if you sum up the loss of individual days, how great a heap will it be?

P. Surely a huge one.

N. He who carelessly throws away gold and pearls, is reckoned prodigal, and receives a tutor; he who loses those good things which are so much more precious, is he not more shamefully prodigal?

P. It appears so, if we, with right reason, weigh the matter.

N. Now consider that which Plato has written, "There is nothing more beautiful, nothing more lovely than wisdom, which, if it could be discerned by the eyes of the body, would excite an incredible love of itself."

P. But it cannot be discerned.

N. I confess it cannot by the eyes of the body; but it is discerned by the eyes of the mind, which is the better part of man. And where there is an incredible love, there there must be the highest pleasure, as often as the mind meets with such a sweetheart.

P. What you tell me is probable.

N. Go now, if you please, and exchange that sleep, which is the image of death, for this pleasure.

P. But my nocturnal sports in the meantime perish.

N. Well perish those things which are exchanged, the worse for the better, the dishonourable for the excellent, and the most worthless for the most precious! Well he loses lead, who turns it into gold. Nature has given night to sleep. The rising sun, when he recalls all animals, then he recalls man principally, to the duties of life. "Those who sleep," says Paul, "sleep during the night, and those who are drunk are drunk during the night." Wherefore, what is more shameful than for man to be snoring long after the sun has risen—seeing all animals are roused along with the sun; seeing some of them, before the sun appears, salute his approach with music; seeing the elephant adores the rising sun? Does not that golden splendour, as often as he illustrates your chamber, seem thus to reproach you while you are sleeping—"Foolish man, why do you take pleasure in losing the best part of your life? I do not shine that you may secretly sleep, but that you may awake to the performance of the most honourable actions?" No man lights a lamp that he may sleep, but that he may do some work; and when this lamp, the most beautiful of all, is shining, do you do nothing but snore?

P. You declaim prettily.

N. Not prettily, but truly. Come now, I dare say you have frequently heard what Hesiod has said, "Parsimony is late at the bottom."

P. Very frequently ; for in the middle of the cask the wine is best.

N. And in life, the first part, namely, early youth, is the best.

P. Surely that is the case.

N. But the dawn is of the day, what early youth is of life. Do they not, therefore, act foolishly, who lose their early youth by trifling, and the hours of the morning by sleep?

P. So it appears.

N. Is there any possession which can be compared to the life of man?

P. Not even all the wealth of the Persians.

N. Would you not vehemently hate the man who could, and would, by his evil arts, cut off a certain number of years from the length of your life?

P. I myself would rather wish to take away his life.

N. But I think them worse men, and more hurtful, who willingly shorten their own lives.

P. I confess they are, if any such may be found.

N. They may be found ; nay, all those who are like you do this same thing.

P. These are fine words.

N. Excellent ; so you may consider in your own mind. Does not Pliny appear to have very rightly said, " Life is a watch, and the more hours a man bestows on study, the more he lives ? " for sleep is a kind of death. Whence it is feigned to come from the infernal regions ; and by Homer it has been called the brother of death. Therefore, they whom sleep seizes are reckoned neither among the dead nor the living ; but, notwithstanding, rather among the dead.

P. So it certainly appears.

N. Now calculate to me how great a portion of life they cut off to themselves, who every day lose three or four hours by sleep.

P. I see the sum is immense.

N. Would you not wish to have an Alcumist for a god, who could add ten years to the length of your life, and restore the advanced period of it to the vigour of early youth?

P. I would like to have him.

N. But you can to yourself perform this good office so divine.

P. How so?

N. Because the morning is the early youth of the day ; youth burns till noon ; then comes manhood ; to which succeeds the evening, as old age,—and the evening is succeeded by the setting of the sun, as the death of the day. Parsimony, however, is a great income ; but nowhere more than here. Has he not, therefore, gained much who has ceased to lose a great and a most excellent part of his life?

P. You speak the truth.

N. Wherefore, very shameless appears the complaint of those who accuse Nature, because she has bounded the life of man by so narrow limits, when they themselves spontaneously cut off so much from that which has been given them. Life, if it is sparingly spent, is sufficiently long to every man. Nor small is the advantage, if any man does all things at their proper time. After dinner we are scarcely half men, when the body, loaded with food, burdens the mind,—nor is it then safe, and, after supper, it is less safe to call up the spirits from the shop of the stomach, while they are doing the duty of concoction, to the higher parts of the body. But during the hours of the morning, the whole man is man,—while the body is fit for every kind of service,—while the gay mind is vigorous,—while all the organs of the understanding are tranquil and serene,—while, as the poet says, the particle of divine air breathes—has a savour of its own origin—and is hurried on to honourable things.

P. You indeed harangue elegantly.

N. In Homer, I think, Agamemnon hears the following address :—" It is not right for a counsellor to sleep all night." How much more disgraceful is it to lose so great a part of the day by sleep?

P. That is true, but it is not right " for a counsellor." I am not the leader of an army.

N. If there is any other thing more dear to you than you are to yourself,



let not the sentiment of Homer move you. The coppersmith, for the sake of a little despicable gain, rises before there is daylight; and is the love of wisdom not able to rouse us, that we may at least hear the sun calling us forth to inestimable gain? Physicians do not generally give medicine, except early in the morning; they know the golden hours, that they may succour the body; do we not know these hours, that we may enrich and heal the mind? But if these things have little weight with you, hear what the heavenly wisdom says in the writings of Solomon, "Those who seek me early shall find me." In the mystic Psalms, how greatly is the morning commended! The prophet, in the morning, extols the mercy of the Lord, in the morning his voice is heard, in the morning his prayer prevents the Lord. And, in Luke the Evangelist, the people, asking health and instruction from the Lord, assemble around him in the morning.—Why do you sigh, my Philypnus?

P. I scarcely refrain from weeping, when I reflect how much of my life I have lost.

N. It is unnecessary to be grievously pained on account of those things which cannot be recalled, but which can be repaired by future care. Attend to this, rather than lose future time by unavailing lamentations for the past.

P. You advise well; but long-continued custom has already become my master.

N. Tush! one nail is driven by another; custom is overcome by custom.

P. But it is hard to relinquish those things to which you have been long accustomed.

N. At first it indeed is hard; but a different custom first soothes this pain, and then changes it into the highest pleasure, so that you ought not to repent of having, for a short time, suffered pain.

P. I am afraid the experiment will not succeed.

N. If you were seventy years old, I could not draw you away from those things to which you have been accustomed; but now, I think, you are not seventeen. What is there which this period of life cannot overcome, if there be a ready mind?

P. I will indeed begin, and I will endeavour to become Philologus, instead of Philypnus.

N. If you do that, my Philypnus, I well enough know that you will, after a few days, both seriously congratulate yourself, and thank me who have advised you.

## TRUE HISTORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

THERE must be few readers who are not familiar with the Greek fable, or rather allegory, of the Expedition of the Argonauts under Jason, to bring away the Golden Fleece from the kingdom of Colchis. The literal truth of this allegory has all along been very properly scouted, and the story has been regarded as having reference merely to some commercial or piratical adventure, during the early times of Greek colonization. But its actual historical particulars seem never to have been thoroughly investigated or understood, as, from the earliest ages down to the present, almost every writer who mentions the subject, has a peculiar theory of his own concerning it.

We are not presumptuous enough to suppose, that anything we can advance will be sufficient entirely to settle the question; yet we trust to be able to adduce such facts, and to draw from these such reasonable inferences, as shall at least reduce the story to very obvious grounds, and confine its exaggerations within the limits of a strictly historical probability. In proceeding with this task, it will be necessary first to quote the story as the Greek fabulists narrate it:—

"Jason, son of Æson, king of Thessalia, by Alcimedæ, was an infant when his father died, so that his uncle Pelius administered the government. When he came of age, he

demand possession of the crown ; but Pelius advised him to go to Colchis, under pretence of gaining the Golden Fleece thence, though his intention was to kill him with the labour and danger of the journey.

“ P. What Golden Fleece was that ?

“ M. It was the hide of a ram, of a white or a purple colour, which was given to Phryxus, son of Athamus and Nephele, by his mother. Phryxus, and his sister Helle, fearing the designs of their step-mother Ino, got on a ram to save themselves by flight. But while they swam over the narrowest part of Pontus, Helle, affrighted at the tossing of the waves, fell down ; whence the sea was named the Hellespont. Phryxus was carried over safe, and went to Æta, king of Colchis, a country of Asia, near the Pontus ; where he was kindly received, and sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, or Mars, who afterward placed it among the constellations. Only his hide or fleece was hung up in a grove sacred to Mars. It was called the Golden Fleece, because it was of a golden colour ; and it was guarded by bulls that breathed fire from their nostrils, and by a vast and watchful dragon, as a sacred and divine pledge, and as a thing of the greatest importance.

“ P. Did Jason carry away that fleece ?

“ M. Yes. He went on board a ship called Argo, from the builder of that name ; and chose forty-nine noble companions, who, from the ship, were called Argonautæ, among whom were Hercules, Orpheus, Castor, and Pollux. In his voyage he visited Hypsipyle, queen of Lemnos, who had twins by him. Then, after a long voyage, and many dangers, he arrived at Colchis, and demanded the Golden Fleece of king Æta, who granted his request, on condition that he tamed the bulls which guarded it, whose feet were of brass, and which breathed fire ; and killed the dragon, and sowed his teeth in the ground ; and lastly, destroyed the soldiers which sprung from the ground where these teeth were sown. Jason undertook the thing on these conditions, and was delivered from manifest destruction by the assistance of Medea, the king's daughter, who was in love with him. For, observing her directions, he overcame the bulls, laid the dragon asleep, carried away the fleece, and fled by night, carrying Medea with him, whom he afterward married.

“ P. What did king Æta do then ?

“ M. He pursued them ; but Medea, to stop his pursuit, tore her brother Absyrtus (who went with her) in pieces, and scattered the limbs on the road. When her father saw the torn members of his son, he stopped to gather them up. So Jason and the Argonautæ returned to their own country, where Medea by her charms restored Jason's father, the old decrepit Æson, to youth again ; though some say that Æson died before their return. The daughters of Pelius were affected so by this miraculous cure, that (desiring that their father might receive the like benefit) they were easily induced, through mistaken duty and unskilful kindness, to tear their father in pieces ; foolishly and ridiculously hoping that he, like Æson, would become young again. After this, Jason hated Medea, and divorcing himself from her, he married Creusa, the daughter of Creon, king of Corinth : and Medea, to revenge his perfidiousness, not only murdered the two children that she had by him in his own sight, but, in the next place, inclosed fire in a little box, and sent it to Creusa, who opened the box, and by the fire which burst out of it was burnt, together with the whole court. When she had done this, the admirable sorceress flew by magic art to Athens.”—*Tooke's Pantheon*.

In reducing the above to historical matter-of-fact, we must request the reader to take the trouble of casting his eye over the map of Turkey in Asia, where, on comparing it with ancient maps, he will find the modern river Rion, the Phasis of the ancients, flowing into the Black Sea a little beneath the town of Poti, which stands on its southern bank ; on the site of the ancient city of Phasis. The kingdom of Colchis lay along this part of the shores of the Black Sea ; the one half of it on one side of the river Phasis,—the other on the other side ; while backwards, into the interior, it penetrated far up among the Caucasian mountains. In tracing the Phasis backward to its source, numerous branching streams will be observed falling down from the mountains into it in all directions,—a circumstance the reader will please to bear in mind, as to it his attention will in a short while be particularly directed.

The first colonies on the banks of this noble river, of which history gives us any notice, were planted by the Egyptians ; and, before the Greeks had emerged out of barbarism, a large and lucrative trade was carried on between these, the mother country, and the Phœnicians. The route to India by the Caspian had been explored,—and the riches of that country, of China, and of Persia, made to pour themselves forth into the Euxine, to be distributed among the nations bordering on that sea and the Egæan. Besides which, the natural productions of Colchis itself afforded staple articles of a steady

and important commerce, inasmuch as its mountains furnished great stores of excellent timber for ship-building, as well as tar, rosin, &c.; while its plains abounded with hemp and flax, which the inhabitants, taught by their Egyptian ancestors, manufactured into sails, cordage, and linen cloth, and thereby drew much wealth from the nations that traded with them for these descriptions of articles. But that which was most important, and which bears most directly on our subject, was the gold mines wrought in the Caucasus, and the great quantities of gold that floated down the Phasis and its tributary branches, which the inhabitants *then*, as they do *still*, collected by means of *sheep-skins* placed in the current, so as to intercept the particles, and *gather them together in a rich sediment among the adhesive wool!* Long ages of war and barbarism have extinguished all knowledge of the mines here mentioned; but not of the simple practice of the people of Georgia—in which both the ancient Colchis and Iberia are now comprehended—as those people still continue to collect gold in the rivers by means of the fleeces of their flocks, and to carry on with the same a part of the little traffic that exists between themselves and the nations and tribes around them.

We cannot precisely state the mode in which the fleeces are placed in the streams, and the gold thereby made to lodge itself among the wool; but that the practice exists at this day, and has existed from the remotest antiquity, is a fact too amply attested to admit of dispute.

It is probable the reader has by this time clearly perceived the origin of the simile of the Golden Fleece. But, before declaring ourselves at one with him on this point, we desire to trace our way to it along the line of introductory facts. The Phœnicians, as already remarked, traded to Colchis long before the Greeks had founded any colonies or enjoyed any commerce on the Black Sea; and it is a fact which must be borne in mind, that the word by which they designated wealth, or a treasure, was *malon*,—a word which, in the Greek language written *mallon*, signifies *a fleece!* Now, when the Greeks heard the Phœnician merchants or mariners speak of the riches of Colchis under their peculiar denominative term *malon*, what so natural for those simple-minded hearers, as to attach to the word the signification it bore in their own language, and to construe it as specifically meaning *a fleece*, instead of the more vague and undefined object *a treasure*? And, when the Phœnicians, as they doubtless often would, expressly mentioned the gold of Colchis as constituting a large, or a principal part of this *treasure*, here was the adjective ready to be added to the noun at once, and to suggest to the Greeks the whole of their celebrated compound idea. That this was its common acceptance among the unrefined Greeks at that period, and also of most, if not all, of the followers of Jason himself, is evident, not less from the pointed and definite language of the allegory as to this particular, than from the important circumstance of Jason having employed a Phœnician pilot (Anchæus) to conduct his expedition,—a fact which proves the ignorance in which the Greeks then were as to the situation and route to Colchis, and how much they were indebted to Phœnician information for all their knowledge and ideas concerning it. Nor does the fact as to this strictness of literal meaning, rest on the above-mentioned circumstances alone. The Colchians, like all other pagan nations who worship that which is either most beneficial or most dreadful to them, had a temple erected on the banks of the Phasis, in which was worshipped a Ram, with a golden fleece, as representing, and believed to be, the protecting deity of that singular mode of collecting the precious ore, which has already been described. Here, then, was a direct, a tangible, a palpable object on which to found the Greek idea, even leaving out of view every other previous ground of inference. It must, therefore, we think, be regarded as a justifiable assumption, that in Greece, previous to the commencement of her maritime enterprise and greatness, the idea of the Colchian Golden Fleece was literal, not figurative; that the Argonautic Expedition under Jason, marks the epoch at which her chiefs or petty kings first began to discover that the term concealed a different meaning, and to be fired with the ambition of enriching their country by trafficking in the elements that



composed it;—and that, when Jason's expedition afterwards came to be a matter of history, the bards, the only historians of that early period, preferred recording it in all the figurative mystery and exaggeration of popular belief, to reducing it within the limits of simple and severe truth.

It now only remains to offer an opinion as to the more probable of the two interpretations of which the allegory admits,—namely, as to whether Jason visited Colchis as a pirate, with a view to plunder; or as the head and representative of a community anxious to become acquainted with the laws, manners, usages, and commerce of the place, and to establish a treaty, according to the provisions of which their future intercourse should be regulated. We incline to the latter interpretation, for the following reasons :—1st, That, from all that history relates as to the condition of Colchis at the period referred to, it was too powerful to be endangered by any attack from so small a semi-barbarian force as Jason appears to have commanded; and, 2d, That, even had the case been otherwise, and Jason been more than a match for the Colchians, the other nations with whom they traded, and particularly the Phœnicians, would have taken care to have defended them against their invader, for sake of the valuable commerce which their invasion and conquest must have greatly deranged, if not for a time annihilated. These are matter-of-fact suggestions, so plain and natural, that their force must be felt by every one. But, plain and forcible as they are, they form not the only reasonable ground for believing that Jason's expedition was a purely peaceable and commercial one: the allegory itself, when critically examined, affords strong internal evidence that such was the case.

In the first place, the narrative is to the effect, that Jason was permitted to land at Colchis quite peaceably, to visit its monarch, king *Æta*, in person, and, with his attendants, to stay sufficiently long at the Court to win the affections of the king's daughter *Medea*,—which matters we should not have had narrated thus, even in an allegory, had the landing of Jason been effected by violence, and accompanied with bloodshed and plunder. And in the second place, we have it expressly stated, that king *Æta* deliberately bargained with Jason as to the attainment of the Golden Fleece, and by no means surrendered it as a spoil of war,—a treasure which he was no longer in a capacity to preserve. All these circumstances clearly indicate a mere commercial negotiation. The mass of warlike and magical hyperbole under which it is disguised, is wholly to be imputed to the ignorance or love of the marvellous of those who afterwards became its recorders and celebrators.

As to the conditions of king *Æta*'s bargain,—that Jason, before obtaining the fleece, should tame the bulls and kill the dragon which guarded it—and, lastly, destroy the soldiers whom the slain dragon's teeth would produce,—we look upon all these as mere figurative impersonations of certain difficulties that opposed his great object of sharing in the Colchian commerce—such, for example, as the jealousy of rival countries, or the interests and prejudices of monopolists or privileged classes among king *Æta*'s own subjects.

That Jason triumphed over all these difficulties by the help of the king's daughter, may be very true; it may also be equally true, that, after accomplishing every object of his voyage, *Medea* accompanied him as his wife to *Thessaly*, taking with her the Golden Fleece,—that is, the treasure, or part of the treasure, of which the Golden Fleece was typical: but that Jason's departure was by stealth, and signalized by treachery and dishonesty, appears to be quite inconsistent with all the other parts of the transaction. Neither, although we admit the possibility of Jason having married and been assisted by *Æta*'s daughter, do we believe that the *Medea* mentioned in the allegory was other than an imaginary personage, assumed as representing the wisdom and talent displayed by Jason in conducting and bringing to a successful issue his negotiation, in the same way as the wisdom and prudence of *Telemachus*, in searching for his father *Ulysses*, are personified under the name of *Mentor*. In this we are borne out by the remaining part of the story, which says, that, on Jason's return to his own country, *Medea*, by her charms (magic) restored to youth his old and decrepid father, *Æson*,—under

which figure we are simply to understand, that Jason's success in opening up for his country the commerce of Colchis, had the effect of raising it to vigour and prosperity. In a like sense are we to interpret the conduct ascribed to the daughters of Pelius, in tearing their father to pieces, that he might be also restored to youth, like Æson. The daughters, or subjects, of Pelius, whichever they were, remarking the success of Jason, thought they might prove equally successful in the same way; and, by neglecting everything else, and taking no prudent measures to secure the object of their new ambition, they met only ruin where they hoped to have gained riches and power. There is a great fund of excellent practical wisdom concealed in this part of the allegory, to disclose which is worthy of all the critical pains we have taken in this historical analysis. Nor is the conclusion less pregnant with the same kind of wisdom. Jason, in process of time, is said to have become estranged from Medea—to have divorced her, and contracted a new matrimonial alliance; and she, in revenge, is reported to have slain the two children she had by him, and, after the infliction of other injuries, to have *fled to Athens*. Under this allegorical veil, we are to behold Jason, after a long career of successful enterprise, at length sinking into luxurious indolence, and betaking himself to enjoyments inconsistent with the retention of the means by which he had risen to wealth and power,—we are to see him, in consequence, punished with losses and deprivations of the most painful kind,—and, to crown all, we are to see the rich commerce (the Golden Fleece) he had the merit of first drawing to the Grecian shores, at length forsake his ports, where it no longer found encouragement, and transfer itself to the now-awakened and quickly-rising port of Athens! This latter event is strictly accordant with actual history, and therefore gives additional weight to the foregoing interpretation of one of the most celebrated of the ancient mythological fables.

We have thus attempted to reduce to literal detail the history of the Golden Fleece. The reader is left to judge whether or not we have successfully done so.

## THE WAEFU' LAMENTATION OF THE PROVOST AND BAILIES OF THE ROYAL BURGH OF BLYTHSWOOD:

OCCASIONED BY THE PASSING OF THE REFORM BILL.

3. And when the people heard these things, they shouted aloud with a great shout, for their joy was very great.

4. But the chief ruler and the elders which sat in the gate gnashed their teeth and rent their garments; yea, they lifted up their voices and wept bitterly, making a sore lamentation.

5. And the chief ruler cried grievously, saying, Alas, alas! for this great evil which hath now come upon us; truly may we be called "*Ichabod*," for the glory is departed from us and from our house for ever.

BOOK OF JASHER, CHAP. IX.

Wow, Sirs! what's this come owre us a' ?  
Wae worth that vile Reforming Law,  
That's torn the vested rights awa'  
Frae ilka borough,  
An' left us Bailies nocht awa'  
But dool an' sorrow.

Alas! that I should live to see't,  
The thocht o't 's like to gar me greet,  
An' gnash my teeth, an' stamp my feet,  
Wi' grief an' anger,  
To think how many *pickings* sweet  
We'll pree nae langer.

Gane are our bits o' canny jobs,  
 By whilk we used to line our fobs,  
 An' creesh our loofs, an' gust our gobs,  
     An' dink us braw;  
 That curst Reform! it comes an' robs  
     Us o' them a'.

Nae close electioneerings now,—  
 Thae times are a' gane by, I trow,  
 Whan *ye* chose me, an' I chose *you*;  
     An' here sit we,  
 As cowed as ony hummilt cow  
     That treads the lee.

Hech! but we've got a fearfu' fa',  
 We, wha were wont to gang sae braw,  
 Whase word, or nod, was aye a law  
     To a' about us;  
 The rabble, now, will owre us craw,  
     An' rudely flout us.

Whare, now, are a' our gowden dreams?  
 Our hole-an'-corner plots an' schemes?—  
 Gane, like the sun's departed beams,  
     Ayont the hill,—  
 While ilka future prospect seems  
     To lour wi' ill.

Nae mair we'll dine, now, wi' his GRACE,  
 Nor to my LORD haud up our face,  
 To bargain for some snug bit place  
     For Jock the laddie;  
 Nor get our wife bedeckt wi' lace  
     An' silks fu' gaudy.

An' there's your auld bit house an' mine  
 We thocht to get replaced short syne,  
 Wi' ashler wa's o' freestane fine,  
     An' sclated riggins;  
 That's past—an' here we still maun pine  
     In auld thack biggins.

An' mair than that, I thocht to get  
 A grand piano for our Kate,  
 Whare leddy-like she'd sit in state,  
     An' thrum her tune;—  
 The *pin wheel*, now, maun be her fate  
     To birr an' croon.

An' as for Jock, wi' a' his lear,  
 He needna think on pu'pits mair,  
 For notwithstanding a' my care,  
     Expense an' pains,  
 I fear he jimpily has a share  
     O' common brains.

But yet, for a' that, his bit lack  
 Wad ne'er hae been a great drawback  
 Unto his wearing o' the BLACK,  
     Provided still  
 Things hadna a' been knock'd to wrack  
     By this curst Bill.

For had we still possessed our *vote*,  
 We might hae made that muckle o't,  
 As, through some Patron, to hae got  
     Our Jock a kirk;—  
 That's gane—now he maun cast his coat,  
     Poor chiel! an' work.



An' waes me ! since he wants the brains  
 To handle chisels, files, and planes,  
 There's naething for him now remains,  
     In this world wide,  
 That I can see, but knapping stanes  
     By some dyke side.

Nae mair will B——ths——d meet us here,  
 An' dine wi' us four times a-year ;  
 We'll be for nae mair use, I fear,  
     To him, och hon !  
 An' therefore he will never speer  
     The road we're on.

Nor yet will Finlay Kirkland ca',  
 An' treat us in our ain Town Ha',  
 Nor kiss our wives an' dochters a',  
     An' slip fu' sleek  
 A bonnie yellow George or twa  
     Into their cheek.

O had we but ta'en care langsyne,  
 An' made hay while the sun did shine !  
 But na—we boost to dash an' shine  
     Aboon our level ;  
 An' wi' our dinners an' our wine,  
     Feast, rant, an' revel.

Short-sighted mortals ! ne'er to ween  
 But things wad be as they had been :  
 We little dreamt a blast sae keen  
     For us was brewin',  
 Whase breath wad bring our branches green  
     To wrack and ruin.

Ay, ay !—the crowd may bawl "Reform !"—  
 What wondrous gude it will perform !  
 To us it proves a ruthless storm—  
     A devastation—  
 A plague—a pest—a canker-worm—  
     Annihilation !

May muckle trouble, dool, an' wae,  
 Alight on Russell, Brou'm, an' Grey ;  
 They've ta'en frae us our prop, our stay—  
     Our chief support ;  
 But bide a wee,—they yet will ha'e  
     To answer for 't.

Ay, that they will—an' wi' a vengeance !—  
 For soon as comes a happy change ance,  
 We 'll mak' them chaunt, in Royal dungeons,  
     " Sweet Libertie !"  
 Or try if *Robespierian* engines  
     Can set them free.

An' a' the rest wha *wi'* them fought,  
 An' their unhallowed labours wrought,  
 We 'll hae them served, too, as they ought,  
     Vile, graceless fallows !  
 To justice they shall a' be brought—  
     An' that's the gallows.

May ruin seize that wicked Press—  
 The movin' cause o' our distress ;  
 It has exposed ilk wee finesse,  
     An' loopy job,  
 An' shown us, in our nakedness,  
     To a' the mob.

An' O, confound the UNIONS a'!—  
 Sae bauld an' crouselly now they craw,  
 They'd rule the King—they'd rule the law,—  
     Ilk thing they'd rule :  
 If fear they'll try to chase awa  
     Our King, ere yule.

But Gude preserve him, honest man !  
 Frae that infernal, graceless clan ;  
 I hope he'll yet do what he can  
     In our behalf,  
 An' try to mend, by ilka plan,  
     Our *broken staff*.

An' Heaven shield our spotless Queen  
 Frae ilka scoundrel Jacobin,—  
 For she has kept her *garments clean*,  
     'Mid a' this *stour*,  
 Nor filed her fingers wi't, I ween,  
     Up to this hour.

May ilka blessin' light upon  
 The glorious Duke o' Wellin'ton,  
 An' may he do as he has done ;—  
     Gude bless his Grace !  
 He was our leading-star—our sun,  
     When he kept place.

May Heaven uphold Sir Robert Peel—  
 An' Weatherall, that witty chiel—  
 An' Croaker, too, wha fought sae weel,  
     In our ain cause,—  
 An' a' the rest wha, true as steel,  
     Maintained *our laws*.

Gude save auld Airlan's weeping Church,  
 Now hurklin' low *without* the porch ;  
 They've torn her mantle, an' her curch  
     They've set on lowe,  
 While wicked corbies crouselly perch  
     On her bare pow.

An' gin they're no scaured aff, I doubt,  
 They'll pick her bare, clout after clout,  
 Nor leave her aught to wrap about  
     Her naked skin ;  
 Na, waur,—they threaten to pick out  
     Her vera een !

An' her gude Bishops still preserve,  
 Wha *daily* in the Temple serve,—  
 Through *want* o' *Tithes* may they ne'er starve,  
     But aye hae plenty,—  
 For muckle, muckle they deserve,  
     They are sae *teny*.

They never *stain* their shaw-white bands  
 By breaking ane o' the *Commands*,  
 Nor e'er *defile* their *haly* hands  
     Wi dirt o' *Mammon* ;  
 Then, O ! may those wha'd seize their lands  
     Be strung like *Human* !

An' may red wrath an' indignation  
 Be poured out on this graceless nation !  
 May ruin an' black desolation  
     Sweep owre the land !  
 While, safe entrenched in domination,  
     We snugly stand !

## DIAMOND-CUT-DIAMOND:

## A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

PERHAPS no one ever had a sweeter dream of love than I, or awoke to disappointment as bitter. The object of my unfortunate passion was dear to me long before either of us had attained to the age of maturity. We were born and bred in the same neighbourhood—one of the wide-spread suburbs of Paisley. When mere children, we rambled together for whole days among our native woods and glens; and, even then, I felt that I was bound to her by a tie of affection on which my future happiness was to depend. Beautiful, thoughtless creature! how fondly did my boyish heart doat on thee, and how insensible the while was thine!

“When first upon your tender cheek  
I saw the morn of beauty break,  
With mild and cheering beam,  
I bow’d before your infant shrine;  
The earliest sighs you had were mine,  
And you my darling theme.”

Though Agnes Blackburn and I were children of humble parents, we were allowed to enjoy the first eleven or twelve years of our lives free from all toils except such as were necessarily connected with the little education we received. These were our golden years, for they were passed in joys undarkened by care, and scarcely ever clouded by a thought. Though Agnes now were mine, with every other blessing I could name, still might I regret the delicious freshness of that early dawn of existence, when, to our delighted senses, every joy was new and unalloyed. But alas! that morn has taken wings and flown away, and our meridian is overcast in gloom that never can disperse.

As Agnes and I grew up, we less frequently had leisure to be in the company of each other; for we were born but to the station in which almost constant labour is unavoidable. Still we generally found it possible to pass a while together in the evenings; and, to me at least, these evening hours were just so many snatches of heaven. “A raw beardless boy feel so happy in the company of a half-grown girl!” some will exclaim. Yes, callous souls! a boy indeed can taste of love; ay, deeper too, and far more purely than he ever may in after years.

Agnes was at all times somewhat reserved even to me, her earliest and closest companion; so that, blinded although I was with my passion, I could not help perceiving that the ardour of our attachment lay all on my side. I hoped to overcome her indifference by showing myself more and more devoted in my love: like a fool, as I was, I little suspected that ambition—the ambition of attaining to a higher station—was at the bottom of her reserve. I had never talked of love, though I lived and breathed in it; and my simplicity led me to believe that a bold declaration might draw from my Agnes an acknowledgment that her heart was mine. I must confess I had misgivings in my confidence of success; for indeed it was rather too much for a stripling mechanic, without any prospect of ever rising above his original poverty, to expect that one of the most beautiful and attractive of her sex would prefer him to all who courted, or were likely to court her favour.

She was just eighteen, and I but little more when I ventured to tell her all I felt regarding her, and received my doom in her accents of affected surprise at my fervour, and in her maddening assurance that she cherished no such sentiments towards me. With a burning brain, and a heart nigh to bursting, I sought my couch, and passed the first of many sleepless nights I was fated to experience.

Next day, towards evening, I wandered forth alone, to try what effect a walk in the country would have in composing my agitated feelings. I took



my way through the eastern suburb of the town, along the great road leading to Glasgow.

I was more than a mile out of the smoke of Paisley, and was beginning to enjoy the balmy freshness of the country air, and the verdant aspect of the fields, and to feel something like sympathy with the tranquil state of the elements, when I found that, in spite of my leisurely pace, I was about to overtake an elegantly-dressed female, who was walking very slowly on the path before me. Her step, indeed, was rather like that of a person sauntering near some appointed place, than of one going to any distance. As I approached close to her, it struck me suddenly that she bore some resemblance, in gait and form, to scornful Agnes Blackburn; but her dress was different, and much richer than any in which I had ever before seen my idol attired. I kept moving on mechanically, wrapt up in doubt and conjecture, till at length when I, with trembling steps and a palpitating heart, had just reached, and was about to pass her, she turned her face full upon me, and, sure enough, it was the beauteous face of my Agnes.

Our mutual embarrassment was painful in the extreme; for it had been quite an understood thing between us, the previous evening, that we were parting for ever,—at least, that we could no longer be on the familiar footing with each other which had commenced in our very infancy. Still, at that moment, I could not do otherwise than adopt her lingering pace, and once more assume my wonted privilege of walking by her side. But this she no sooner perceived, than, stopping short, with a look replete with the most expressive meaning, she merely said she hoped I would have a pleasant walk, but that she did not intend to proceed any farther at the time. It was easy to understand that she was anxious I should recollect the terms on which we then stood, and not presume on being more to her than a mere acquaintance, entitled only to a civil recognition; so I bade her good-bye with as much appearance of unconcern as I could muster, and went onward in a state of indescribable perturbation of soul.

I proceeded, hardly knowing whither I went, and almost insensible to everything around me. One object, however, attracted my attention and excited my envy; this was a gentleman-like person whom I met a considerable way beyond the spot where I parted with Agnes. I observed him, when at a distance, coming striding on at a round pace, carrying his hat and cane in one hand, while with the other he was sedulously engaged in adjusting his shirt-collar, his cravat, and his nicely-curved hair. Happy coxcomb, thought I, thou must have a light heart, as well as a vacant skull, to be so exceedingly solicitous of having a fine appearance. As he brushed past me with an air of infinite self-complacency, and humming to himself a theatrical tune, I could not help thinking there was also something in his hurried manner, and in the *qui vive* expression of his countenance, that indicated a sense of being importantly or interestingly engaged. The suspicion flashed across my mind, that my Agnes had perhaps an assignation with this fop; but on a moment's thought I confidently concluded it to be impossible; for I believed I knew her too well, and had had too good opportunities of observing her life, to be ignorant of any intimacy of the least consequence she could have formed; and the supposition of her having an appointment with the person who had just passed me, without a previous acquaintance of some standing, seemed to me exceedingly improbable.

I continued my walk without any definite intention, and was passing what is called "The Three-Mile-House," (a tavern about half-way between Glasgow and Paisley,) when a person in one of the front rooms on the ground flat, threw open the window, and politely accosted me, saying he wished to have the pleasure of my company a little, if I had no objections. He was an entire stranger to me; but as he was civil enough, and appeared to be quite sober, I did not hesitate to comply with his request.

When I was shown into the room where he was, I found him alone. Some liquor measures and glasses stood on the table before him, and a lighted candle, though several hours of daylight were yet to run, and the motty

sunbeams were pouring into the apartment at the very time. He desired me to be seated, and, at the same time, with much ceremony, handed me a glass of spirits. After pledging my health, encouraging me to drink by his example, and making a few common-place remarks on the weather, he called for a couple of tobacco pipes, one of which he immediately filled and presented to me, without ever asking if I were a smoker. Having filled the other for his own use, he threw himself back on his chair, and commenced to send up a cloud of smoke that made it scarcely possible for me to breathe freely, or to see any object in the room. I began to surmise that the person whom I had got beside so unexpectedly, was but some insipid fool, or mere sensualist, who had perhaps called me in without any other intention than to have a companion to share with him in his miserable indulgencies; and this suspicion made me not a little chagrined at my silliness in acceding so readily to his request. But I soon saw that, whoever he might be, he really had something of consequence to say to me.

"I presume," said he, after a brief silence, "you belong to Paisley?"

I answered him in the affirmative. He then asked if I knew a Mr. Blackburn, one of the greatest merchants or manufacturers in the place. I was startled with surprise when he pronounced the name Blackburn,—but, immediately recovering my self-possession, I replied that I knew no one of the name who agreed with his description.

"But do you know any Blackburns in Paisley?" he rejoined.

"Why, yes, I know one family there of that name," was my answer.

"And what, pray, is the condition in life of the family you speak of?"

Concealing as well as I could my surprise and embarrassment at being interrogated on such a subject by a stranger, I replied that the Blackburns whom I knew were working people, maintaining a respectable character among their neighbours for honesty and industry.

"O ho!" said he, "that's not the folk at all that I'm inquiring about;—you know of no other Blackburns in Paisley?"

"No; but the town is pretty extensive, so there may be many families in it of that name, though I don't know of it."

"O'es, that's true enough; but the Mr. Blackburn I allude to is said to be in such a great way, that I thought it impossible for any body belonging to the same town not to have, at least, *heard* of such a man."

"Had there been such a person in Paisley for any length of time, I should certainly have known something about him, for I have resided in the town all my life. Is it not possible you may have been misinformed on the subject?"

"Why, yes, it's both possible and likely, for I have only the word of a d——d rascal for it; but I have some interest in knowing the truth of the matter, and the devil himself won't deceive me. I know people of quality at a glance.—O'es, sir, I'm not to be diddled if I just get using my eyes."

"And are you to have this Mr. Blackburn pointed out to you?"

"O no, not Mr. Blackburn himself, but his daughter, sir,—his daughter. It's a private affair, so I can't explain; but it's the old chap's daughter I'm to see, and I'll soon make out whether or no she be's a lady."

"And are you going to Paisley to see her?" I ventured to inquire, in a voice hardly articulate with the tumult of suspicions that was beginning to agitate my soul.

"Not at all," was his reply. "I'm to have an opportunity of seeing her in a little, passing this very house; and then I shall know what to think of a certain customer of mine—whether he's more likely to cheat or be cheated. But d——me, though he may be a fool, and be duped after all, I won't, else 'tis curious."

The state into which these vague, but too intelligible hints threw my mind, may well be imagined, but it is impossible for me to describe it. Suffice it to say, I clearly perceived that my Agnes was about to connect herself with a deceitful villain,—and that there was great reason to believe that, to secure him, she also was acting the part of a deceiver.

I resolved to remain where I was, till I should more fully discover the base intrigue that was evidently going forward; but I could not presume to do so without obtaining some new footing, for my companion seemed to have nothing further to inquire of me: so, as the only pretence I could devise for prolonging my stay, I said, that since I had freely accepted a share of his liquor, I would, if he had no objections, treat him in turn to a glass. He was not a person to refuse any offer of the kind, so I touched the bell, and took especial care to order an abundant supply.

This was not long brought in, before my compotator, thrusting his head out at the window, gave me to understand that his friend was in sight, with the young lady, whom he had promised to pass with, at his arm.

My agitation at this moment was extreme. I stood at the open window, screened in such a manner by the body of my new acquaintance, and an unfolded leaf of the shutters, that, while I saw well enough into the road, I could not be easily seen from thence. I was not long kept in suspense, for, before I could collect sufficient composure to inquire how far they were off, I had the agony of witnessing my deluded and deluding Agnes glide past, leaning lovingly on the arm of the identical exquisite I had met on the road.

When they were past, I sunk into a chair at my side, in a state of absolute stupefaction; but my overwhelming emotions were quite unobserved by the *soi-disant* knowing one in the room with me. "Stop a bit, my good fellow," he cried, when he saw me withdraw from the window,—“stop a bit, they will be here again immediately. Neddy said he would only take the girl a few steps beyond this house, and then walk back with her. Hang me, but she's a born beauty, or I'm no man at all!”

I accordingly resumed my station beside him, to experience another pang of anguish, in seeing my love repass in such company.

"You think her a beauty, then," I remarked carelessly.

"Ay, as pretty as the Queen of Sheba. Lord! what nimble eyes she has got! what a heavenly mouth!—and then her shape!”

"But do you think she is a lady?”

"Why, as for that, I—I—I can't say exactly: I should rather imagine her an angel. D——me if I observed her dress at all; however, I'll look to that when she comes back. Faith, and there she is just now again!”

In passing this time, she was on the far-off side of the path, and nearly hidden from my view by her ineffable scoundrel of a partner, who, in the true vulgar manner, put his finger to the side of his nose, as a sign of recognition and triumph, to his precious friend before me at the window.

"Well," said this worthy, as he closed the sash, "that fine Miss must indeed be a silly fool to fling herself, with all her cash, at the head of such a goose as Neddy Monteith. Confound me! but I would rather see him hanged, as he ought to have been long ago, than see him the owner of such a pretty creature, if I had any other chance of getting my money out of him."

"But don't you think pity enough of her to be willing to forego your own interest a little, rather than get an advantage in such a way?”

"Pity of her!—no, who thinks any thing a pity?—if she's so mad as take such a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow for a husband, who's to blame but herself, I wonder?”

I saw I might as well talk of honesty to the fox, or of gentleness to the bear, as of compassion to this vulture in the human form, who was habitually, if not constitutionally, vicious. Had I then explained to the scoundrel that the supposed heiress was merely a poor girl, playing off the same deceit he was assisting to practise on her credulity, she might have been saved from the ruin which has befallen her. But how could I expose the duplicity of my poor ambitious Agnes to a wretch so depraved? Is it to be supposed I would be at the pains to prove my love a cheat—and to such a man? O no! it was impossible. In fact, the idea never struck me; my only thought was, to take complete advantage of the opportunity I possessed, of discovering every particular of the diabolical plot laid to betray the lovely erring



creature on whom all my affections were centered, and then to disclose to her the full extent of her danger.

The measure of liquor I had called for was not half drained, when the redoubtable Neddy Monteith joined us, after having escorted his intended victim to the vicinity of her home. He entered the room in high glee; but, on perceiving me, he assumed a supercilious and inquiring look, and, as he placed his hat on one chair, and drew in another near the table for his own occupation, he asked, with the most abrupt and provoking rudeness, at his brother in iniquity, before the latter had time to introduce me to him, "Who's this now you've got here, Maclaymont?"

"He's a young man," was the reply, "that I have been treating to a dram while I was waiting for you, and now he is paying it back again,—that's all fair, you know. By-the-bye, he belongs to yon quarter, and never heard of a certain old chap, nor his money bags. Isn't that a leetle curious?"

"O, not at all! How the deuce could *he* know anything of the kind? He evidently belongs to the lower orders." "What is your occupation, Sir?" he added, addressing himself to me,—“What is your occupation? Are you a weaver, or a smith, or a shoemaker, or some poor devil of a tailor?"

The trouble of resenting this matchless impudence was taken out of my hands, for, before I could find words to express my scornful and exasperated feelings, Maclaymont (the worthy accomplice in the plot against my Agnes) was vociferating in the most indignant style; for, as it immediately appeared, he had reason to take sore offence at Neddy his friend, or rather his debtor, for talking so contemptuously of the cross-legged profession. This was my time to ascertain the real character and circumstances of the precious pair before me.

"Poor devil of a tailor!" exclaimed the fashionable habit-maker and merchant-tailor, as Maclaymont turned out to be;—"Poor devil of a tailor, indeed! Tailors may perhaps be poor enough, but I know one of them pretty well, who has made a gentleman of a poorer devil than ever sat on a sewing-board. D—n you, Sir! who was it that patched you together, and padded you out at all points, to look so genteel, that anybody would imagine you were as good as myself, or any other gentleman, though you are but a beggar after all? Was it not I, Sir, who trusted you the only clothes you have got since you were turned out in rags from the jail where you lay so long for swindling? Was it not I, Sir, who humanely assisted you with goods and money, to let you have a chance of catching a fortune? Is not the watch in your fob, the rings on your fingers, the boots on your legs, and, for all your vanity, you poor idiot! is not even the shirt on your back mine, or hired by me to accommodate you in your needy condition? Nay, you low-bred, ungrateful dog! is not the meat and drink, at this moment in your stomach, of my giving? and yet you talk of tailors being poor devils!"

"O, Sir, I beg a thousand pardons,—had not the slightest intention of offending you,—'pon my word—The fact is,—positively,—had not the most distant idea you would feel hurt."

"Your word! who would give a straw for *your* word? If your bill had been worth anything, you might have talked of your word; but you're a cheat, a scamp, a liar, and a lousy, mean scoundrel."

"Well, Sir, you may say what you please, but, whether you believe me or not, I solemnly assure you, I had not the least recollection, when I questioned this lad if he was a tailor, that you were one."

"Hum,"—

"In fact you don't look like one."

"Indeed!"

"No, Sir, upon my honour you don't. If I knew nothing about you, and were to meet you on the street, I should never take you for a tailor."

"Ay, what would you take me for?"

"Why, I should suppose you were a—a—a sort of a military gentleman, or perhaps an officer of the navy."

"O, nonsense! you are joking, Ned."

"Nay, I'm speaking the plain truth—most decidedly so."

"Very well, Neddy, you're perhaps an honest enough fellow, after all, but now since I've got time to ask, how are you like to get on with the grand affair?"

"You must tell me first what you think of the lady—isn't she *like* a lady?"

"Most decidedly so;—in fact I should have known her to be a person of quality, though she had been clad in rags. O'es, Sir, she's a lady—I'm not to be deceived."

"I told you so, Sir; I always told you there was no mistake."

"But what does she take *you* for?"

"Take me for! why, Sir, I'm the Right Honourable Edward so and so,—do you take?"

"O'es, Sir, I comprehend."

At this point of the conversation, the speakers laid their heads together, and spoke so low and vaguely, that it was only now and then I could make out a few words in connection. They presumed me to be totally unconcerned in the subject of their discourse; and I took care, by feigning the most perfect indifference, to raise no suspicion to the contrary in their minds.

They were therefore heedless about conversing of their project in a tone altogether inaudible to me; and the general notion I had previously acquired from the tailor's talk concerning what was going forward, rendered the little that did reach my ears distinctly, quite pregnant with intelligence. I do not scruple to own that, in reality, I hearkened with all my might, for I considered it a sacred duty to acquaint myself, as fully as possible, with the infamous artifices contrived to ensnare poor Agnes, that I might the better be able to expose them; though, alas! by her own duplicity, she but too well merited the imposture.

I learned, with a certainty which struck inexpressible sorrow into my heart, that my Agnes had indeed been dealing deceitfully with the wretched vagabond, Neddy Monteith, and had been as grossly deceived in turn by him; that she pretended she was the heiress of a great fortune, and engaged by her father to one of the wealthiest gentlemen in the neighbourhood; that she durst not be seen to encourage the advances of any other suitor, and was therefore obliged to meet her new lover by stealth and in secret; that he, Neddy, had convinced her that he was a young man of great rank and expectations; that he durst not form any matrimonial connection without the consent of a rich uncle, which it would be difficult, if not impossible for him, in the present instance, to obtain; that his love for her was so uncontrollable, that he could not live another day without her; and, in short, that he was to meet her the following evening, at their late place of rendezvous, with a gig, in which they were to drive off to some distance, to be indissolubly united by a private marriage! This is the substance of what I gathered by a painful exercise of attention to the rambling undertalk, and significant hints, of the rascals at the table with me, during a sitting of several hours. In the course of that time they plyed the liquor pretty freely, and indulged largely in the flow of soul. At last they took the road eastward, arm in arm, staggering, hiccupping, and singing, in a state of complete inebriation.

On my lonely way home, I thought of various methods of arresting Agnes on the brink of the precipice of folly over which she was about to throw herself. My final resolution was to send her a note, as early as possible next day, informing her concerning the real character of the person with whom she intended to connect her future fate.

The following is a copy of what I wrote to her:—

DEAR AGNES,

Though you have spurned me from you, I cannot help warning you to beware of one, whom, it seems, you have received into your favour. When I tell you he is a scoundrel and a beggar, do not imagine I say so at random, or out of any spiteful feeling. I merely state what I know to be true, from a sense of duty, which would dictate the same conduct to me were the welfare of any other fellow-being in the peril which,

at this moment, threatens yours, and were I possessed of information on the subject as important as I now possess. I know well the account your favourite has given you of himself, and I have the surest proof that it is utterly false. Indeed, Agnes, I heard it from his own lips; though he knew not that I heard or understood what he said, for he was telling it to another, and not to me. Neither am I ignorant of the part you have been acting to secure such a lover, but of that your own conscience will speak to you. My purpose is not to upbraid, but to warn you. For the sake, then, of yourself, and of all interested in what befalls you, pause before you take the imprudent step you have intended to venture on; and that you may be preserved from the effects of your own by-past errors, and from the designs of such men as Edward Monteith, shall ever be the sincere prayer of your early friend,

ROBERT WOOD.

I had this conveyed to her early in the morning—but, alas! the attempt to save her was vain. She knew my hand-writing in the address on the back, and returned the letter unopened. My next idea was to call on her, before the hour of her assignation with her dupe and deceiver, and state to her verbally (if I should get an opportunity of speaking with her) the nature of that destiny she was blindly about to seal as her own.

If I failed in this, I resolved to interrupt her on the way to the place of her appointment, and make another attempt to get a hearing, before she was irretrievably undone, through ignorance of what I had to tell her. In approaching her dwelling, I saw her at the window, and our eyes met for a moment. I have no doubt it was owing to this circumstance, which I considered fortunate, that the little girl, who replied to me at the door, was not instructed to deny that Agnes was within when I called; for the alternative adopted instead of such a denial was, if possible, more cruel towards me, and must have required a greater degree of obduracy in the heart of her who could resort to it. When I expressed my wish to speak with Agnes, the answer I received was, that she was engaged at the time, and could not see me. When I repeated my request, and stated that I had something very particular to say to her, the reply returned was that she had nothing to say to me!

This unworthy treatment would, under any ordinary circumstances, have been galling enough to make resentment master every other feeling within me; but in the present instance it failed to subdue the compassion I felt for the infatuated girl of my heart. I still thought only of how I might save her from the misery on which she was rushing unwittingly, deaf to all but the proud suggestions of her own aspiring mind.

The house in which Agnes resided with her parents, like many of the tenements inhabited by trades' people in this part of the country, is only one story high, and has an entry or close running in the centre of it, from the front to the back, which is generally open at the ends except during the night-time when the doors are shut. In moving through this passage to go away, I happened to look behind me, and observed her father, old John Blackburn, in the garden attached to his house. I was well acquainted with him, and a moment's consideration determined me to disclose to him the facts I had before intended only for the ear of her whom they most nearly concerned. I was induced to take this sudden resolution, on the consideration that I would find the old man disposed to hear all I had to say, and to act promptly on my information, to prevent the ruin of his daughter; for I had my doubts as to the probability of getting a hearing from Agnes herself, even should I succeed in seeing her on the way to meet the wretch she had agreed to elope with.

I entered the little garden forthwith, and accosted old John, who was leaning over the hedge conversing with a neighbour. I thought I could perceive a slight shade of displeasure come over his countenance when he saw me;—at any rate, when I intimated to him my desire to speak with him privately, he was in no hurry to reply; and when he did so, it was in a dry repulsive manner, which showed me plainly I was an unwelcome visitor.

"Rest ye a wee then," he said, at length, "till I hae out my crack wi' James Hunter here." I submitted reluctantly to the prospect of some delay, and impatiently paced the grassy foot-walks over and over again, turning my eyes every minute towards the garrulous old men, to see when they would



end their talk, and allow me to deliver my errand ; for the critical hour was near at hand, after which all disclosure would be unavailing.

My anxiety was aggravated by observing, in the indifferent, uninterested looks and gestures of John and his neighbour, that the conversation which engaged them was of some very trifling nature. Indeed, they seemed but to be wandering from one subject to another to spin out the time. Sometimes they would pass their snuff-boxes over the hedge to each other with leisurely formality ; then the one would direct the other's eye to some flower or bush in view, and apparently commence an argument or disquisition concerning it. The state of the weather, too, was evidently a principal topic of their discourse, for they stood, with folded arms, looking long and deliberately to every quarter of the sky, and seemed to emulate its perfect tranquillity. I could not refrain from stepping forward again to the old man, who was thus trifling unawares with the fate of his daughter,—“ I really wish,” said I, “ you would allow me to have a little private talk just now with you, for what I have to state is of great importance, and can admit of no delay.”

“ Gude pity us man !” was his reply, “ ye're truly in a fell way. Are ye sure the subject ye mean till speak to me about, is important till only body but yoursel' ?”

“ Yes, John,” was my answer, “ it is more your concern than mine ; in fact it does not relate to me at all.”

“ What business have ye then till meddle in affairs that ye hae naething ado wi' ?” was his poser of a query. “ But,” added he, without waiting for my reply, “ keep yoursel' easy a blink, and I'll crack wi' you belyve.” I saw no help for it but to wait till he should please to attend to my request, though I could not do so with an easy mind, for, on looking at my watch, I saw there was not half an hour to come and go upon. The urgency of the case reached its climax when I observed Agnes, elegantly attired, as on the previous evening, glide out of the house by the front door, and disappear. I well knew she was away to fulfil her fatally imprudent engagement, and I felt the imperative necessity of making a last effort that very moment in her behalf.

I once more approached her father, and interrupted his silly and long-winded maundering, but no longer with a hesitating voice, or suppressed emotions.

“ In the name of God,” said I, loudly, and in an earnest manner, “ leave off this trifling.” Old John and his gossiping neighbour stared at me in astonishment, but I proceeded—“ Your daughter, Agnes, is on the brink of ruin ; and if you would save her, you must bestir yourself immediately.”

“ What kind o' ruin is she rinnin' till the brink o', Robin ?” said John, with the most mortifying *non chalance*.

“ She is about to form an unfortunate connection for life,” was my reply.

“ Ay, ay,—say ye sae, say ye sae ? Aweel its nae doot vera obleeing o' you till interest yoursel' sae far in her weelfare and mine, but whenever I want your advice again, aboot hoo till manage ony o' ma bairns, I'll send for ye ; in the meantime ye needna fash your thoom aboot Aggy, though, as I said afore, I'm truly muckle obleeged t'ye for the trouble ye've ta'en anent her already.”

These taunting words brought the blood warmly into my face, and inspired me with scorn and indignation. I would probably have given vent to my outraged feelings in some passionate retort, had not the question forced itself upon my mind—what can be the *reason* he takes my information so coolly, and treats me with such rudeness ? I could imagine no solution of this, except that which immediately proved to be correct—namely, that the aged father of Agnes was as ambitious and deceitful as she herself, and was accessory to her pitiful project for aggrandizement ; and that he had only understood me as having got some vague hint of the event about to take place, and as surmising that the connection would be unfortunate, in pure ignorance of its real nature.

On this supposition I bridled my resentment and contempt, and, out-

braving his taunts, went on to state fully and explicitly what I knew of the character and designs of the *gentleman* who was to be the husband of Agnes.

"I warn you solemnly," said I, "that your daughter will this very evening become the wife of a scoundrelly beggar, unless you interfere to save her from such degradation and misery. I know this beyond all doubt, and if you do not take immediate steps to prevent it, you must be void of every spark of natural affection."

"But what prufe have ye that the man ye say Aggy is on the pint o' being married to, is a scoonerel and a beggar, as ye ca' him?"

"The best of all proof. I have heard from the lips of himself, and an associate of his in villany, within the last twenty-four hours, abundant evidence of what I tell you. There is no time at present for me to say more to convince you: if you would save Agnes from ruin, you must go and use all the influence you possess over her, to dissuade her from the rash and foolish step she is taking. And go immediately, for she is already on the way to meet the villain, and it will hardly be possible now for you to overtake her."

He no longer required me to urge him to activity. He saw at once the pressing nature of the case; and, though the infirmity of years bore heavily on him, he instantly began to move towards the place of the unhappy assignation, at a rate which, young as I was, I found rapid enough for me to keep up with. We proceeded far on the way without seeing any appearance of his daughter. At length, at a turn of the road considerably beyond the beautiful plantations of Barshaw, we beheld a female a great way before us, whom we knew at once to be Agnes, standing on the foot-path, near the gig which was to carry her away. She apparently waited till a person I easily recognised to be no other than Neddy Monteith, should adjust the seat-cushions, which he seemed busily employed in doing. Alas! we were too late to render her any service, for before we could make any signal to catch her eye, or get near enough to make ourselves heard by her, poor Aggy was handed into the gig by her despicable gallant, and driven off at a rate which made it hopeless to think of pursuit.

An inquiry after the foolish pair was next day set on foot, and they were soon after discovered in genteel lodgings in Glasgow, but not till they had become united in the bands of wedlock, and had discovered each other's real character and mutual duplicity.

Agnes awoke, ere she was long a wife, to the blighting knowledge, that her Edward was one of the lowest of mankind, instead of the gentleman she had fondly believed him to be; and Neddy, with no less vexation, found the prize he had carried off so exultingly, to be only an ambitious tambourer!

Reader, thou mayest well conceive, and therefore it will be needless for me to attempt a description of, the miserable life of discord and penury it has since been their lot to lead together.

## THE KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TOWER:

### A TALE.

*Extracted from the Chartulary of the Abbey of Kilwinning.*

THE isolated Castle of Loch Doon presents, in the nineteenth century, only a faint trace of the chief hold of the ancient Thanes of Kyle. The warder's pinnacle, and the battlements from whence the hardy bowmen often showered their barbed arrows against the approaching foe, have all fallen under the wasting hand of time.

The bittersn flits in the gothic-arched hall, that often resounded the plaudits of the minstrel's lay, or the mirth of the festive dance, where Beatrix de Bello Campo, "the flower of the west countrie," flared life's morning away in innocent hilarity, ere she became the bride of Hugh de Morvel—than whom the King of Scotland had not a knight more brave. To endow a

monastery in the days of David I., was esteemed an act of the most pious beneficence. The many examples set by that monarch of doing so, were followed by some of his most opulent subjects, particularly by Hugh de Morvel, who, by the liberality of the king, possessed great wealth in the west of Scotland.

In accordance with the wishes of his pious lady, and in honour of St. Winning, one of his ancestors, who flourished in the eighth century, De Morvel founded an abbey in one of the Bailiewicks of Ayrshire, for monks of the Tyronensian order, with a castellated pile adjacent to it, as an occasional residence for himself.

It was the usual custom of the pious Beatrix to attend the morning matins, which caused her frequently to pass through the cloister; and, being affable and courteous, she was much respected by the monks: but none was so ready to attend her as Friar Swithin, whose extreme servility often caused the fair Beatrix to smile from under her hood, which harmonized so much with his feelings for the fair one, that he never failed to return these marks of condescension in a very obsequious manner. At last he grew so bold as to write her a letter, expressing, in the most figurative scriptural language, how much he was smitten by her charms. He said she was fairer than the holy St. Bridget—the glance of whose eye was more bright than the stars seen by the shepherds of Bethlehem—and the tint of whose cheek was of a richer dye than that of Sharon's rose—whose skin was more soft than the mist of Gilboa—and whose breasts were like clusters of camphor in the vineyards of Engedi. The officious subserviency of Sir Swithin to the Lady Patroness of the abbey, was censoriously remarked by the whole brotherhood; and even the lady's condescension towards him was observed in a manner nowise coinciding with the former piety and virtue of her character, although she was wholly unconscious of having given any grounds for unfavourable animadversions on her conduct.

The monk's letter threw her into great perturbation of mind,—how a person in holy orders could have so far departed from his sacred vow as to pen such an epistle, she was wholly at a loss to conceive; and, more particularly, how any person should dare address her in such a manner. She had no doubt whatever of being tenderly beloved by her husband, and consequently could not suppose for a moment that he was the comploter of this letter to prove her fidelity; but, lest it might afterwards come to his knowledge, whatever the consequence might prove to be, she resolved to show him the singular epistle of the base-minded monk.

De Morvel had always considered Swithin to be the most sanctified person of the brotherhood, and that his mind was as pure as became his holy calling; but the holograph letter put into his hands by the faithful and pious Beatrix, instantly convinced him how much he had been mistaken. "Ah," said he, "is this the result of my liberality to the church?"—but, as if suddenly checking his anger, he requested his lady to take no further notice of that wolf in sheep's clothing, as he intended to apply without delay to the Bishop to send him back to his Benedictine brethren of the abbey of Kelso, from whence he came.

Under such circumstances, the line of conduct thus proposed by De Morvel, was perhaps the most prudent that could have been adopted towards the clerical delinquent, and Beatrix felt great happiness in thinking that her husband's resentment against the monk had so suddenly passed away. But the intended injury sunk much deeper into the mind of the knight than he wished to show; and the cessation of hostility was only a sham retreat to decoy the enemy from his vantage-ground, and then to attack him with more certainty of success.

Taking the opportunity of his lady going to visit her paternal inheritance at Loch Doon, on the day of her departure for that place, he wrote the monk the following letter in her name:—

DEAR SWITHIN,

Your letter, which I have duly received, has given me much delight. As De



Morvel is gone to Ayr to attend a Shiremote, you may come, silently and alone, to my chamber to-night at ten o'clock. I have ordered the hen that roosts next the cock, and a capon, for your supper.

Yours ever,

BEATRIX.

The monk was dight in his scapular, rocket, rosary, and holy band, to go to mass, when the little page put the letter into his hand. The bell rung, but he heard it not; and he forgot to go to prayers, so proud was he that his letter should have been so favourably received. Long before the appointed time, he shaved his tonsure, and put on a shirt of the finest Holland, and dressed his person, of which he was very vain, as he thought meet to be seen by so fine a lady. When the convent lights were out, he stole away to her chamber, and, without light of either coal or candle, was quietly handed in—not by the lady, as he had first supposed, but by Sygtryg, De Morvel's Norwegian henchman, who, with a sarcastic grin, ere he had time to call for help, threw the string of a bugle-horn round his neck, laid him on the ground with his face downwards, and held him in that position, by kneeling on his back, and drawing with all his might the cord, till he was strangled to death.

Scenes of slaughter had been familiar to De Morvel from the days of his boyhood, and he often boasted of the part he had individually acted in the destruction of human life, but he seemed quite appalled at having countenanced the assassination of a defenceless monk. He knew that a layman, by the ecclesiastical law, who dared even to strike a person in holy orders, forfeited both life and lands, and he soon became reconciled to the fate which he supposed inevitably awaited him: but, that his faithful Sygtryg might not suffer for a crime of which, although he was the chief actor, had thereby neither avarice nor revenge to satisfy, he thus addressed him:—"My faithful Norman, as you have risked your life in my unfortunate quarrel, you must speedily mount my fleetest steed, and flee into England to save yourself from the dreadful penalty of the law, which you have now incurred. You must pass through the town of Ayr; there you will see the prison-house, where I will voluntarily take up my abode before the sun sinks down again behind the rocky height of dark Ben-Goil, in order to wait the doom I now deserve."

The Norwegian, not having such a high sense of honour as his master, and being of a morose, savage disposition, thus chided him:—"Ah! why should a Baron, whose courage has been so often tried, and who has never yet been beaten by any foe,—on whose heel even the king himself has buckled a golden spur on the battle ground,—in whose defence, at the sound of a bugle, Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham would rise *en masse*, be so alarmed at seeing the corpse of an unworthy member of the church choked by chance? No person is aware of what has happened here,—I will instantly take the corpse back into the priory, and place him on his knees at the altar; it was his duty to perform vespers there: at midnight, his opponent, Sir Roland of Galloway, will go to succeed him, and must remain there, in pious contemplation, till he perform matins at sunrise."

To such a plausible proposition De Morvel not only assented, but readily agreed to assist in carrying the same into effect.

The castle and monastery were separated by a high wall; but Sygtryg, by the help of a ladder, with the corpse upon his back, soon reached the top,—then lifting the ladder over to the opposite side, descended into the yard of the cloisters, entered the church, and placed the corpse of the unfortunate Swithin in a devotional position before the altar.

Lest some wakerife priest might hear the tread of the henchman, and thereby discover the whole affair, De Morvel ascended the winding stair that led to the warder's tower, and there listened through the loopholes most attentively, without being able to discover the least sound, except that made by his servant, whom, by the dim light of the moon, he saw leave the cloister, reascend the ladder, and leap from the top of the wall into the court of the castle,—and, supposing all to be then right, they both retired to bed.

It was the allottery of Sir Roland, a priest of the same convent, who had

been long at open variance with Swithin, to succeed him in the performance of the altar duty ; each priest in rotation having, according to the rules of the monastery, to remain in the sanctuary alone from sunset till the second watch, and his successor from midnight till the morning service, or matins was performed. As he advanced slowly towards the holy place, by the dim light of the moon that shone faintly through the small panes of a long gothic window, he saw a person, but not in sacred vestments, leaning against the altar, which was such a very unusual sight at any time, but more particularly at midnight, that some time elapsed before he could summon up courage either to advance a single step, or give the usual salutation of "Brother, I relieve thee." No answer being made to any address he could make, he naturally concluded that he had detected a thief plundering the altar of its rich ornaments of gold and silver; the water-chalice being at hand, he threw it with such violence against the head of the supposed depredator, that it instantly fell motionless at the foot of the cross. Roland then rushed forward to secure him, and give the alarm to the brotherhood, but he found his victim lifeless; and when he recognised the features of his old opponent Sir Swithin, he suddenly withdrew his hands from the corpse, and, as he stood in the utmost consternation, he thought he heard a voice distinctly say, "Whilst night is dark to cover thy flight, Roland of Galloway, mount thy steed and flee to the hills of thy native land, otherwise, before the rising of the lark, the deed you have done will be discovered,—the brethren will seek for the absentee, and when his death is ascertained, the fraternity being all aware of the rancorous dispute that has subsisted so long between you, every eye will turn towards you as being the murderer."

Such was the agitation of his troubled mind; but his ideal plan of escape was retarded by the security of the great gate, that was always barricaded at the close of day, till wandering round the court-yard, he discovered, by the last gleam of the setting moon, the ladder standing upright against the wall, as unwittingly left there by the Norwegian in his flight from the convent.

Urgent necessity is well known sometimes to cause the adoption of sudden shifts. Roland, well knowing what was reported in the convent, of Swithin's love for the lady patroness, instantly formed the resolution of carrying him over the wall, and placing him at the porch of the castle,—hoping the suspicion of the murder might be thereby transferred from himself to some of the Baron's domestics, acting under authority to punish the imprudence of the deceased friar.

This undertaking was performed by Roland with much agility, and he returned into the convent without having been actually discovered by any person. But the vengeful sprite that gnaws the murderer's mind, had troubled De Morvel so grievously, that he could not rest, as tumbling in bed he heard distinctly the rustling of Roland laying down his burthen in the porch,—and supposing it to be the monks of the monastery in search of the murderer, he roused Sygtryg from the truss where he lay sleeping soundly, and desired him to steal silently round all the buildings of the castle and the abbey, and to listen at each window, gate, and door, in order to ascertain if the officiating priest had yet been discovered lifeless at the horns of the altar.

The henchman went in great haste to obey undauntedly the command of his master, but soon returned, his countenance deadly pale, his hair bearing up his beaver, and his knees trembling as he approached the Baron's chamber; and being for a time unable to articulate a single word, De Morvel supposed he had seen the monks running from every cell in the abbey to the altar, to curse by virtue of bell, book, and candle, the person who had put an end to the existence of the holy brother Sir Swithin, when Sygtryg informed him that he had only seen an object, which he supposed to be his ghost, kneeling in the porch of the castle.

In that dark age, the immaterial inhabitants of the invisible world are said to have presented themselves, in a hostile manner, to earthly mortals, more frequently than in later times, and to have held over their minds a more terrific sway. Under the banner of his country, De Morvel having been ac-

customed to combat more corporeal beings, fearlessly advanced to the porch, followed by his trembling henchman, whom, for his effeminacy, he chided as they passed through the long corridor on their way thither; but, when he plainly beheld the strangled priest, with his eyes staring and mouth distended, he stood aghast, seemingly ruminating upon the consequences of that person having been restored to life, and if so, by what means he had succeeded in scaling the convent wall, and what could possibly be his motive in returning to a place recently so fatal to him. But ultimately finding him cold and stiff, he thus addressed his confidential servant:—"By whatever power the remains of this unhappy man have been thrown back on our hands, he must be instantly removed. Percy's wild charger, which you know I took from him at the battle of the Standard, is standing idle in his stall,—if the priest can be securely mounted on the back of this fiery animal, he will soon return back with him into Northumberland. Set him to the road, and none dare stop him. Go, caparison this charger fully, and put the priest into complete panoply, that those who see him thus mounted, may think he is a valiant knight, proceeding in great haste to the tournament that is to take place at the castle of Turnberry to-day."

The horse was soon caparisoned, and the friar dressed in a coat of mail, mounted with a lance in his hand, firmly bound to the stirrups and to his wrist, as he was to the saddle,—then up went the portcullis, and away went the charger, outstripping the wind!

While the knight and his man were thus employed in fitting out Sir Swithin for his journey, Sir Roland was as actively engaged in striving to escape from the convent: he knew well that the eye of suspicion would soon turn towards him as being the murderer, and, dreading the severity of the ecclesiastical law, he resolved to flee into the wilds of Galloway. Recollecting that the baker was to proceed that morning to the mill for corn for the use of the convent, he rapped at his window, and said he would save him the trouble, by going himself with the nag to the mill, and quickly returning with the grist,—to which kindly proposal the baker most readily assented, and gave him the key of the postern gate,—the stable door, as was then the custom, being only secured by a hasp and staple. There being now no impediment in the way of his departure for Galloway, Sir Roland mounted the old nag, seated on a sunk; but just as he had got clearly out of the convent gate, the snorting charger, bearing the mounted corpse, came galloping up behind. Roland thought, at first glance, he was pursued by an armed knight; but it being then daylight, and the beaver of the corpse being turned up before, upon taking a more steadfast view, he plainly perceived the face of his old antagonist; and thinking he had been resuscitated by the Almighty power to inflict some signal mark of divine vengeance upon the head of his murderer, seemingly with the intention of escaping the grasp of his immediate pursuer, he galloped into a vennal or alley of the adjoining village, so closed at the farther end as to prevent his proceeding onwards, and so crooked and narrow as not to allow the horse room to turn, which was an unfortunate circumstance, as the old charger, instead of continuing his journey by the street, turned likewise into the alley, and ran against Sir Roland with such an astounding force, that he called out "Mercy! mercy! I am guilty of the murder, and am willing to suffer for the same." The trampling of horses' feet, the clashing of armour, and the cry of murder, made such noise on the street, that people came running out of every house in their night habiliments, and soon succeeded in apprehending the affrighted priest, and carried him before the Bishop, by whom, on his own confession, he was excommunicated, and cast into prison to await his trial. Sir Swithin, mounting the Baron's charger after life was extinct, and pursuing his murderer, was considered such a miracle as could only have happened by the intervention of Heaven; and, to commemorate so extraordinary an event, Swithin was canonized, and the 15th of July is still pointed out in the Calendar, as the day consecrated to his memory. Sygtryg, the Norwegian,



under the just vengeance of Heaven, as he fled from justice, fell into the well-known Murder-hole in the Bailiewick of Carrick.

Unwilling that Sir Roland should die for a crime of which he was not guilty, De Morvel, accompanied by his lady, hastened to the palace of Dunfermline ; where, after confessing to the King his participation in the guilt of Sygtryg, he threw himself on the mercy of his Majesty ; whilst Beatrix, in a flood of tears, entreated him most fervently to spare her husband's life.

" The excommunicated priest shall not die by the hand of an executioner. I will instantly send my Lord lion-king-at-arms to Ayr, with power to liberate him," said the King, directing his discourse to De Morvel. Then, turning round to Beatrix, he continued—" Would that every lady in the land were as true to her husband as you have been : the ungodly monk rushed on the fate he merited. Your husband's life is saved. May you long live happy together."

With the most profound obeisance, both then withdrew from the Royal presence, resolving to spend the remainder of their days apart from monks and monasteries, in the Round Tower of Dundee, situated within the wild mountainous limits of the Royal Forest on the confines of Ayrshire.

J. TRAIN.

## A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND :

WRITTEN IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER 1828, AND COMPOSED ALMOST EXTEMPORE.

FROM the lofty summit bending,  
Mark the waterfall descending—  
Deep the flood and high the spray !  
Swell the ceaseless wild commotion,  
Rolls the tide to distant ocean,  
Down the rugged mountain grey.  
Grand, sublime, transcendent wonder !  
Mighty ! hear the torrent's thunder !  
Bursts my heart with joy !—dismay !  
Come, ye haughty lords—come hither ;  
View this scene—be wise—consider,—  
Feeble, short, your boasted sway.

See the rapid waters flowing,  
Nature's potent lesson showing,  
Fleets the time of care away ;  
Here the autumn leaves are falling,  
Breezes sighing—gently calling  
To remind our latter day ;  
Not to thirst for golden treasures,  
Not to follow sensual pleasures,  
But let wisdom light our way :  
Pensive, grateful, just and sober,  
Mindful of our own October,  
That we must, and shall decay.

Hence a happy consolation,  
Midst the last sad desolation,  
That we never learned to stray ;  
That we woo'd the fair creation—  
Knew the bowers of meditation—  
Built our bark in Reason's bay ;  
Our cargo knowledge—calmly sailing,  
Sought the port of honest dealing,  
Charm'd with truth, and freedom's ray.  
Virtue rare ! of worth a token,  
That, when earthly ties are broken,  
Moors in endless blissful day.

KILBARCHAN.

## CONCURRENTS.

FEW, perhaps none, of the various classes of society involve in their history so much of the sad and the sorrowful, as that chosen for our present subject: "Concurrents" belong to the genus "*Unfortunates*"—beings who seem born to misery,—with whom, indeed, from their youth upward, in spite of friends and advisers,—in spite of their own conviction of imprudence, and wishes of amendment, nothing thrives,—because of some numbing fatality which they want strength or resolution to overcome; or, if they do taste prosperity, it would appear to be only that, by being carried a little upwards, their fall may be the greater and the swifter. We have perused the faithful portraiture of "Downdraughts" and "Victims"—sketches which, as the best proof of their correctness, assimilate themselves to instances in the experience of every one. These, however, form only gradations, as it were, in that scale which has for its lowest degree (*one* above utter destitution) those unhappy mortals designated "Concurrents."

Has any one failed to mark the jaded aspect of some son of misfortune in his ken, whose wretched appearance excited his curiosity and his pity, as a person who had surely seen better days, or whom he remembered as poor \* \* \* \*, now broken in fortunes and spirit; by folly or hard fate degraded from the rank of respectable citizenship, into the crouching, subservient drudge of the law's most paltry executors, sheriff's officers, constables, *et hoc omne genus*—in a word, sunk into a "Concurrent?"

The "Concurrent" may be seen during day sneaking in by-lanes, or hanging on at small-debt courts, watchful of every movement of his principal, the doughty law-adviser of turned-off serving-women, and discontented huxterers, or lending his sorry help in consigning to cheerless imprisonment the defaulter of a few shillings. Towards evening he may be observed side by side with a brother Concurrent, or sturdy porter in the insignia of burden-bearing, shuffling stealthily in the wake of the same worthy, his employer, who, "dressed in a *little* brief authority," with the air of a great man, and a heart as guiltless of aught like feeling as his own baton, serves a summons or a *de novo*, executes (what an ominous word!) a pouncing warrant of sale or of apprehension, in presence of "John Littleworth," it may be ("what's in a name?" but alack! for his profession), "indweller —," alias "Concurrent." At eight, when master of his scanty hire, he hesitates between the calls of necessity, rendered more clamant, perhaps, by the wants of a wife and family, and those whose craving is more intolerable than even theirs. Human nature is weak, assailed by self-reproach and despair,—he yields to the temptation, and, in one disgusting draught, deadens, for the time, all sense of hunger and cold—drowns thought and recollection.

The "Concurrent's" dress is professional; that is, it once was black, although now, by multiplied succession of ownership, become thoroughly blanched and threadbare. Its whole components are worthless, save to their wearer—ragged, chalky, tainted,—fah! "How! abhorred in our imagination!" His hat, if hat it can be called,—the *beau-ideal* of the slang exclamation in such repute with the English, and of a shape which the changes of fashion show to have been monstrous,—has its over-capaciousness remedied by a clout, the humble representative of a kerchief, stuffed up in front; its brim hangs droopingly all round, from the soaking of many showers; and its crown, like long-tried constancy, boasts but one tender attachment. He is stockingless, or, if otherwise, each betrays the impurities of a cadaverous heel. His shoes, patched and "*shach'l't*," are unclean, hard, and, by his uneasy gait, uncomfortable in the extreme. There is one redeeming point, and it is the only one in his whole costume,—one by which the sense of a former well-being still sticks to a sad existence, like the last withering leaf on the fallen tree, *videlicet*, a white neckcloth, the cherished emblem of things departed, which he upholds to the end of life :—

—————"Contrived a double debt to pay,"

it often screens, by a little management, the absence of that, by him, almost forgotten luxury, a shirt.

In his wan face is depicted "gaunt misery," with her train of woes—the eyes are blood-shot and watery—their motion cowardly, and their lagging lids in a state of rawness, from dissipation and neglect—the nose, as the rest of the countenance, is bloodless, except the bright tinge towards its point, like an unripe strawberry, or as if the last oozing of vital fluid were ready to be expressed by the next useful application of finger and thumb. His hair, "unkempt, unwashed," is *not* pomated; and his breath flavours of a villanous mixture of spoiled broth, sour beer, tobacco smoke, &c. &c.,—but enough.

The picture attempted, is not intended to represent the dogged, stone-hearted son of execution, who, "with hard unmeaning face," carries legal ruin and desolation into the abode of the widow and the fatherless,—nor the smiling wretch that never owned a thought above his base trade, who, feelingless as the rock, in doing to the uttermost what he terms his *duty*, strips the miserable of their all, and escorts his friend to the gaol or the gibbet, with the same simper of mock-simplicity, like that species of hyena, the most insidious of his kind, that laughs over his prey,—neither the burly minion of the baton, who, himself a scape-gallows, but at length professing honesty, does his best to elevate his comrades to the height he so nearly attained. These are *official* "gentlemen Concurrents," 'tis true, but only *pro temp.*, in mutual courtesy. It is their poor slave with whom we have to do,—the heir of misfortune and wretchedness,—the once independent gentleman, thriving merchant, or industrious tradesman, now lost to the world, beggared, despised, and shrinking from his very self, reduced to the degraded, loathed condition of a mere "Concurrent." An example or two may better illustrate the subject:—

F——, the son of a Colonel in the army, entered on the world with a provision of £5000. He had himself been intended for a Cornetcy; and, by way of preparation, had learned to do nothing but ride, hunt, and take three bottles of wine at a sitting. The untimely loss of his father, who fell at Austerlitz, and with whom perished all influence in high places, blasted his military prospects. This, however, was no great disappointment to F——: he was as easy under the circumstances as utter recklessness could make him. In truth, the greater portion of his past existence had been spent in "riotous living," with only this regret, that his means of enjoyment were so limited. When, therefore, he succeeded to his patrimony, from which had to be deducted certain old scores, with interest and expenses, not lessened in their amount by the near prospect of payment, he determined to "*live*." He did so, and that (with the help of some jolly fellows) somewhat too fast,—for, at the end of two years, he found himself without a shilling, or a friend to lend him one. His apparel became shabby; his form and face, from being erect, manly, and full, grew meagre, bent, and squalid. His quondam companions forsook him; and he, as ashamed of his own deformity, equally avoided them. One, however, he still retained,—the bottle. Alas! they grew inseparable.

F—— gradually fell lower and lower, depending solely for subsistence upon the precarious boon of those on whom his former profuseness was lavished. With blunted feelings, he learned to be loudest in the laugh, elicited by the rough gibe with which an old hat, or cast-off suit, was bestowed, and suffered the grossest insults for the sake of his necessities. He had still a good voice, and some remaining gentlemanly honour, which won him admission to their nocturnal revels, "to make sport unto them," when otherwise he would have been debarred entrance as a pest. F—— suddenly disappeared from Glasgow,—no one knew how, or whither he went.

It was after a lapse of years that he again emerged in the gloom of evening, like the unclean night-bird, moving in the darkness, and solitary. The secret of his wandering was hid; but the altered features and whitened hair told a tale of care, and privation, and disease. His voice was gone, and he could only make himself understood in tones of laboured croaking: the



stamp of age was upon him, while not yet past his prime. As often as in his power, he vainly sought to quench the flame of remorse in intoxication : he awoke from the beastly stupor, but to a keener sense of his worthlessness. Avoided like a "hated thing," he became a "Concurrent;" and, after partaking of the ills of life in their greatest bitterness, he died in a wretched hovel in the purlieus of the Saltmarket, in loneliness, and, it was believed, of starvation.

P—— was once a highly respectable merchant, confident in his growing wealth and prosperity. He was the husband of a lovely woman, the father of one sweet child, and felt that he ought to be happy,—but a spirit of restlessness possessed him, that brooked not the peaceful calm of domestic life, that could live only in the bustle of

———"high life, and high-lived companie."

Having attained to the very zenith of importance in the honourable station of a merchant, he began to think with self-gratulation of his "much goods," and to pay more regard than ever to his ease and enjoyments. A warning cloud gathered on the day of his indulgence,—his child, his dearest treasure, was snatched from him, like a little flower rudely plucked in the bloom of its innocence,—but the small cloud passed, and he was as gay as if it had never been. A heavier arose, and spread dully over the scene of his worldly pleasures, till the whole was overcast and dark,—his lovely wife, whom in the morning he parted from like the rose when its fresh beauties are fully unfolded, was, ere his return, by the bursting of a little canal, whence life's precious stream flowed to waste, no more to him but as the much-loved pure cold clay, or the sad remembrance of what was. Again, though slowly, the cloud rolled away, and P—— returned to his idols. He could not but feel heavily the affliction wherewith he had been visited ; but his dispositions were naturally light, and he strove to banish the unpleasant recollection altogether from his mind. He returned to fashionable life with renewed zest, and long flourished the gayest among the gay.

There came a change—business declined, losses occurred, and disappointments befell ; but the same expenditure was upheld to the very last, till P—— was declared a bankrupt. From this period his history presents but a series of descending steps, from affluence down to abject poverty. His faults were of the head, not the heart ; they were follies, not vices. His creditors were incensed and rigorous ; his expensive establishment was broken up, and his means of resuming business wholly destroyed. He, too, became a "Concurrent," yet only for a short while before his death, and most unwillingly, for his gorge rose against the heartless, ignominious occupation,—he never sunk to the level of the generality of such, but, through all his trials, preserved the same correct deportment.

His closing scene was sadly impressive—he was old, and, as is the fate of the fallen, almost friendless. There, in a paltry garret, lay the man who, a few years before, could reckon his many thousands, stretched on a coarse pallet, even *it* grudged him by its mercenary owner. One pitying heart was by, which misfortune could not estrange, and had called to his bed-side the religious offices of the amiable Dr. ———, who had been his companion under far other circumstances at school. P—— was insensible to kindness now, and, when the good old minister prayed on his bended knees with tremulous fervour, for the erring friend of his young days, he lay wrapt in vain regrets for the flight of things earthly. Soon he "babbled of green fields," and raved of persons and scenes long departed. The reverend servant of God wept tears of anguish as he kissed the pale wrinkled brow, and for the last time squeezed the cold passive hand of him who had been the joyous mate of his boyhood—dying uncomforted, perhaps unrepentant.

T——, a few years back, was an eminent grocer in Glasgow ; his large shop or warehouse the resort of crowds. His dealings were extensive, and for long the world went well with him. He had a wife, a numerous family, and many friends, who were equally thriving, and ready to oblige as he was ;

but he did not need their assistance. T—— and his family lived well, yet becomingly, according to his station ; he was industrious, and hoped to set himself down one day in quiet, when he could resign the cares of business to his sons, and better prepare for his great journey—the prime object of our mortal existence. Years sped smoothly on, as, with this end in view, he waded farther and farther into the depths of commercial adventure, wishful to achieve something considerable ere he should finally retire from the busy strife. A favourable opportunity was soon afforded, and, with some slight misgivings, he risked his all in one extensive speculation of sugars. He had resolved that it should be his last attempt, whatever the result ; and so it was, prices fell unprecedentedly low, and T—— was ruined.

Now was the time to try friendship ; and, one by one, he went through the reputed circle, but on various pretences all help was denied, simply because he really needed it. T—— was without a home, unless that could be called so, which was stripped of everything to the bare walls,—without money, without even food, nothing but desolation seemed allotted to him. But, when groaning beneath the load of his suffering, the hand of Providence was stretched out in his behalf,—one, whose acts of benevolence might redeem his race from the stigma which narrow-mindedness and selfishness bring upon them ; one who, hearing of distress, unsolicited, and till then known only by name, at once advanced and gave relief.

T——'s affairs were not soon settled, and thus he could not engage in business, unprotected as he was from the farther claims of his creditors ; his two sons, therefore, embarked in his stead, till he should be in a condition to act for himself. He went on for a time prosperously, and solaced himself with the hope of happy days being yet in store ; but a severer affliction awaited him,—his offspring, *the bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh*, his own children, rose against him ! T—— was poorly clad, and the shock of his misfortunes had infused a listlessness into his whole demeanour, which rendered him scarcely fit for the active pursuits of business. His sons were the first sacrilegiously to taunt him with these, and banished him, their father, from their shop, and from their dwelling.

An outcast from those for whose sakes he was now houseless, poor T—— drew sad consolation from the reflection, that the partner of his bosom was beyond reach of the pain of sharing or witnessing his sorrows. He set forward, a weary wanderer, journeying he knew not where ; he cursed not his children, but thought of the days when he had listened to their small accents, and taught them to speak and to pray—he sought to forget their ingratitude.

But a few weeks ago, T—— was seen on the streets of ——, sickly and careworn, in the humiliating vocation of a “Concurrent.” He was attired so wretchedly, that the description in the outset hereof, in nought exceeds his individual reality. Shame be upon his children, whose unnatural apathy to the wants of a parent, whatever his foibles or his weaknesses, can permit this !

R. G. M.

### CHOICE COMPANIE.

I sit beside the foaming fall  
 Afar in the wild glen,—  
 I hear above the sheep-dog's call,  
 But not the voice of men.  
 Yet I'm not lonely,—for to me  
 My own sad thoughts are companie !

I've left a fair and joyous crowd,  
 Who will not dim one smile,  
 Nor bate a note of laughter loud,  
 Though I am gone the while ;—  
 Yet am I lonely ?—No ! to me  
 My own sad thoughts are companie !

'Tis lonelier far, than so to sit  
 Away from human din,  
 To join a crowd, yet be of it  
 A part—but not a-kin!—  
 Oh! is't not sweeter thus to be  
 Where my sad thoughts make companie?

They never, like a sunshine friend,  
 Without a shadow leave  
 The heart they've taught a bliss to find,  
 In what could once but grieve!  
 —There comes a time to *all*, as me,  
 When sad thoughts are best companie!

THOMAS ATKINSON.

GLEN MESSIN, July 11, 1832.

## POLITICAL AND LITERARY COMMENTARY.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR IN LONDON.

### No. III.—POLITICAL.

NEVER, in the history of England, did public expectation look forward to the formation of a new Parliament with so much intensity of hope, and so much confidence of relief, as at the present moment; and yet there are many grounds for believing, and strong grounds too, that a sad disappointment will be the result, and that that disappointment will be mainly owing to the want of proper energy and forethought among the people themselves, and to the ill-directed application of those means which the late measure has placed in their hands, and of those also which they previously possessed. It would be nothing surprising, should it turn out that this disappointment were verified to the full extent that many anticipate. The wonder only would be, that it did *not* happen; for so much have the *immediate* benefits of Reform been exaggerated, and so dazzling have been the prospects opened out from the mere *passing* of the late Bill, that it would be next to a miracle if disappointment did not ensue. Parliamentary Reform is to the whole kingdom, what Catholic Emancipation was to Ireland—the *first* step in the way of national regeneration, and nothing more. Those who view it in this rational light, will rightly mark that the work of the people has only commenced—that they have only accomplished the rough pioneer labour. But it is much, very much, to have the encumbrances of the greatest magnitude cleared away, and the field laid pretty fairly open, which, under proper culture, will yield a glorious harvest. “Expect not grapes from thistles,” saith the Scripture parable; and while the lesson beautifully teaches us to persevere, it at the same time instructs us to paint our advantages or good fortune in sober and rational colours. Reform, then, is only the means afforded us of ultimately obtaining for the country a Government in accordance with its interests—and it is the proper application of the means that will mature the measure, and realize all that its intelligent supporters ever hoped for. On this point the anti-reformers laboured most assiduously to mislead the public. Their object was, to make the reformers appear to represent the “Bill” as being *of itself* the sole and whole restorer—“the one thing needful,”—and *of itself* adequate to redress the national grievances, and bring back the national prosperity. During the progress of the memorable debates, they tauntingly inquired, time after time, if Reform would give the people cheap bread—if it would give them plenty of work—“if it would feed the hungry and clothe the naked?” In so asking—in so insinuating that such things were expected to be the direct result of the Bill for amending the representation of the people in Parliament, the Tories showed themselves to be expert debaters, and that they well knew the weak points on which the public were assailable.



Seeing that opposition to the measure could not avail, it was the next thing in importance to create prejudice, and produce dissatisfaction among the people, by placing the Bill before them in a light in which no rational man could possibly view it, and trying it by a standard which its pretensions did not warrant. But as no reformer ever dreamt that the measure alone would do those things which the Tories slyly hinted it was meant to do, so no one can now be blind to the fact, that Reform will bring forth, in its own good time, all the benefits that were ever expected from it; and that, if properly followed up, it will really produce those changes which will give the people plenty to eat and plenty to drink, notwithstanding the sneers of the Conservatives. But the people must not imagine, that because the Bill is passed, they can now rest from their labours. By the decided expression of public opinion, and by the proper and timely exertion of that overwhelming influence which great occasions demand, the people succeeded in forcing the several branches of the Legislature to accede to the popular demands. But notwithstanding this, the important duty of the people only now commences. All that the Reform Bill provides for is, the return of members to the House of Commons who are in reality the representatives of the people. This, to be sure, is a fact of which every body is aware—but a fact, nevertheless, of which it is necessary to remind them; for the conduct and lukewarmness of many would lead one to infer, that they supposed, because the Reform Bill was passed, the salvation of the country was complete. Unfortunately, nothing can be farther from the truth. Of a surety, the conduct of the people in numerous public matters, is of a most extraordinary kind. I am far from approving of many of the provisions of the Reform Bill, and consider that the working of the measure has been most improperly clogged by some of the enactments. For instance, I totally disapprove of the charge of a shilling on each elector for the registry of his vote; but is this a reason why I should indulge in a childish pet, and play most effectually into the hands of the Tories, by refusing to avail myself of the franchise which the late measure has conferred on me, because accompanied by a very improper and unpopular demand? No: most assuredly I should conceive, that the best prospect of having the above and other objectionable clauses removed from the Bill, would be by aiding in the return of members devoted to the popular cause, and by effectually rooting the burgh interest out of the House. Indeed, so plain and obvious is this course of proceeding, that one wonders any other could be pursued; yet it has been publicly stated, that many people have been actuated by the kind of folly I have alluded to.

So important to the best interests of the country is the composition of the new Parliament, that one cannot avoid expressing doubts as to its expected efficiency, when a calm review is taken of the class of candidates put forward in many instances, and the doubtful course of policy pursued by the electors. It has hitherto been our misfortune, to have mere chatters in the House of Commons—men who, from long practice in clubs and debating societies, had acquired the art of stringing sentences together, and the nerve for delivering themselves in public, but who, in judgment and comprehensive political knowledge, were miserably deficient. It was not unusual for certain members in the last Parliament, and members returned on the popular interest too, to conceive that they had amply satisfied the choice of the electors, by coming down to the House on what is termed a *great* question, and making a speech of one or two hours' length. As to attending to the mere *business* of the House—to the *details*—the all-important matters for the nation—they had not the least idea. To have done so, would have been, in these men's estimation, as bad, in a sense, as standing behind a counter all day retailing groceries,—although this latter employment is considered, among plain, unassuming people, rather of a respectable kind. Now, I am of the opinion, that there are very many of such a class as I have referred to, on the list of candidates throughout the kingdom, and if such individuals be sent into the Reformed Parliament, it will be a great misfortune to the country. Men of mere talk generally succeed best, in the first instance, with the crowd;

and even among sensible people there is an idea, that a man who cannot make a rattling speech, is not fit to be returned to Parliament. The mistake is an unfortunate one ; for your rattling speakers are, for the greater part, frothy declaimers, whose heads are as empty of ideas, as their speeches are devoid of sense. It is an error to suppose that a representative ought of necessity to be an orator. Judgment and intelligence in a legislator are the two great requisites to be combined with sound political principles ; and, there cannot be a doubt, that, in nine cases out of ten, the man of sense, and who is properly informed of his subject, will be able to express himself with sufficient clearness and propriety. The *practice* of public speaking is, with such an individual, all that is wanting. It is surely time that wisdom should be drawn from experience, and that more solid essentials should be looked for in a candidate, than the very questionable capacity of mere speechifying.

As the people are now pretty generally possessed of the elective franchise, the fault must be their own of sending representatives into Parliament unfitted for the performance of the arduous and important duties required of them, and, under the altered condition of things, duties of a much more arduous and important character than they have been heretofore considered. One thing is essentially necessary, that, previous to an election, the electors should make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the principles of a candidate : and on this subject I cannot forbear alluding to the attempt made in Edinburgh, at a late meeting of the Lord Advocate and certain of the electors of the city, to prevent a gentleman present from putting questions on political matters to the Right Honourable candidate. An effort was made to shame down the inquisitive elector, as it doubtless seemed a breach of politeness, in the consideration of the polished inhabitants of "modern Athens," to ask for information on most important matters, even on the eve of an election. The Lord Advocate, however, felt sensibly the folly of his friends, and the insinuations to which their conduct would expose him, and, on his interference, the gentleman was allowed to proceed with his questions, which were shaped and preferred with all imaginable propriety. Now, could greater absurdity be exhibited than in the instance I have quoted ? And could a stronger proof be adduced of that foppish feeling, which, under the reign of the boroughmongers, was so assiduously cherished, and made to pass current under the name of courtesy and politeness ? Not long since it was very short of downright insult to question a would-be member of Parliament on his political creed ; and we can all remember how the first efforts of Mr. Hume were met in the House of Commons, and, after scraping and coughing had failed to put down the resolute *unit*, (as Mr. Hume then stood alone in the "honourable" House,) every species of epithet was by turns applied to him, for what the boroughmongers in their wrath denominated *most ungentlemanly conduct*. Just so did the citizens of Edinburgh seem to feel at the meeting I have alluded to, although we would have thought that false politeness would have found little favour at such a place, and on such an occasion. I am the more inclined to approve of this plan of being well acquainted with a candidate's views on important subjects, as I cannot go to the full length to which some would carry the system of pledges. It is most necessary that a candidate's opinions upon *general* principles, and with reference to *important* and *leading* subjects, should be full and explicit ; but I question if pledges can be wisely or judiciously demanded farther. I would not make a representative a mere machine ; and I am inclined to think, that few men, of really independent and intelligent minds, will enter Parliament upon such conditions. The individual who, generally speaking, takes similar views of public matters with his constituents, and who is agreed with them relative to those great questions which agitate the country, and which it would be easy to enumerate, is fit to be entrusted to the guidance of his own judgment in what may be called the *details* of his duties ; and it is not politic to bind such a man to vacate his seat, should he not in every vote square with the opinions of his constituents. At the same time, I do

not say that pledges of such a nature may not be required, as will be within the line of propriety,—it is to their excess only that I object.

I must further remark, that I think the system of exclusive dealing one of the very worst that could be imagined to benefit any principle or promote any national good. God knows, the feelings which conflicting opinions in political matters almost unfailingly call forth, are quite angry enough, without supplying further cause; and the social qualities of our nature are, with one trial and another, enough soured and blunted, without the invention of new modes to limit our intercourse and enjoyments. The true patriot will scorn the use of weapons which are needless, and which must be injurious in a general sense to society and to the nation. The best consolation, however, is, that the right use of the elective franchise, and the cause of Reform, do not require such impolitic support.

Foreign politics remain in so stationary a state, that a notice of them can well be deferred till next month.

## NO. II.—LITERARY.

THIS is the dull time of the year for Literary as well as for Commercial matters in London, and private arrangements in one of the great publishing Concerns have, in addition, contributed to render the business of Literature even duller than usual. The long-promised volumes—Lafayette and the Revolution of 1830, by Sorrans—have at length issued from the press of Bentley (formerly Colborn and Bentley); and as the work is a most important elucidation of an event which will long continue to excite the deepest interest, and the results of which have not ceased to operate upon the concerns of Europe, it will no doubt be welcomed with corresponding avidity by the public. Much as has been written on the struggles of the “three days,” we were, till the appearance of the present publication, ignorant of those important circumstances about which information was most wanted, and which could only be supplied by one who, like M. Sorrans, was fortunate enough to enjoy the necessary opportunities of obtaining it. The work will at present be doubly interesting, for the reference it contains to the late Revolution, and also for the narrative it gives, though not altogether new, of the eventful life of the venerable Lafayette,—of that distinguished man who is an honour, not only to his country, but to human nature,—whose name is identified with freedom in the new as well as in the old world; and who has lived to show to mankind that the spirit of self-denial, and of pure patriotism, which animated the bosom of the immortal Washington, yet rests and lingers with a surviving companion in arms. This great and good man has frequently been taunted by the corrupt hirelings of power upon his republican partialities; and even the sycophants of the *Citizen King*, since the latter has appeared secure in power, have dared to cast their sneers at the venerable apostle of liberty; but, with that mild spirit of forbearance which has, throughout a long, and active, and useful life, marked his noble character, he soars above their mean enmity, and sinks his own injuries, great and unmerited though they be, in the contemplation of those under which France still suffers. Many traits of Lafayette’s nobleness of mind, are contained in the present work. The following instance, after Napoleon’s return from Elba, is striking:—

“The British Ambassador having expressed doubts of the legality of a Chamber of Deputies convoked by Bonaparte, ‘I am surprised,’ Lafayette answered, ‘that statesmen of your nation should not see that the powers of a National Assembly are derived rather from those *who elect its members*, than from him by whom it is convoked. And as we are upon that topic, my Lord, I must beg of you to recollect, that, during the Revolution of your own country, which I, as well as you and your countrymen, must term glorious, the situation of the army of James II. was somewhat different from the French army, in its relation to Louis XVIII. James had himself formed it, had fought at its head, and it owed him gratitude; but this did not prevent



the troops composing it, together with the King's favourite, your great Marlborough, from deserting him in the night, not to place themselves under the national flag, but to join a foreign army, a foreign Prince, and fight under a foreign banner!

"The same Ambassador having applied to Lafayette, informing him that there would be no peace unless Bonaparte were delivered up to the Allies, he said, 'I am surprised, my Lord, that, to make so base a proposal to the French people, you should have applied by choice to a prisoner of Olmütz.'"

The terms upon which the Duke of Orleans was invested with the supreme power, are well known; but till now we were ignorant of anything beyond a few bare facts connected with the memorable event of the commencement of a new Government in France, under auspices which, taken altogether, were unequalled in their nature and their character. Doubts have been thrown upon the accuracy of this publication of M. Sorrans. It may have been written under feelings of excitement and just indignation, but it possesses strong internal evidence of correctness, notwithstanding.

Into the question which has been already discussed in some publications, of the propriety of the author availing himself of the means to which he had access, for the information which he has publicly given, it is not necessary to enter. It may be sufficient to observe, that his statements are not of a private nature. They affect public men and public measures, and are widely different indeed from those conversations of literary and political characters, which are often published, and received too, with éclat by many of those parties, who affect such a feeling of moral horror at the book of M. Sorrans. The distinction in the cases, makes all the difference. The one class dives into all the recesses of private life, with which the public, individually or collectively, have nothing whatever to do, and adds something novel and important (as being novel, it must, of course, be important,) to the tales of fashionable scandal. The writer of such a book, would be named by the coteries a dear, delightful fellow. But not so M. Sorrans. This gentleman, in vindicating the patriot Lafayette from the aspersions with which he has been assailed by the enemies of France and of liberty, conceived himself justified in taking the most effectual means which his knowledge furnished him with, for repelling, successfully, these unjust and ungenerous attacks—and attacks made to warrant the ungracious conduct of the Government, in depriving the veteran patriot of the command of the National Guards. But still these means were in their nature public, and concerned the public, and the public cause cannot be injured, whatever it may be served, by the publication which has appeared. The truth is, we have no histories of Revolutions, or of State proceedings, which do not abound with similar statements—all of which are, at the time they are made, necessarily secret, but, that time passed, they are generally treated as such no longer. Right or wrong, such, it must be confessed, is the practice. The "Citizen King," and the "Juste Milieu" gentlemen, will certainly not be among the admirers of M. Sorrans. Without the aid of the present work, most political observers were well satisfied that Louis Philippe, since he ascended the throne, has had an eye to the consolidation of his power, and to the foundation of a dynasty only; but those who entertained doubts of these things, will here find enough to satisfy them. The mean truckling and subserviency to the commands of the continental despots, are strongly exemplified in the proceedings which led to the resignation of M. Lafitte from the Ministry. The circumstances are undoubtedly strange. They are thus detailed:—

"A short time after the discussion relative to the affairs of Italy, that is to say, on Tuesday, the 5th of March 1831, a cabinet messenger brought M. Sebastiani a despatch from Marshal Maison, stating that M. de Metternich had just made known this, that the Austrian Cabinet had resolved not to acknowledge the principle of non-intervention, but to interfere with an armed force, not only in the insurrections of Parma and Modena, but in every part of Italy where there might be a popular movement. 'Hitherto,' said M. de

Metternich, 'we have allowed France to put forward the principle of non-intervention, but it is time for her to know, that, so far as regards Italy, we shall send an armed force in every province where there shall be an appearance of insurrection. If such interference leads to war, then let war come. We prefer running its chances, to perishing in the midst of revolt.'

"'You know,' wrote an Ambassador, 'that hitherto no one has proved a more strenuous and open advocate for peace than I; but I am now convinced, that, to avert the dangers which threaten France, advantage must be taken of the Austrian levies not being yet organized to begin the war, and throw an army into Piedmont.'"

The author then goes on to state, that this most important despatch arrived on Saturday, the 5th of March, and that a copy was immediately sent to the King, but that, till three days after, no intelligence of it was sent to the Ministers; and M. Lafitte, the President of the Council, got information of it at length from a clerk of the Foreign Office. He instantly repaired to the King, who coolly informed him, that such a despatch had arrived, but that it was necessary to guard against the indiscretions of the Council! On reading of such a circumstance, one feels tempted to ask, whether the doctrine is recognised in France—"That a King can do no wrong?" The result of this affair was, that Lafitte took the resolution to resign, and soon had an opportunity of carrying his determination into effect. Cassimir Perrier succeeded; and the above occurrence fully explains to us, to whom we are to attribute the ascendancy of those pernicious doctrines, which have proved so destructive to the best hopes of the best men of the last Revolution. However opinions may differ as to the merits of the present work, one thing is certain, that, among all parties, it will at least find readers.

The present dullness in literary matters, is a little relieved here by a discussion which has been lately carried on, relative to the proceedings of "The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." Your readers are all aware that the Penny Magazine is published by this Society, and that the success which has attended the Magazine, has induced the members of the Society to enlarge the sphere of their labours in the publishing line, and a number of useful works have been announced as forthcoming. The Society is supported by donations and subscriptions; and the question at issue is, whether such a Society, originally intended to be limited within a certain line of operation, should, to the injury of those who make publishing a trade, and the means of supporting their families, embark upon speculations so extensive, and which must have a corresponding effect upon the class of individuals alluded to? The question is one that involves very important considerations; but my space compels me to defer the discussion of it for the present.

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# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We are sorry to observe that there are no offerings of the Muses this month; not even an abortive Epic, such as Mr. R. Montgomery favoured us with not long ago, upon which we might have the pleasure of showing forth our critical acumen to the astonishment of the world. In the absence of such good things, however, we have here several beautiful offerings of poetry's sister art.\*

The present Number of Mr. Lodge's Portraits gives us beautifully-executed likenesses of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Francis Drake, and Lord Chancellor Bacon,—three names very remarkable in English history, in three very dissimilar departments,—Legislation, Navigation, and Philosophy. The accompanying Memoirs present us with a good condensed view of the public actions of these three worthies; of whom we are sorry to say, that, notwithstanding the celebrity of their names, not one reached even a respectable point in the scale of moral excellence. The virgin Queen, the rude Sailor, and the sombre Philosopher with his *idola fori*, are here presented to us by the skill of the artist in a style of excellence which would lead us to view them with admiration, if our enthusiasm were not checked by being informed of their *peccadillos*.

The pictorial illustrations of the works of our two great poets are more and more beautiful and interesting, whilst the cheap and convenient form in which they are here presented to the public, affords to every one the opportunity of adorning the works of his favourites in the most pleasing manner imaginable. A rich and abundant harvest, no doubt, still remains to be gathered in. The glorious "imaginings" which the minds of Scott and of Byron alone

could conceive, are yet to be embodied to the eyes of their admirers, "by the aid of graphical illustrations, whereby the genius of painting may contribute her fairest forms to decorate the immortal creations of poetry." The whole of these illustrations are executed in the first style of the art, and prove that there is indeed distinguished talent employed upon the work. We may particularise "The Bride of Abydos" in Part I. of the Byron Gallery, and "Mirkwood Mere," in the "Landscape Illustrations," as exquisite specimens of excellence.

The Encyclopædia Britannica is not a whit behind the Pictorial publications above-mentioned, in regard to the excellence of the engravings by which it is illustrated; and the present part, although it contains no articles of great length, has several well-written ones of very considerable interest. Of these, the majority are of a geographical and biographical kind. Amongst the former, we have CAMBRIDGE, CANADA, and CANTON; and of the latter sort, CALVIN, CAMDEN, CAMPBELL, CANNING, and CANOVA,—all excellent articles in their way.

Our good friend Martin Doyle has taken CANADA also for his text,\* and has given us here, on the Utilitarian plan, similar to his other publications, a very good digest of what a poor man ought to know before packing up his "awls" to go "Across the Atlantic's roar."

"Perhaps no country in the world," says Mr. Doyle, "is more critically suited than North America to the Irish and Scotch poor in particular; the very place of all others where those who have not a shilling in their pockets, and who are accustomed to vicissitudes of climate and hard work, can live best; where all those who have been bred to farm and handicraft work, if industrious, healthy, and sober, have a moral certainty of succeeding. All such persons, after two years, find themselves in a thriving condition, and are anxious to have their old country friends with them; but mere adventurers—broken-down tradesmen, and scheming shopkeepers, may just as well stay and starve quietly at home—such persons would not prosper anywhere."

Upper Canada, which is pointed out by Martin to his poor, dear, countrymen in

\* Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious Personages of British History. By Edmund Lodge, Esq., Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. No. V. Fifth Edition.—London: Hardy & Lepard, and David Kid. 1832.

The Byron Gallery: A Series of Historical Embellishments to illustrate the Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Nos. I. and II.—London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Portraits of the principal Female Characters.—Part I.—London: Charles Tilt, and Chapman & Hall. 1832.

Encyclopædia Britannica; or, a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature.—Seventh Edition, greatly improved. Edited by Professor Napier. Part XXX.—Edinburgh: Adam Black.

\* Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada;—especially Addressed to the Middle and Lower Classes in Great Britain and Ireland. By Martin Doyle, Author of "Hints to Small Holders," &c., &c. Second Edition, enlarged.—William Curry, Jun. & Co., Dublin; Simpkin & Marshall, London; and Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh. 1832.



particular, as the land of Goshen for emigrants, is divided into 11 districts, which again are subdivided into 26 counties.—These contain 273 townships, exclusive of Indian lands, and certain other portions, that are reserved for the Crown and the maintenance of the Protestant, that is to say, according to custom, the *Episcopal*, clergy; a most glaring absurdity, when it is considered that almost all the settlers are Presbyterians or Papists. The quantity of land in each township is computed by Bouchette, in his valuable and elaborate work on Canada, to amount, on an average, to 61,600 acres, making the whole amount to 16,816,800 acres, of which 7,000,000 of acres are granted in feu and common soccage, 4,805,400 are reserved for the Crown and clergy, and 5,011,400 still remain to be granted:—

“There is less marshy or swampy land, for its extent, in Upper Canada, than in any other part of the world; there are, however, some low and swampy grounds, and these, until the progress of population and improvement shall make it worth while to drain them, are the only situations from which I warn you to keep clear, while high and dry land, prudently chosen, near the lakes or rivers, can be purchased out and out—in *fee*, as it is termed—for such a trifle as ten shillings an acre!!

“Just fancy yourselves possessed of real property on such terms—no yearly tenancy—no terminable leases to breed interminable jealousies at the change of occupants, but pure fee simple—no rent to pay—landed proprietors—estate gentlemen!!! after labouring here for a shilling, or tenpence, or eightpence, or sixpence a-day, and receiving even this perhaps in the shape of a receipt for rack-rent!! What a happy change would this be, and how irresistible the temptation to make the experiment! And only think of the advantage of working a rich, maiden soil, that will yield abundantly, instead of ploughing or digging a worn-out one at home, without manure to *mend* it, and which, without abundance of it, will not yield a crop sufficient to pay its labour.”

The advantages which Mr. Doyle points out in such glowing colours to his countrymen, are enough to make the “boys” pack up and leave “poor-ould Ireland” in a body, to try the new country and the fresh soil which awaits them on the other side of the ferry. None of them should go without first spending a shilling on Martin’s book, however; as the Map at the beginning is worth half the money itself.

Miss Martineau naturally follows Mr. Doyle, as they are both useful labourers in the field of Political Economy,\* and instructors of the poor. We do not like “Cousin Marshall” so well as the other productions of Miss Martineau’s pen. If we are to believe Miss M.’s representations of Pauper Life, in London at least, it is no bad thing. The following description is certainly enough to make many a “gentleman” take the meal-pock, and turn gaberlunzieman immediately:—

“Hunt followed his tutor to a public-house in the heart of the city, called the Cow and Snuffers. Hunt had supposed this house too respectable to be the resort of beggars; but was informed that the fraternity thought nothing too good for them when their day’s business was at an end, and the time of refreshment was come; not as it comes to poor artisans in their sordid homes, but rather to convivial men of wealth.

“‘Stay!’ said Childe, as they were about to enter the house. ‘How much can you afford to spend? Five shillings, I suppose, at the least. Never start at such a trifle as that, man! You will make it up between four and five to-morrow afternoon.’

“Hunt had not intended to beg any more; but he deferred the consideration of the matter for the present, and followed Childe to a small room up stairs, furnished with washing apparatus, and with a wardrobe well stocked with respectable clothing. Three or four persons were already in this room dressing, their beggar apparel being thrown into a corner, and looking-glass, brushes, and towels being all in requisition. Hunt was declared, after a brushing, to be presentable without a change of apparel, especially as he was a stranger. Childe was about to open a door on the same floor, when a waiter stopped his hand, and intimated that they must mount higher, as the room in question was occupied by the monthly meeting of the Benefit Club. The cloth was laid up stairs, and it was hoped the apartment might be found quite as comfortable.

“On the question being put to the vote among the beggars already assembled, it was pronounced an intolerable nuisance to be turned out of their apartment regularly once a-month by these shabby fellows, who were always thinking how they should save money instead of spending it. The landlord was rung for, and requested to intimate to the work-people that a large convivial party desired to change rooms with them. The landlord objected that the apartment had been positively engaged from the beginning by the club, and he could not think of turning them out. Being assailed, however, by various questions,—how he could bring the two companies into comparison?—whether he could honestly declare that the custom of the club was worth more than a few shillings in the year?—and, lastly, how he would like to lose the patronage of the beggars’ company?—he consented to carry a message—the answer to which was a civil refusal to budge. Message after message was sent in vain. The club, having ascertained that there were unoccupied rooms in the house which would suit the purpose of the other party as well, very properly chose to keep the landlord to his engagement.

“‘It’s monstrous, upon my soul!’ cried a lady beggar, making her entrée with her curtsy, which she had first practised on the boards of a barn, when personating Juliet,—‘it is really monstrous to be poked into an attic in this way; and to miss the view of the cathedral, too, which is so attractive to strangers!’

“The appearance of this lady suggested a last appeal.

“‘Tell them,’ said Childe, ‘that there’s a lady in the case,—a lady who is partial to the view of the cathedral.’

“The club sent their compliments, and would be happy to accommodate the lady with a seat among them, whence she might view the cathedral at leisure, while they settled their accounts.

“The club were pronounced ill-mannered wretches, and the representations of the landlord about the probable over-roasting of the geese, were listened to. Supper was ordered. Roast goose top and bottom;—an informality for which apology was made to Hunt, on the ground that the company liked nothing so well as goose in the prime of the pea-season;—abundance of peace; delicate lamb chops and asparagus, and so forth. Hunt had never before beheld such a feast.”

To such accounts of Pauper Life, which are held forth on all occasions by those

\* Illustrations of Political Economy. No. VIII. Cousin Marshall. A Tale. By Harriet Martineau.—London: Charles Fox, 67, Paternoster Row. 1832.

who are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, in order to excuse themselves for not putting their hands in their pockets to relieve a beggar—all that we have to say to such is, *Credat Judæus*,—we don't believe it; and, supposing it were true, we don't see why your brother, although he is a beggar, should not enjoy some of the good things of this life as well as yourself.

Here is a Yankee work, we "guess," on a subject much spoken of now-a-days amongst a certain class of people, viz.: Temperance.\* The Temperance Society folks do certainly all belong to the Meanwell family; for which reason their literary productions are, no doubt, entitled to a good deal of indulgence at the hands of us critics; otherwise we might be inclined to say, that there are few subjects upon which more nonsense has been spoken, and written, and printed, than that which the present production professes to treat of. It is as plain as sunshine, that a total abstinence from anything which can be shown to be only a *luxury* and not a *necessary* of life, is neither required by Reason nor inculcated by Scripture. Yet this is what the *soi-disant* Temperance people clamour for, in regard to what they call *ardent spirits*; but why not include every thing of an intoxicating nature, such as wines of all kinds, tobacco, opium, and even *coffee* itself, under the interdict; in short, why not return at once to the state of Parnell's hermit?—

"The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well."

We are afraid that this abstinence is too much, however, even for the members of Temperance Societies to practise; and, therefore, if *they* are to be allowed to indulge in some luxuries, according as their own tastes may lead them, they should not find so much fault with those who indulge even in the use of *ardent spirits* to a moderate extent, which have been a substitute for wine with the Northern nations, in one shape or other, since the days of Ossian. As the ancient poet says—

"Unthriving vines compelled the Celtic swain  
To press a liquor from the bearded grain;"

and, of course, where wine is not to be had cheap and of good quality, the liquor from the "bearded grain" is generally had recourse to. We are at the same time of opinion, that a great deal too much money has been spent upon such things, and particularly by the hard-working classes who are least able to spare it; and where Temperance Societies or private individuals have been able; by precept or example, to bring them to a more economical expenditure in these matters, they have done well.

"ELIZA. Has there not been a great saving of money, papa, since Temperance Societies were first formed?"

"MR. NEWELL. There has; but I am unable

\* The Family Temperance Meeting.—Glasgow: George Gallie. 1832.

to say how great. In some towns the quantity of ardent spirits used, has decreased one quarter,—in others, half; while, in a few places, none, I believe, is either sold or used, except as medicine.

"I saw it stated, in a respectable paper, that, in the single State of New-Hampshire, there had been saved, in one year, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

"Many distilleries have been given up; some from conscientious scruples on the part of those who owned them, and others because the business was no longer profitable. A few years since, almost every grocery store retailed spirits; now it is becoming an *unpopular* business, even where it is not unprofitable. When a store of this kind is opened, it is not unusual to state, in the advertisement, that no liquors will be sold.

"HENRY. Papa, do you not think it is *wicked* to sell rum?"

"MR. NEWELL. I think it would be wicked for you or me to do it; and I hope the time is coming when no person will think it right,—or when, at least, it will be found only at the apothecaries.

"FRANCIS. I heard Mr. Ellerton talking to a man yesterday, who had a bottle in his hand; I did not hear what he said, but the man replied, that it was best for young people not to drink rum, but he was too old to leave it off; I hope Mr. Ellerton told him the anecdote he mentioned at the last meeting.

"HENRY. What was it, Francis? You did not tell me.

"FRANCIS. Mr. Ellerton said, it was stated in the paper, that an old man, of ninety-one, left off drinking strong liquors; and when his friends tried to persuade him that it was necessary for aged people to drink, who had been accustomed to it, he replied, 'I do not know but *old* people need ardent spirits, but I am not old enough yet to need them.'

"HENRY. I guess he never will need them."

There was a King of Persia who always showed marked favour to the Christians, and he used often to declare the principle by which his conduct on this point was regulated. "It is for God," (Abbas was wont to observe,) "not for me, to judge of men's consciences; and I will never interfere with what belongs to the tribunal of the great Creator and Lord of the Universe." These principles of toleration on the part of a Mahometan and a tyrant, as we would call him, might put to shame the conduct of Protestant England, under the rule of the worthless libertine Charles the Second, in regard to the Nonconformist Ministers.\* This little Work contains a good deal of interesting information regarding some of the most celebrated of these ministers, who were persecuted almost to the death for conscience sake, by a base-hearted king, and a proud overbearing hierarchy.

"In the month of October 1664, the five mile act, one of the severest acts a British Parliament ever enacted, was passed and received the royal assent. Its design was to prevent Nonconformist ministers, except in passing the road, coming within five miles of any city, corporate town or burgh, or within five miles of any parish town, or place wherein they had acted as ministers, upon forfeiture, for every offence, of the sum of £40. An oath was required of them that they would

\* Memorials of the Nonconformist Ministers of the Seventeenth Century. Collected by the Rev. John Brown, Whitburn. With an Introductory Essay, by William McGavin, Esq.—Glasgow: Archibald Fullarton & Co. 1832.

not at any time endeavour any alteration either in Church or State. The day fixed for the commencement of this law was March 5, 1666, on which Mr. Heywood, an excellent Nonconformist minister, writes, 'This is a great scattering; many hundreds of ministers being, by act of Parliament, banished five miles from the places where they formerly preached. O! the tears that have been shed for breaking families, separating husbands and wives, parents and children, pastors and people.' Some few of the 2,000 ejected applied themselves to civil business, and were supported by donations from their friends, but the great body had no freedom to alienate themselves from the public service of God, but presumed to preach wherever they had access; for which, as fast as ever they could be apprehended, they were cast into prison, where they contracted diseases, and perished through cold and hunger. Never had history witnessed such an extensive and barbarous exclusion; at the Reformation, not above 200 of the several thousands of the Popish clergy were deprived by Queen Elizabeth, and even they had an allowance granted them for their subsistence. When the Long Parliament and Cromwell turned out the scandalous Episcopalian clergy, they allowed them a fifth part of their salary to maintain them, even though they were in a state of war with them as royalists: but now above 2,000 who had laboured for his Majesty's restoration, and were pious and diligent ministers, were forced from their charges. Amid their sufferings they wrote many excellent treatises, and dispersed them among their people. About this time the plague was raging in London and places about, till eight or ten thousand died in a week. Most of the Established clergy fled and left their people; but Messrs. Chester, Janeway, Turner, Grimes, Franklin, Vincent, and other persecuted ministers, at the double hazard of their lives, from the pestilence and from their persecutors, flew to the city, and, by preaching to multitudes who looked for an almost immediate appearance before the tribunal of God, had remarkable success in winning souls to Christ, and preparing them for death."

Not the least valuable part of this publication is an Introductory Essay of sixty pages, from the pen of our excellent friend and fellow-citizen Mr. M'Gavin, whose sudden death we have so recently had occasion to deplore. The Essay is characterized by much of that spirit of patient investigation, ardent zeal, and kind, charitable feeling, for which the Author of "The Protestants" was so remarkable.

"The Republic of Letters"\* is a wide title, and may be made to include many departments of literature. What we have before us, however, presents a well selected assortment of interesting pieces in Prose and Verse, done up in a very neat, portable form. The embellishments are good, and the view of "The Calton Hill" is particularly correct and attractive.—

\* The Republic of Letters: A Selection in Poetry and Prose, from the Works of the most eminent Writers; with many Original Pieces. By the Editor of the "Casquet of Literary Gems."—Glasgow: Blackie & Son, East Clyde Street. 1832.

Among the prose pieces in this amusing collection, we were particularly pleased with "Confessions of a Ribbonman," "A Night in a Church," and "Ensign O'Donoghue's First Love." Among the poetical pieces are given some pretty verses on "Autumn" by John Keats; but we prefer quoting the following, entitled "End of Autumn," from the Introduction to the "Lord of the Isles" by Sir Walter Scott. These beautiful lines are, at this time, remarkably appropriate, as well from the present being precisely the season of the year which they describe—as also, more especially, alas! from the circumstance of the illustrious Poet himself being, most probably, while we are writing, gathered in by Death, "like a shock of corn in its season:—"

#### END OF AUTUMN.

AUTUMN departs—but still his Somnole's fold  
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,  
Beneath a shroud of russet dropped with gold  
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;  
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,  
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,  
The deep-toned cushat, and the red-breast  
shrill;  
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell  
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's  
western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more  
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;  
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it  
o'er,  
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.  
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,  
And harvest-home hath hushed the clanging  
wain,  
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,  
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,  
Some age-struck wanderer gleams few ears of  
scattered grain.

Deem'st thou these saddened scenes have pleasure still,  
Lov'st thou through Autumn's fading realms  
to stray,  
To see the heath-flower withered on the hill,  
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,  
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,  
To mark the last bright tints the mountain  
stain,  
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,  
And moralize on mortal joy and pain?  
O! if such scenes thou lov'st, scorn not the  
minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note  
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,  
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote,  
That gleam through mist on Autumn's even-  
ing sky,  
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,  
When wild November hath his bugle wound;  
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,  
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest  
bound,  
Where happier bards of yore, have richer harvest  
found.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

It would be a work of supererogation, to which we do not at all feel inclined, to wade through all the trifles which about this

time occupied both Lords and Commons. All, therefore, that we intend to do, is to select those subjects that are of more general interest, and place them before



our readers, dismissing them as briefly as possible, with a few short observations, that we may have the more space to bestow upon the affairs that at present agitate Continental Europe. And, *first*, The Lord Chancellor gave a definition of the word "rebellion," in the course of discussion upon the Irish Tithe Bill, with which it is presumed few will agree, viz., that the resisting of the payment of tithes amounts to a "rebellion." He also stated, "that whatever was decreed rebellion by the executive Government for the time, was so in law to be considered;" and farther, "that the Lord Lieutenant has only to suspend the *Habeas Corpus* act, without applying to the Legislature for this purpose." The sooner this is assimilated to the law of England the better. It must not be permitted to exist long, being not only unpalatable, but unjust and fearful. To talk of the freedom of the people in Ireland after this, is mockery, when the Viceroy can at pleasure, as suits his caprice, declare any part of the country in rebellion, and imprison whomsoever he thinks proper. This is indeed ruling with a rod of iron to a vengeance. Two exceptions were made in the Forgery Bill—the forging of wills and powers of attorney. Death is still to be the forfeit for these crimes. The British Executive has been so long accustomed to the shedding of blood, that they cannot all at once annihilate the sanguinary code. It would have answered the same purpose to make the offender *dead to his country*, by sending him out of it. In the Commons, Mr. Sadler moved that the Lord Chancellor's salary should be reduced from £14,000 to £12,000 a-year, but it was rejected by a majority of ten to one. There are various opinions about the spirit by which Mr. Sadler was actuated: our own, however, is, that £12,000 were quite enough. His Lordship's retiring allowance has been fixed at £5,000. Thousands of new electors will be disfranchised in England, in consequence of Lord Althorpe's withdrawing the bill for extending the time for the payment of rates. In Scotland we have been more fortunate. But why make the payment of rates and taxes essential to confer the franchise? Some other less objectionable condition might have been thought of, if conditional voting be at all necessary. This mode of treatment towards England savours strongly of injustice, as their Reform Act only passed the House of Lords on the 4th of June, thereby making the time allowed for payment less than a month. The outrage at Clitheroe shows what kind of fellow Mr. Irving is. Thirty people maimed for merely hooting, spitting upon, and driving out of their town, a man hostile to their interests! But we are glad the people have resolved to have the whole circumstances investigated. The proceedings in Somerville's case were laid before Parliament, and ordered to be printed. The country has not

been disappointed at the issue. Justice could not be expected while the principal witness in the trial was kept under martial law. He is now discharged, and all the punishment inflicted upon his tyrannical military master, was only a reprimand. The remaining 150 lashes awarded to the poor private, but which he did not receive, ought to have been bestowed upon the haughty aristocrat.

We come now to the prorogation of Parliament, which took place upon Thursday the 16th August, and to the *famous* speech which was delivered by the King in person; and whether we look for information upon domestic or foreign policy, both will be found alike meagre and unsatisfactory. Ministers, whether Whig or Tory, seem determined that the people shall know nothing of State affairs that they can conceal from them. In speech-making, the Kings of Great Britain are no better than mere puppets. Contrast with their trash the splendid orations of the late Emperor of the French! If they think themselves possessed of the "right divine," they have none of the "mind divine." They don't seem to share the sagacity and shrewdness of ordinary men. But to be a king is no difficult task. Boys of seventeen are sent from school to be kings. But what is our King? He was a good sailor, we are told; and, upon his accession to the throne, he was extolled to the skies as the "Prince of Reformers." Is this conclusion warrantable from any part of his speech? We have all along suspected his Majesty's sincerity. Can there be anything colder, more unfeeling, less grateful for the support given both to him and his Ministers, than the following? Read!—

"In recommending this subject (the subject of Reform) to your consideration, it was my object, by removing the causes of just complaint, to restore general confidence in the Legislature, and to give additional security to the settled institutions of the State. This object will, I trust, be found to have been accomplished."

Most gracious Sovereign! but for THE PEOPLE, the reforming of their representation would to a certainty have been lost. Not one word from your Majesty, thanking them for having enabled you to carry your *favourite measure* into effect,—not a word of their firmness, zeal, and unanimity, in securing the stability of your throne, which at one time tottered threateningly, and saving the country from revolution! No! THE SOVEREIGN of Great Britain does not acknowledge THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE!—And why not a word of Germany? Ah! the truth will out. WILLIAM of HANOVER approved of the rascally proceedings, the infamous attempts of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, to crush the spirit of liberty, and destroy the freedom of the press, in the different nations over which they have usurped a tyrannical control, *at the very moment he*

was, as KING OF BRITAIN, restoring the long-withheld privileges of his subjects in this country. If your Majesty wishes to regain the affections of your subjects, annul this act without delay, and banish for ever from your presence those detestable Tories, who, by their late insane attempt to seize the management of public affairs, have destroyed your popularity. Your Majesty must have felt this severely, when going to and returning from the House of Lords,—when not a head was uncovered during the whole of the royal progress, and “no man cried, God save the King!”

As all the other parts of the prorogatory speech were most ably analyzed in our last number, by our Political and Literary Commentator in London, we shall dismiss the subject, by quoting from the talented Editor of a Provincial Journal, who thus writes:—“Will this act of *absolute* rule pass unnoticed in a British Parliament? The King should positively be called to account for it. He ought to know, that if Britain is bound to uphold the balance of power in Europe, and even to go to war in support of it, that he will not be allowed, as the despotic ruler of Hanover, to do an act against the opinions, interests, and liberties of so many millions of people, and which may have the effect of provoking hostilities, and endangering this very balance. Mr. Fox was once foolish enough to declare, that Hanover was as dear to us as any of our Colonies; but he lived long enough to be satisfied, that Britain would have been a thousand times richer and happier had she never had any connexion with Hanover, at all. This very connexion has been our bane and curse. By it we were plunged into an almost constant state of warfare,—and to it we are indebted for our enormous public debt, and a more oppressive and galling taxation than any other country in the world. Had we a new Sovereign to seek to-morrow, we would not select one who is an independent ruler on the Continent, and whose German policy might not square with that of this nation. Indeed we believe that every man who wishes the welfare of his country, would rejoice to see us rid of German connexions of all kinds, and Hanover erected into an independent neutral State. We could then act freely, and unbiassed in any manner whatever; and the consequences would be speedily seen in an increased commercial exportation, and consequent internal prosperity.” To every sentence of this we give our most cordial assent.

Parliament stands prorogued until the 16th of October; but whether there is to be a dissolution, or another session, is not yet known. Scotland will do her duty, in the event of a general election; but, for the sake of England, we could wish another short sitting, because, if that does not take place, a great majority of the English Burgh electors must be disfranchised. One word to the new constituency, and we have done.—Make sure of

your choice. The present is not a time for repose. If you wish to enjoy the blessings of Reform, you must not relax in your efforts. Upon the men of your nomination will depend, a reduction of the public expenditure—a removal of the restrictions on trade—an abolition of the taxes on knowledge—vote by ballot—a revision of the Corn Laws—and the thousand and one grievances that require to be redressed.

IRELAND.—Cholera is making frightful ravages in this country. The accounts from the west are fearful. Many of the inhabitants have fled from Sligo, and taken shelter in the woods. In some places tents are erected, while others have taken up their abode at the side of ditches, exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Indeed, the town is said to be almost clear of the labouring classes. The less timid have determined to stand their ground, and have experienced much of the goodness and mercy of God. Fear is known to be a very serious predisposer. Thirty and forty are frequently hurried into one pit, without either shrouds or coffins. Not fewer than 14,000 are said to have fled, leaving a population of only 2,000. This is truly awful. The virulence of the disease, however, has considerably abated on the eastern and southern coasts.

A repeal of the Union is becoming every day more and more popular among all ranks, without distinction of creed, in consequence of the coercive preparations to put down, by force of arms, these generous and open-hearted, but dragooned and insulted people. Ministers, by their conduct, are exciting the Irish to rebellion. The Marquis of Anglesea, and Stanley the Secretary, have become highly unpopular. The former ought to be recalled, and the latter dismissed from office. He either does not understand, or does not care for, the Irish character; for the more determined he is to enforce the collection of tithes, the more resolved are they to resist the odious burden. The resistance is not now confined to farmers,—M. P.'s, and Peers of the realm, calmly permit their effects to be distrained, rather than pay. A Political Union has been formed in Navan, whose objects are,—to indemnify all persons whose property may be sacrificed at tithe auctions,—to assist those who may be prosecuted or persecuted for their exertions in the cause of Irish independence,—and to get forward to the hustings, at next election, all qualified voters, without any expense to the anti-tithe and repealing candidate. Mr. O'Connell himself declares —“I am determined never again voluntarily to pay tithes,—I am determined never again voluntarily to pay vestry cess,—I am determined never to buy one single article sold for tithes or vestry cess,—I have made up my mind to this course,—I will not oppose the law; let it take its course,—but I decline paying to, or buying from the Proctors.” The same spirit has found its way across the Channel; so that, before the Irish

Bill comes into operation, there may be enough to do at home.

## EUROPEAN CONTINENT.

**POLAND.**—Commiseration for the fate of this brave, but ill-fated nation, induces us to give it the first place in our list; and what eye will not drop the tear of sympathy, at the recital of the barbarities we have to relate! Come forward now, ye crested knights, "Inglis and Peel," with your delicate ears, and more delicate minds, and say, is not the Autocrat of the North a refined savage, a barbarian, a human monster? Good God! will the compassionate Saviour of mankind, who so tenderly loved little children, present such a man's prayers before a throne of mercy? Most daring insult! But we suppress our feelings, and stifle the rising sigh. Not satisfied with having depopulated the country of its brave warriors, who were guilty of no other crime than fighting for the restoration of their liberties, and struggling to disentangle themselves from the intolerable oppression of a foreign yoke, the barbarian giant has at length laid his murderous hands upon little innocents, and ordered all orphan children to be removed from Poland, as well as those in destitute circumstances, the exceptions depending on the will of the military Governor. The ukase extends to children of both sexes, and these are torn from their mothers by the police, put into waggons, and carried into the country of the despot to people his military colonies. Scarcely 115, out of 450 who were first carried off, reached Bobrojk, the remainder having either perished on the roads, or were left in the hospitals. In the kingdom of Poland; which is nearer Europe, the decree is limited to the male children of the poorer classes only. None but the more advanced children survive the hardships they have to encounter; and upon reaching the place of destination, they are generally loathsome with disease, filth, and vermin. "The escort often leaves behind the children who are exhausted to proceed, and sets by them bread for three days, as the convoy cannot be detained. Persons returning from Siberia, have seen, by the road, groups of juvenile corpses, crouched together near the bread which the poor things were unable to eat." What a heart-rending scene! Herod, Domitian, Caligula, Nicholas, now compose the climax. And it is to pay court to such a man as this, that one of our Ambassadors is sent to Petersburg! In addition to these atrocities, a Russian decree has also been framed, by which the estates of all the Poles who are out of the kingdom are sequestered; and all sales of any such estates made since the revolution, by persons out of the country, and not included in the amnesty, are annulled. Verily, this is the man who prays for our King William every night!!!

GERMANY stands next in point of interest. To this portion of Europe, the eyes of all the other Powers are for the

present directed. The late extraordinary resolutions of the Diet have produced the most painful feelings in Rhenish Bavaria. Numerous addresses and petitions have been circulated, exhibiting the determination of the inhabitants not to submit to the yoke which the absolute Powers seek to impose upon them. Everywhere the people begin to feel their own value, and to join in two general cries—"Liberty of the Press"—"Liberty of Commerce!" M. Kobler, Editor of the Sentinel of the Rhine, has, however, been prosecuted for high treason, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the house of correction. The trial was conducted with shut doors, by order of the Grand Duke, in obedience to the decrees of the Diet; but the Editor's counsel protested against the sentence, in consequence of the mode of procedure, and appealed to the High Court of Justice, which has refused to recognize as valid the suspension of publicity. This, however, is doubted. In Prussia great preparations are making for reviews of the troops, and a line of telegraphs is talked of to reach from Berlin to Coblenz. These preparations are not a little ominous.

**PORTUGAL.**—The struggle in this country will require time, but Don Pedro seems to be establishing himself upon a firmer foundation. We do not expect that much will be done for the cause of liberty, even although Miguel were dethroned today. It will only be a battle for primogeniture. In the meantime Pedro has got provisions enough; a supply of muskets, and shoes, and clothes, are about to be shipped from this country. Similar shipments are preparing from other places. From both England and France recruits are enlisting readily; and, we believe, if places of enrolling were established in the provincial towns, in addition to the capitals, a very numerous and efficient band of veterans might soon be sent to the Peninsula. The Polish refugees seem willing to aid the cause of Donna Maria, although worsted in defence of their own country. Their known bravery might have a good effect in that country, in addition to the reinforcements which Admiral Sartorius is about to receive. His naval education is said to have been correct, and his courage undoubted; therefore, being now about equal to his opponent, in point of numerical force, there could be little doubt of his advantage, if the enemy's fleet should venture out of the Tagus. Symptoms of a rising in behalf of the young Queen, have been manifested in Coimbra, Almontejo, and Algarve. These are cheering reports, especially as the Spanish Monarch exhibits no symptoms of moving; and an experienced brave English officer is talked of as being about to assume the command of the Portuguese. To the God of battles, who has willed all men to be free, we leave it, until we resume our pen for November.

**BELGIUM.**—There has been so much trifling between this country and Holland,



that we feel greatly disposed to pass the subject in contempt. Both kings are obstinate. Leopold has been taking to himself a wife amidst the hubbub, and William does not seem at all desirous to disturb him during his honeymoon. We shall, therefore, allow the blockheads to take their own mind of it for a time.

FRANCE.—Religious fanaticism has displaced civil liberty in this country. The St. Simonians, a sect composed of Epicureanism and Owenism, have "founded a new form of faith, and changed the sound elements of society;" but, happily for the interests of morality, the Government was not without vigilance. We will not detail their principles, being composed of almost everything revolting to Christian propriety. Suffice it to say, that their leader, with two of his bosom friends, has been sentenced to one year's confinement, and a fine of 100 francs each. The court also, very wisely, at the same time decreed the dissolution of the society.

A change of Ministry is expected before the meeting of the Chambers. Talleyrand has been frequently with the King, but nothing farther has transpired that can be depended upon. The funds, however, have suffered a temporary depression. To the great joy of the opposition papers, and every friend of liberty, the editor and printer of the *Nationelle* were acquitted upon a charge of high treason. By this, the liberty of the press is still triumphant, so far. Let us hope that it may continue so. Louis Philippe is no less a tyrant at

heart than Charles X. It would appear that the old man must flit to Germany. There are more tyrants in principle than these two. But we must have done.

THE NEW WORLD.

From the Tasmanian newspaper of March, and a subsequent number in April, accounts have been received of an important discovery of some millions of acres, said to be fertile, lying along the western coast. A Mr. Sharland was the fortunate discoverer. The country is said to be well watered, and not more thickly wooded than the best parts of the settlement were at the time of their first colonization. We should like to be first Consul of a REPUBLIC there. Accounts from New South Wales too are flattering, particularly those from mechanics, who were making good wages, and many of them getting rich.

In Jamaica, the sugar crop had proved unusually deficient, in consequence of the late outrage and destruction of property. The island was quiet by the latest accounts, with the appearance of returning tranquillity.

The Congress of the United States, at its last breaking up, did not adjourn "in the best humour with each other." In New York business was almost at a stand in consequence of the cholera, and a general fast had been appointed. Both in the lower and upper provinces of Canada, cholera was decreasing rapidly. In July, the people of Quebec were heating their stoves, as in the spring or fall, and wearing woollen dresses.

### AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE highest hopes of the husbandman may now be considered in a rapid progress towards perfect realization. Another week of such weather as we now enjoy, will see the harvest in a great measure completed; and one more abundant, or in better condition, can scarcely be remembered. The grain crops in Berwickshire are all above an average in bulk, and the ear well replenished. The fields that are cut, present a much greater number of stooks than in the ordinary course of years; and in the earliest parts of the county, a number of stacks were safe in the barn-yard on the 3d of September. Turnips promised to turn out at least a medium crop. The same of potatoes.—Shearing became general in Perthshire on the 13th of August, and upon some farms in the Carse of Gowrie was concluded by the 27th. Most of the wheat was in the barn-yard by the same day: it is not ascertained, however, if it will amount to a fair average crop; having lodged early in the season, it is suspected to be imperfectly filled. Barley will be an abundant crop, both as regards corn and straw; and the same remark applies exactly to oats. Beans and peas are weighty in straw. The aftermath of hay is turning out better than

was anticipated. In Dumfries-shire, harvest was drawing rapidly to a close on the 6th, in early places: at that time two-thirds of the standing corn were cut down, and more than half secured in the best condition; the retail market, however, was no way affected by these favourable circumstances. Oats fell well on the barn-floor, being a third heavier than last year. Barleys, too, are excellent. Wherever wheat was grown, the quality was good. The wheat crop in Renfrewshire has been stacked in fine condition; some of it has been thrashed, and weighs 63 lbs. per bushel. Oats, too, had turned out well; but barley is said to be deficient in quantity, although the quality was excellent. Turnips would be a very deficient crop; potatoes better than was expected. Some oats had sold so low as £2 10s. per acre, on land that used to be let at £3 per acre. It was grown, however, by the landlords themselves. More of them will be obliged to turn farmers, if they do not lower their rents. Excepting in the wilder parts of Lanarkshire and Ayrshire, reaping may be said to be over; and having traversed a great part of both counties, we can pronounce them excellent. What has been thrashed out has satisfied both on the barn-

floor and in the market; prices have not, however, fallen so low as was expected, but before two weeks we are of opinion there will be a declension. The monopolists, we have cause to know, are at work for a counteraction.

In nearly all the departments of France, except the northern, harvest has been brought to a conclusion under most favourable circumstances; the condition of the corn is excellent, and the quality in most instances good. In Italy the crops have, in some parts, been very abundant; and in others the return of wheat, when thrashed, is complained of, both as to quantity and quality. In the United States the crops are well spoken of. From the upper parts of the Baltic accounts state, that the harvest, though retarded by the weather, would prove good. In the lower portions of the Baltic, and in Denmark, the crops look well, but harvest late.

Throughout England the barleys are, almost without exception, heavy, and of superior quality—particularly the new variety called Chevalier barley. Its great excellence is no longer matter of doubt, being now fully established. Next year its culture will be greatly extended. It is found to be the best malting barley in use, many samples weighing from 53 to 55 lbs. per bushel. Crops of all kinds are fully an average—the quality is said to be excellent, and low prices, or comparatively low prices, must be complied with by the growers.

Cattle markets continue lower than last year, and even at the last Falkirk Tryst they did not improve. It is impossible to open a provincial paper now, without feeling sorry for the state of farmers in general; and this cannot be improved until landlords alter their mode of acting.

## COMMERCE, MARKETS, AND MANUFACTURES.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1832.

THE great subject of interest to the Manufacturing, Commercial, and Agricultural world, which has during this month, and is still likely to engage public attention, is the denouement that has taken place in consequence of the publication of the evidence respecting the situation of the Bank of England, given before the Bank Committee. The Governor and Directors, conscious of the real state of affairs, have put the best face upon the matter; but with all their ingenuity they have not prevented the discovery, that a gross delusion has been practised upon capitalists, the public, and the proprietors. The fact has been admitted, that, at the time when an idea was entertained that the state of the Bank was most prosperous, the half-yearly dividends were paid out of the capital of the establishment; and that, while these deductions were being made, individuals, owing to the disguise used, were making investments in Bank Stock, under the expectation of receiving a *bonus*! Think of this, forsooth, as being the *honest*, upright, capable body, which has so long ruled, and which some, whose moral and physical vision must be alike obtuse, would still have to regulate, the currency of this great commercial country—a trading company, which has so admirably conducted its own affairs, as to have reduced its capital within these dozen years nearly two and a-half millions, and which, at one time, confessedly, but for fortuitous circumstances, would have been under the necessity of suspending payments! It is appalling to think what might have been the result, if this course of deception had been permitted to be practised upon the public until an explosion had taken place.

Many are the plans suggested for securing to the public a healthy system of

financial intercourse, and equally numerous are the rumours afloat as to the likely intention of Government regarding the Bank of England; but it would be vain in the extreme for any one, in the present state of the subject, to conclude upon particular results in reference to either point. How awful, yet lightly regarded, is the responsibility which men take upon themselves, in legislating for a nation whose manufacturing and commercial transactions are so extensive and complicated as those of ours; where, by one false step, thousands, nay millions of their fellow-countrymen may be reduced to starvation and beggary! We must, however, not despair that our by-gone history, and daily experience, will furnish sufficient knowledge for organizing a monetary system that will prove equally beneficial and enduring.

The Money Market, since last report, has been very steady, or rather slowly improving in health. The exposure of the affairs of the Bank, which had caused a rapid and extensive decline in the price of that description of stock, no longer has a depreciating influence—the Bank, it is said, possessing “ample means to meet all its engagements, and maintain the high credit which it has always enjoyed.” From a feeling of this sort, the quotation has advanced 7 per cent. (190), and is firm to a degree, perhaps, under all circumstances, rather surprising. Consols are now 84 $\frac{3}{4}$ —and Exchequer bills 17 pm.—which is a shade higher than at our last account. In India stock the same tendency to rise has been manifested; at present the figure is 205.

Foreign Powers continue to glut the markets abroad with new stock almost daily. In addition to six recent loans to

Continental States, we are now told that King Leopold has made application (the second within these few months) for two millions sterling. In foreign securities generally, however, there is, as in our own, very little business doing; and the whole are remarkably steady. Dealers in foreign stock still think Belgium and Dutch negotiations will end only in smoke; and are looking more to Spain and Portugal as a source whence they may derive more benefit. The Regency Scrip of the latter is still at a discount of 4 per cent. Money, at Paris and London at present, is almost a drug.

There has been little variation in our Colonial trade since our last publication. Political events have rendered business on the Continent extremely dull, and greatly reduced stocks of goods. When the regulations respecting the cholera arose, orders were coming in freely, but by them were as suddenly checked. They have, in most cases, been relaxed during the summer, which circumstance caused a good demand for East India produce, and gave to the market considerable animation as compared with the same period last year. Other circumstances have tended to give increased business to the West India produce. The Orders in Council, and consequent insurrections, being likely to narrow the growth of the sugar cane, and the subsequent manufacture of the article, brought dealers into the market as eager purchasers, and gave, generally speaking, more vigour to West India produce than was perceptible last year. The property of these Colonies, however, is not at all likely to improve. New attempts of an insurrectionary, or, at least, of an incendiary nature, have recently transpired, and it is but too probable that we one day may have to record an appalling catastrophe in that quarter. Recent accounts from Demerara inform us, that embarrassments among the merchants and planters were general. Very few estates had made a fourth part of their usual crop. The exchange was at a ruinous height, being 40 per cent. above par. Relief to the Planters can only come through Free Trade, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and a proportional fall in the value of money, to that which would, consequently, take place in the price of corn and provisions. This is their most rational source of relief, for they are suffering under mortgages contracted when the currency was depreciated 30 per cent., since which period the annual value of the produce imported from their estates has fallen about three millions, and the greater part is absorbed in paying interest.

From Jamaica we learn that great acrimony presently exists against the Baptists and other sectarians, and their extirpation is threatened. The new governor, Lord Mulgrave, has arrived, and the colonists augur much good from his Lordship's administration. It appears they are not settled yet, attempts at outrage being of

frequent occurrence. Property is daily lessening in value, and, if offered for sale, can scarcely be disposed of at any price.—The colony of Tobago is in a state of great distress; after paying the heavy duties imposed upon them by the mother country, the exports from the island are not sufficient to pay for the imports necessary for the cultivation of the property thereof, leaving nothing for the cultivators.—At Havannah, produce is not very abundant in the market, and the crop has been suffering from continual rains.—This last season, the American Fur Company has made great efforts to rival that of Hudson's Bay. A steam-boat, which had been despatched on a voyage of 2000 miles up the Missouri, has brought back a rich and full cargo of furs, petries, and buffalo robes. The enterprise, it is alleged, has proved detrimental to British holders, and will likely prove more so in future, as the Indians have found the steam-boat an object of great admiration, and declared that henceforth they will bring their skins to the beautiful "fire-boat" of the Americans. The New Tariff bill of the United States, and the agitation of the slave question in Congress, owing to some of our British philanthropists, are subjects of much bitter excitement in that country; so much so, that some of the States are assuming an attitude of independence, and talking of a "Repeal of the Union."—Cholera has abated so much in New-York, that a number of the merchants have returned and resumed business, afraid of being superseded by such shopkeepers as had remained; but the disease, although diminishing in virulence, both here and at Quebec and Montreal, has latterly been spreading greatly amongst the people, causing much alarm and injury to all descriptions of business, which had just been assuming a healthier aspect. We give the following very interesting information regarding our Canada Trade:—The exports of wheat and flour, from the opening of the navigation to the 7th of July, for the last three years, were—

|            | Wheat, Qrs.   | Flour, Barls. |
|------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1830 ..... | 20,350 .....  | 29,400 .....  |
| 1831 ..... | 124,250 ..... | 31,552 .....  |
| 1832 ..... | 39,500 .....  | 19,242 .....  |

This exhibits a decrease of exports in these two important features of Canadian trade during the present year, which we greatly ascribe to the state of our West India Colonies, and triflingly to the presence of cholera. We subjoin a comparative statement of the arrivals, tonnage, and emigrants at Quebec for the last four years, for the same period as the above, with the value of the manufactured goods imported, paying a duty of 2½ per cent.—

|            | Vessels.  | Tonnage.      | Emigrants.   | Value.   |
|------------|-----------|---------------|--------------|----------|
| 1829 ..... | 366 ..... | 99,961 .....  | 6,528 .....  | £323,229 |
| 1830 ..... | 421 ..... | 108,659 ..... | 15,935 ..... | 419,364  |
| 1831 ..... | 497 ..... | 130,051 ..... | 32,327 ..... | 549,209  |
| 1832 ..... | 514 ..... | 146,112 ..... | 33,849 ..... | 704,730  |

The above Table shows a regular increase,—proving, incontestably, the immense importance of the colonial trade to Great Britain; and surely no set of Mi-



nisters will venture, in the face of this great commercial people, to enforce an unprofitable trade with foreign States, while we have such vast resources in our own population, and extensive scope for beneficial action, in the possession of the finest colonies in the world.—To add to the calamities of Newfoundland mentioned in our last, a most destructive fire has occurred at Harbour Grace, occasioning a loss of property amounting nearly to £10,000. Great distress continues to prevail in that quarter.—The Orders in Council of 22d February, for regulating the trade of the Cape of Good Hope, have been received at that colony, and given great satisfaction.—The excitement, formerly noticed, which prevailed at the Mauritius, has subsided.—Government having stated that there is no intention, for the present, of enforcing the late Orders in Council in any of our eastern colonies. The evil consequences of the late panic, however, have not evanished.—From Canton we learn that trade is very dull. In opium there was nothing doing. The stocks of cotton and silk were small; but there was no advance in price. Sugar had experienced a sudden rise, from the demand for the northern markets. British piece-goods had lately been selling to a considerable extent.—An excellent trade is going on betwixt Britain and her southern colonies.—Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales. These possessions will soon be of first importance to us, in a commercial point of view, and are at present enjoying great prosperity.—War again rages in Mexico, and trade with that country is almost sealed up, from a want of confidence in merchants.—Trade with Portugal continues to suffer greatly, in consequence of the war betwixt the two brothers. The Tagus, however, is open to all goods, excepting such as can be put to military and naval uses.—Since the Customs Act came into effect on the 6th ult., mercantile transactions betwixt this country and Russia have been on a large scale. Shipments of Russian produce are making with much activity,—the markets clearing fast, and prices rising.—The continued success of the Pacha of Egypt in opposing the Sultan, promises to open up in that rich country, in due time, a fertile field of commercial enterprise, not less to Britain than the whole of Europe. The Turkish empire is tottering quickly into ruin.—Accounts from Rio Janeiro state that trade is very flourishing—the Government strong, and the people confident in it. £40,000 has been remitted to this country for the dividends on the loans to Brazil; great quantities of hides have likewise formed a late shipment.—The trade with Germany, which was very good during the summer, has lately been on the decline; and the advices from the north of Spain are unfavourable to commerce.

The accounts from all the manufacturing districts of England are certainly more cheering than those of last month; late improvements in the Woollen manufac-

ture are well maintained; and the Cotton trade also manifests symptoms that give a faint gleam of hope to the faces of our half-famished manufacturers. Any improvement that has taken place, however, has been owing perhaps more to the excellent harvest, than to an increase in the demand for goods; but it matters not, the workmen are better employed, and in some instances at increased wages.

The staple trade of Glasgow as yet has given no symptom of realizing the manufacturers' expectations of the autumn trade. The stocks of the power-loom proprietor lie heavy on hand, especially in the common description of goods. In the hand-loom manufacture, the only thing that is brisk is a few harnesses, in the prices of which a slight advance has, in some instances, been made.

In Paisley an improvement in trade has taken place, so far as the workers are concerned. Great sales have not yet been effected,—still several descriptions of goods sell well. Thibet mantlets are being made to a considerable extent, and shawl-dresses have been much in demand. The spring trade in cotton crapes has not begun; and that of light silk gauze is dull.

In the surrounding manufacturing towns, trade has rather improved since our last; but in the north, and in all our watering-places, trade, and business generally, wears a very sombre aspect, owing to the continued prevalence of cholera.

The shipping trade of the Clyde, as well as of the Mersey, we are enabled to report somewhat favourably of. The arrivals of vessels, both at Greenock and Liverpool, have of late been almost unparalleled; but whether British or foreign, we cannot answer,—and according to that answer, only, can be our gratulation.—The trade of Bristol has been decaying ever since the late disturbances; and Gloucester, on the other hand, seems to be prospering at its expense. The port of Dundee is undergoing some magnificent alterations, in order to accommodate its increasing business; and the city of Perth has of late been growing into much mercantile importance as a shipping station.

The Colonial produce markets of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, have, in general, been very inactive during the month. Sugar has continued depreciating in value. Little was done in molasses in London and Glasgow; but in Liverpool they met a fair sale,—all the recent importations being taken up. Rum has been little inquired for; but in Liverpool there seems a disposition to invest. Coffee, early in the month, was dull; but has lately assumed a firmer appearance. Cotton wool has lately been on the advance in all our markets, and the demand rapidly increased.

Irish produce has been very variable as regards butter,—one week up, and another down. In beef and pork, however, there is, notwithstanding the provision clause, a good steady business doing.

## DEATHS OF DISTINGUISHED INDIVIDUALS.

## SIR EVERARD HOME.

Sir Everard Home, whose death was lately announced, was one of the most eminent medical men of his day. He was of Scottish lineage, and at an early age embraced the profession of physic, which he practised with great success in the metropolis more than forty years. The publications of the Baronet were very voluminous. Among his works were "Lectures on Comparative Anatomy," in which are explained the preparations in the Hunterian Collection, illustrated by 171 engravings: "Hunterian Oration," in honour of surgery, and in memory of those practitioners by whose labours it has been advanced, delivered in the Theatre of the College, Feb. 14, 1814: "Practical Observations on the Treatment of Stricture in the Urethra and in the Esophagus," 3 vols. 8vo. Besides these Sir Everard contributed largely to the Philosophical Transactions, and a variety of ably-written articles to the Medical periodicals of the day. His late Majesty raised him, in 1813, to the dignity of a Baronet, by the title of Sir E. Home, of Well Manor Farm, Southampton, and also conferred on him the appointment of Sergeant-Surgeon, in which office he was continued by the present King. Sir Everard was also Surgeon to Chelsea Hospital, Honorary Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons: for many years he was elected to the Presidentship of the College. Sir Everard was in his 77th year. He is succeeded in the Baronetcy by his eldest Son, James Everard, Commander, R. N.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Sir Walter Scott died, without pain, at half-past one P. M., September 21st, 1832, at Abbotsford."

The most distinguished literary character of the age is now no more.

There never lived a man who communicated to his contemporaries more pure unalloyed happiness by his writings, or who equally promised to continue the same intellectual delight to future generations. Prepared as we have been for some time past for this event, still its arrival has

cast a general gloom over the reading and the feeling part of our population. All recollect, with softened gratitude, the delight with which they perused his works. "There is nothing," said a weaver, in a period of great manufacturing distress, "there is nothing that keeps our spirits from entirely sinking, but reading Walter Scott." When, too, we reflect on the enhancement in the scale of enlightened nations which the deceased effected for his native land, we are almost disposed to feel as if the firmest stay of Scottish respectability in the great world of civilized society had been struck from under us.

(From the Scotsman of Saturday.)

This distinguished person breathed his last at twenty-five minutes past one o'clock yesterday. He expired softly and easily, but had suffered a great deal for weeks before. Scotland may well mourn the loss of the man who has spread the glory of her literature far and wide; but the event will awaken a feeling of grief in every part of the globe to which civilization extends. It is the extinction of a mind of unrivalled gifts—the eclipse of a light whose splendour has filled the world. In an age fruitful in great writers, Sir Walter towered by the force of his genius to a height which no other person has reached. His works overleaped the common boundaries of language and clime, in a manner hitherto unexampled. Drawing from the depths of human nature, he wrote to men of all countries, all classes, and all parties; and his fame, like his genius, is *universal*. Sir Walter was born on the 15th of August, 1771, and was only in his sixty-second year. He died too soon for the wishes of his countrymen—but in the fulness of his glory, with an imperishable name, honoured and lamented by the admirers of genius to the extremities of the earth.

(From the Edinburgh Evening Post.)

The year 1832 will ever remain memorable in the annals of literature, for having witnessed the death of the two master-minds of the world, Goethe and Sir Walter Scott—and of these, how mightier far the latter!

## BANKRUPTS.

## SCOTCH.

- August 23.*  
R. Maclimont & Co., merchants, Glasgow, and R. Maclimont, sole partner of said Company.
- August 24.*  
D. Lizars, printer and publisher, Edinburgh.
- August 27.*  
W. Noble, innkeeper, vintner, &c., Ayr.
- August 28.*  
J. B. Scott & Co., brewers, Leith, and J. B. Scott, brewer there, sole partner, as an individual.
- August 28.*  
A. Millar & Co., yarn-merchants and agents, Strathaven, as a Company, and A. Millar, Strathaven, J. Miller, Glasgow, individual partners of said Company.
- August 31.*  
James Lang, baker, Gallowgate, Glasgow.
- July 30.*  
W. Colvill, writer in Arbroath, banker there, and a partner of the Arbroath Gas Light Co.
- July 31.*  
John Aitchison, stationer in Edinburgh.
- September 4.*  
W. Steel, writer, insurance-broker, and grazier and cattle-dealer in Glasgow.

- W. R. Townley, Catecote Street, wool-dealer.  
H. J. and E. N. Fourdrinier, Hanley, Staffordshire, paper-manufacturers.  
F. Trix, Fareham, Southampton, cheere monger.  
R. Lord, Barby, Northampton, malster and ram-breeder.  
T. Parnham, East Retford, Nottingham, grocer.  
G. Miller & R. Blackie, Liverpool, Lancaster, joiners and builders.  
W. Burton, Codnor Park, Derby, stone bottle-manufacturer.  
R. Gaudsen, Byrom Street, Liverpool, Lancaster, bread-baker and provision-dealer, and

- September 6.*  
James Tennent, miller, lint-dealer, and grazier, at Croftfoot, Parish of Cadder, Lanarkshire.
- September 7.*  
M'Niven and Crawford, acid manufacturers, Green Vale, near Glasgow, and D. M'Niven, as an individual partner.
- September 10.*  
R. Waugh, farmer, cattle-dealer, and builder, lately at North Mains of Fala, now residing in Edinburgh.
- September 13.*  
J. Thomson, sen., dairyman, Cupar-Fife.
- September 14.*  
Stewart & Coats, cotton-yarn merchants, Glasgow, and D. Stewart and T. Coats, the individual partners of that concern.
- September 15.*  
D. Harley & Company, merchants, spirit and victual dealers in Edinburgh, and D. Harley, W. Buchanan, and J. Workman, partners of said Company, and as individuals.
- September 17.*  
D. Houston, writer and builder in Edinburgh.

## ENGLISH.

- heretofore of Piccadilly, Middlesex, cheese-monger.  
R. Taylor, late of Token House Yard, London, merchant.  
G. H. Fourdrinier, Brownhills, Burslem, Stafford, paper-merchant.  
J. Scobell, late of Princes Street, Stamford Street, Blackfriars Road, Surrey, carpenter and builder.  
W. J. Davis, No. 6, Park Street, Bristol, Somerset, music-seller.  
M. Corf, Liverpool, Lancaster, cattle-dealer and butcher.

# BENNET'S GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

No. V.—NOVEMBER, 1832.

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## CONTENTS.

|                                                 | Page    |
|-------------------------------------------------|---------|
| LAW REFORM .....                                | 233     |
| THE CALL OF ABRAM.—BOOK III.....                | 238     |
| THE NATURAL VERSUS THE ARTIFICIAL.....          | 248     |
| TO MINE INWARD MONITOR .....                    | 252     |
| THE FATAL STORM .....                           | 253     |
| A FLORENTINE TALE OF THE CARNIVAL OF 1831 ..... | 256     |
| THE WOLFE—A FRAGMENT.....                       | 263     |
| BOOK OF NAPHTALI, THE RECORDER .....            | 266     |
| RURAL FELICITIES .....                          | 270     |
| MONTHLY REGISTER.....                           | 273-288 |

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GLASGOW:

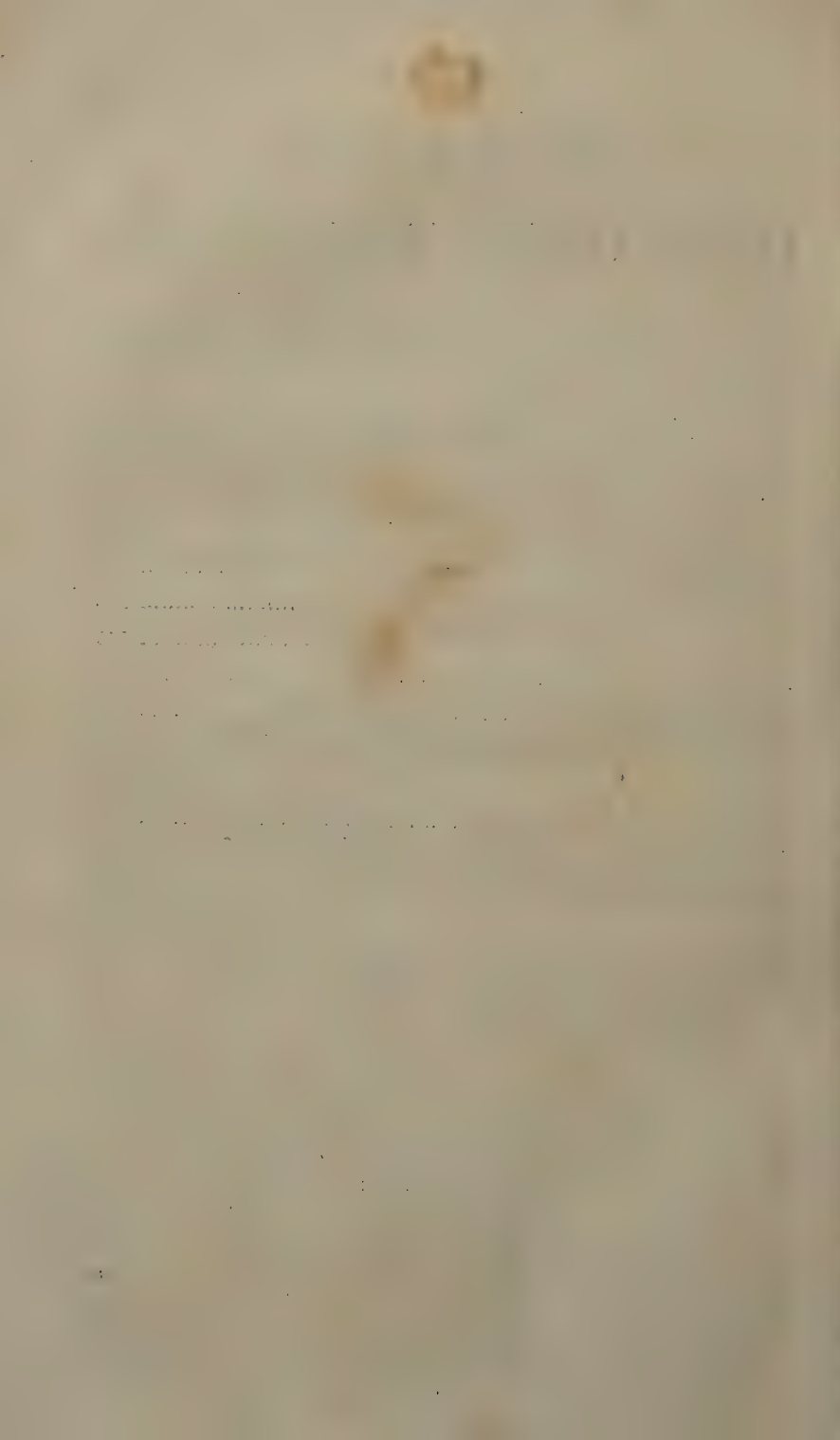
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# BENNET'S

## GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

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### LAW REFORM.

"In the present state of things, there is really no law; but what by a cruel abuse of language is called the law, is no better than one immense and everlasting snare; a field covered on its whole surface with spring-guns and men-traps, without so much as a board to warn the passenger of the destruction to which he is doomed. Justice the pretence; pillage the object; mendacity the means. Every thing is sham, but the iniquity of the pillage."  
*Bentham.*

"There's nae place like hame, as the Deil said when he fan' himsel' in the Court o' Session."  
*Scottish Proverb.*

EQUALLY extraordinary and lamentable is the reluctance with which most minds abandon their prejudices, and consent to view things in their true light. We seem to cling, as it were, with a perverse fondness to the errors of our fathers; we dignify them with the appellation of the "wisdom of our ancestors;" and the more gross the absurdity, the more scandalous the injustice and incorrectness of these venerated opinions, the more loudly are we disposed to defend and assert them. For six thousand years the good and the wise of every age have warred incessantly against ignorance and its inseparable companions, vice and misery; and yet, how little have they accomplished? how much remains still to do? It is true, many errors have been exploded, many gross and mischievous delusions exposed, juster notions on all subjects are gradually spreading, and a better and wiser spirit now presides in the councils of men, than in the earlier periods of the history of our race. Nations calling themselves civilized and enlightened, no longer bow down in adoration of the sun and moon, the beasts of the field, and even the idol of their own forming. Many lands have now emancipated themselves from the spiritual tyranny of that enemy of man's knowledge and happiness, the Church of Rome, which so long pressed like an incubus on the mental energies of Europe. Men have even been recently persuaded to desist from their old and ghostly pastime, of torturing and burning the aged and the decrepit as sorcerers and witches. But are we, therefore, to conclude, that error has now, at last, sunk vanquished under the stroke of truth, and that henceforth reason, justice, mercy, and peace shall bid our world be blest? Alas! in spite of the most recent and most remarkable triumph of right over wrong, light over darkness, in the passing of the British Reform Bills, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that, even in our own land, though the wisest and most enlightened upon earth, prejudice and error yet exist to a fearful extent; that ignorance still opposes formidable barriers to the progress of Reformation; and that there is hardly a single subject, political, civil, moral, or religious, on which many do not still entertain the most mistaken ideas, and concerning which, the most mischievous fallacies are not daily promulgated and believed. We are not surprised that wrong should find defenders in those who are advantaged by it. We acknowledge it to be quite natural, that the boroughmongers should oppose Reform in Parliament; that a lordly and pampered priesthood should be loud in defence of tithes; that lawyers should resist all attempts to reform and simplify those laws, by the

intricacy and the mischievous absurdities of which they get their living : but we do lament that so many men can be found among us, who, though they have no interest in the support of these and such like abuses ; nay, though they have a direct interest in their destruction, are weak and ignorant enough to be persuaded, by the cunning and fallacious reasonings of the advocates of misrule and injustice, into a belief, that those things which are the disgrace and the curse of our country, which have caused so much suffering, and, if permitted, will shortly bring the whole social fabric to the dust, are essential to the general well-being. It is matter of joy, however, that, aided by the ceaseless activity of that most potent auxiliary of the cause of reason ever found—a free and enlightened Press,—truth is daily making way, and prejudice must shortly disappear before the light of knowledge.

There is, perhaps, no subject on which it is at the present moment of greater importance that just opinions should be formed, than the state of our criminal and civil law. It has long been the fashion to extol our legal system, as of surpassing excellence ; nay, so far has this been carried, that lawyers have even ventured to laud, most loudly, its very greatest defect, and to declaim about “the glorious *uncertainty* of the law.” It was generally observable, however, that those men were loudest in their eulogiums on the laws, who had not had the advantage of coming under their tender mercies ; and, gradually, many began to suspect, and some ventured to assert, that our legal system, far from being perfect, was one of the most absurd in theory, and cruel and unjust in its application, that the world ever saw.—*Magna est veritas* ; and this truth, once proclaimed, has since made hourly progress in society, until at length a great majority of the most enlightened of our population look upon the laws, not as their protection, but their plague ; not as the safeguards of honesty and integrity, but the ready instruments of injustice, oppression, and fraud. The call for Law Reform has therefore now become loud and imperative ; and, were the desire for this so necessary amelioration, as general as it is strong, we would soon have a system of jurisprudence less revolting to common sense, and better adapted to the necessities of society. But here, as in everything else, the prejudices of many remain to be overcome, before we can proceed with anything like unanimity to remodel our criminal and civil codes. Nay, we may even say that on this, more than on almost any other subject, erroneous ideas are entertained. A number of causes have combined to produce this result. In the first place, lawyers have so long kept telling the rest of the community, that the people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them, that many have allowed themselves to be persuaded that the law is something which common men neither are able, nor have any right to understand, or intermeddle with ; and that all they ought to do respecting it is, to render peaceable obedience to all its commands, in as far as these are interpreted by its initiated priesthood ; and, however ridiculous or unjust its requirements may seem to their vulgar apprehensions, devoutly to believe that, if their minds were able to comprehend the sublime mysteries of this wonderful science, they would perceive that what they, in their uncircumcised ignorance, were disposed to look upon as injustice and cruelty, was, in reality, justice and mercy.

Then, again, many who were too shrewd to be gulled into a belief that law is something too sacred and elevated to be interfered with by the profane hands of the people, have been repelled from the consideration of how the evils of the present system are to be remedied, by the technicalities and mystification with which it has been, by legal cunning, perplexed and confused. A few unprofessional men have, no doubt, from time to time, dared to do battle with the legal giant, even in the courts of his own doubting castle ; and, undaunted by his fortifications of contradictory written enactments and recorded precedents, and his *chevaux-de-frize* of unintelligible jargon and vile law Latin, have plucked the veil, in part at least, from his ogre-like visage, and shown him to the shuddering bystanders in all his disgusting deformity.—But though a few enlightened individuals have not been deterred, by the



obstacles which legal craft has opposed to the investigation, from seeking out and exposing the defects of our laws, their boldness in doing so has been, hitherto, looked upon almost as the valour of knight-errantry by the great bulk of the unprofessional, who cannot be persuaded to approach this repulsive subject at all. Hence the task of reforming the laws has been left almost entirely to the lawyers themselves, and certainly it could not have fallen into the hands of men more disposed to approach with all gentleness and caution the evils to be remedied. To bid a lawyer reform and simplify the laws, is just about as wise as to request a priest to destroy the idol, by the worship of which he has his living, or a cottar the cow, whose milk supports his family. It has consequently happened, that, though many eminent lawyers have *talked* very eloquently about law reform, the great defects of our present system still continue to disgrace it; and that, when any attempt is made to remove those profitable abuses, the whole paid priesthood of Themis, like their brother jugglers and impostors of the olden time, are ever ready to raise the interested cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

But even although lawyers were not deterred from attempting great and useful reforms in jurisprudence by the considerations of self-interest, their professional labours must of themselves, in a great measure, incapacitate them for the task. Engaged all their lives in the administration of the law, and accustomed to refer to it, at all times, as the infallible rule of right and wrong, their very minds become biassed, and their ideas warped, by their professional practice. They learn to think and feel as *lawyers*, not as other men; and are incapable of conceiving that what is *law*, may yet be tyrannical, unjust, and absurd. From professional men, therefore, little or nothing need be expected. Both their interest and their prejudices disqualify them for being law reformers. It is the *people*, who are themselves the subjects of legislation, and who, far from being interested in the continuance of legal abuses, have the strongest motives for desiring their correction, who must effect a law reform, if it be ever to be effected at all. To them, therefore, we address ourselves; and we most earnestly beg them to arouse themselves from the apathy in which too many of them have hitherto lain,—to try the present system by its fruits; and if they do this, we are sure that many who have hitherto believed that the law, as it now stands, is, on the whole, pretty good, will be struck with the greatest astonishment at discovering its true character. They have formed some sort of idea of what the law *ought* to be, and have persuaded themselves—good easy men!—that such it doubtless is. They have been fortunate enough to have hitherto escaped its clutches; they have never troubled themselves to inquire into its operation upon others; and, therefore, by them its evils have neither been felt nor recognised. But let them investigate the subject, (its importance will justify their pains), and we promise them they shall find the system to be as pretty a piece of lawyer-craft, and as efficient a protector of fraud and injustice, as ever they heard of. They know that laws, being intended as the regulators of men's actions, should, in order that all may know how to conform to them, be simple, clear, and brief; they will find our laws complicated, unintelligible, and interminable. They know that laws ought to consist of general principles, to be applied to particular circumstances as they arise; they will discover our laws to be an infinite number of contradictory statutes and recorded precedents, which the professional lawyer is obliged to spend the greater part of his life in studying, before he is able to apply them in practice, and which are, consequently, an impenetrable mystery—a sealed book to all the rest of the world. What will they think of these things? Will such a precious system still excite their unqualified admiration?

Then, let them turn to trace the workings of this system in the world around them. Let them look at the wretch, whom a lingering lawsuit has brought from wealth to poverty, from happiness to misery, horror, and, perhaps, even suicide. Let them look at his poor wife and starving children weeping their miserable destiny, in coming under the fangs of the law. Let

them ask the heir of a lawsuit, which has already come down to the third or fourth generation, has covered cart-loads of parchment, and cost thousands of pounds, what *he* thinks of the law. Let them listen to the cry of the widow, the wailings of the orphan whom the law has defrauded and ruined, and *then* let them tell us what they think of the present system.

Corrupt and detestable, indeed, must that system be, which could provoke the strongest terms of reprobation from one of the wisest and most amiable men of this age—the illustrious Bentham. That great man was himself bred to the law; but disgusted, nay horrified, with its monstrous injustice and manifold abominations, he soon abandoned its practice. To show in what light it was regarded by him, we extract a few sentences from one of his works relating to the subject :—

“Every sham science, of which there are so many, makes to itself a jargon, to serve for a cover to its nothingness, and, if wicked, to its wickedness; alchemy, palmistry, magic, judicial astrology, technical jurisprudence. To unlicensed depredators, their own technical language, the cant of flash language, is of use not only as a cover, but as a bond of union. Lawyers’ cant, besides serving them as a cover and bond of union, serves them as an instrument, an iron-crow, or a pick-lock key, for collecting plunder in cases, in which, otherwise, it could not be collected, by applying the principle of nullification, in many a case in which it could not otherwise have been applied.

“The best of all good times was, when the fate of Englishmen was disposed of in French, and in something that was called Latin. For, having been once in use, language is not, however, much the worse, so it be of use no longer. The antiquated notation of time suffices, of itself, to throw a veil of mystery over the system of procedure. Martin and Hilary, saints forgotten by devotees, are still of use to lawyers. How many a man has been ruined, because his lawyer made a mistake, designed or undesigned, in reckoning by the almanack! First of January, second of January, and so forth; where is the science there? Not a child of four years old that does not understand it. But octavos, quindécims, and morrow of All Souls, St. Martin, St. Hilary, the Purification, Easter Day, the Ascension, and the Holy Trinity; Essoign day, day of Exception, Retorna Brevium day, day of appearance, *alias* Quarto die post, *alias* Dies amoris; there you have a science! Terms, Michaelmas, Hilary, Easter, and Trinity, each of them about thirty days, no one of them more than one day; there you have not only a science but a mystery. Do as the devils do, believe and tremble.”—*Bentham’s Rationale of Judicial Evidence*.

Again, the same high authority says :—

“Under every system, every mercenary lawyer, under the fee-gathering system, every lawyer without exception, has an interest as unquestionably, though not as uniformly, opposite to the general interest, as that which forms the bond of union in communities of thieves or smugglers. For the sake of fees, they have an interest in prosecutions, for the sake of prosecutions in crimes—and especially in mendacity, the instrument and cloak of every vice; whence Judges (being the only class of *malefactors* who have got the connivance of the Legislature), have made judicial procedure a tissue of allowed, rewarded, and even necessitated lies. It is power, thus obtained, which protects the mercenary advocate and fee-fed Judge from the infamy by which the occasional and unprivileged liar is overwhelmed.”—*Ibid*.

“Nine out of ten of the propositions that, as part of the common law, have drawn their origin from learned bosoms, are absurd in themselves, mischievous in their consequences. In the statutes made by fits and starts for amendment of the law, is a small but fertile department, where may be read the wickedness of lawyers. It is a history that may match with that of Cartouche, Jonathan Wild, Japhet Crook, and so forth, except that it is without name. When the Legislature was obliged to interpose, the worst that could happen to injustice was, the putting her in new clothes.”—*Ibid*.

These are the recorded opinions, let it be recollected, of a man who had deeply studied our legal system,—of one who wrote in no fit of levity or whim, but who thus gave vent to the honest indignation which filled his bosom on discovering the base chicanery, the injustice and wickedness of our laws. Yet such is the influence which lawyers have long contrived to exercise over public opinion, that the eloquent denunciations of the iniquity of the present system and its administrators, that were thundered against them by the master-mind of Bentham, were long regarded by the majority of men as the ravings of extravagance, and their author sneered at as a madman or a curiosity. Now, however, a change is fast coming over men’s minds in this matter. Bentham, the philosopher, the jurist, the friend of mankind, has

gone down to his grave full of years and of honours, and those who reviled him living, are beginning to do him justice when dead. He is now acknowledged to have been one of the first men of his time, and henceforth his name shall be venerated by the wise, the good, and enlightened of every country and of every age. And this is the man, whose testimony as to the actual state of our laws we have just been quoting. How very bad must they then be, to have drawn down from such a quarter so heavy a condemnation!

Surely, then, the sooner we get rid of the abominations of the present system, the better. Instead of our sanguinary criminal law, which revolts humanity, and, by its severity, effectually defeats the ends of justice, let us have a code in which the penalties attached to offences may be such as will not outrage the moral sense and notions of retributive justice of the people. The sole end of judicial punishment is, to prevent crime,—such punishments only should therefore be inflicted, as, being esteemed by the public proportioned to the enormity of the crime, shall awaken no wish to screen the criminal from the wrath of the law. Let the punishment of death, so revolting to the feelings of a refined and enlightened age, be abolished, except in cases of murder,—let all secondary punishments be of a nature that may have a tendency to reclaim the criminal, rather than to confirm him in the practice of vice; and the laws will soon become, in a ten-fold degree, more efficient than ever for the protection of society.

And, instead of the atrocious mass of absurdity and quackery which has so long existed in defiance of common sense under the name of civil law, both in England and Scotland, let there be substituted a fundamental code, consisting of general principles, applicable to every various case, and expressed in the most clear and concise language, that all may easily comprehend its spirit and aim. Let it be printed in a portable volume, and placed in every one's hands, that none may remain ignorant of the laws under which they live. On this code let all judicial proceedings be founded; and let it be the business of the jury to apply the principles and rules therein laid down, to the cases brought under their consideration. Perhaps it will be said, that no single volume could contain rules for the decision of so many various suits as arise in a great empire like Britain. But we would refer such objectors to the Books of Moses, for a proof of how great a body, even of the most minute and detailed legislation, can be contained in a small work, if simply and plainly written. And, moreover, we do not see the need of going into details on every point. We would have causes decided by equity, rather than by the formal letter of an enactment. Thousands on thousands have been wronged and reduced to ruin by decisions according to precedents and forms, for every one who would find himself hardly dealt with on the system we recommend. How many causes have been unjustly decided by an adherence to the letter of technical law, in preference to its spirit! How often have the feelings of men been shocked by the flagrant injustice perpetrated in open court, on some frivolous plea of informality in some part of the proceedings, a trifling misnomer, an error in date, &c., &c.! It is time that these things were put an end to. It is time that a jury of honest and intelligent citizens should be directed to decide all cases, not in adherence to lawyer-contrived forms and quibbles, but on the broad, common-sense principles of right and justice. Away, then, with the law Latin, the jargon, the obscurity and circumlocution of the present system;—away with its vexatious and error-breeding technicalities and contradictions—its enactments and counter-enactments—its endless pleadings, appeals, revisions, and procrastinations. These are the things on which lawyers thrive, while the people are robbed. These are the means by which so many thousands of legal harpies are enabled to prey upon the earnings of the honest and industrious. Away with them; and let human reason be no longer insulted with the quackery of a system, as absurd and far more hurtful to society than all the juggleries and impositions which the sorcerers, fortune-tellers, and miracle-mongers of the dark ages ever played off on man's weakness and credulity.

We rejoice to know that the public is fast becoming alive to the folly of being almost continually at law among themselves. So general has the



*penchant* for lawsuits hitherto been, that you could not find a village in our Island where almost every fourth man was not engaged in a plea with his neighbour, and, very generally, about some mere trifle,—something, in fact, which he cared nothing for whatever, but was determined to claim, that he might gratify his ill-nature at the expense of his purse. These bad and uncharitable feelings, the vile pettifogger of an attorney who lived nearest him, was sure, for his own interest, to foment and encourage; and thus the people were fleeced, and bad feelings generated and kept up for the advantage of a few cunning and unprincipled men, the disgrace of their profession, and the pest of society. Much of this is going on still; but many men are now daily discovering the folly of such conduct. Nay, great numbers are so convinced of the impolicy of meddling with law at all, while it remains in its present defective state, that they prefer submitting to injustice and imposition, to defending their rights before our dilatory and expensive tribunals. And it has become a common remark concerning those who are at law, that it would be better for all parties were the judge immediately to decide the case, however wrongfully or unjustly, than to allow the suit to continue, though it should be properly decided in the end.

But why, we would ask, need we almost ever go to law? Why should we not decide our differences by referring them to the most honest and intelligent of our neighbours or acquaintances? In many instances, the judge has to refer the cause to arbitration after all the law proceedings. Why, then, might not arbitration decide it at first? Instead of paid judges and paid advocates, whose interest it is to prolong the duration of lawsuits and increase their expense, why should we not employ arbitrators who have no interest in protracting litigation? A list of the intelligent and trustworthy inhabitants of every parish might be made up, in the same way as the rolls of jurymen are at present, and two or more from that list might daily or weekly officiate, in the order in which their names appeared upon the roll, as arbitrators of disputes which had arisen within the parish. If they felt themselves incompetent to decide on any case, it might then be referred to a regular court of law; and an appeal might lie to such a court in the last resort, in all cases in which both parties did not previously bind themselves to regard the decision of the arbitrators as final. Even those cases, however, which would thus come before the regular judges, would, under the reformed system, be speedily and cheaply decided, while the vast majority of causes would never go beyond the court of arbitration. Thus would lengthened and ruinous litigation be prevented, and that innumerable host of lawyers, who now unproductively hang like leeches upon the face of society, sucking greedily its very life-blood, be obliged to abandon their mischievous profession for one more creditable to themselves, and less injurious to others.

Finally, we would say to our fellow-countrymen, up and be doing! The times are favourable for bold and vigorous measures of amelioration. Let us not lose the happy opportunity. With justice and common sense for our guides, let us undertake the task of Law Reform; and if we succeed, as we doubtless shall, in freeing the land from the present deplorable system, and establishing one resembling in simplicity and efficacy that which has been hinted at above, we will confer upon our country one of the greatest boons she has ever received.

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## THE CALL OF ABRAM;

A POEM.

BOOK THIRD.

MEANWHILE the direful elemental war,  
By slow degrees without had died away.  
The loud and solemn thunder-peal had ceased  
To boom along the cliffs, and, in its flight,

To rouse their hidden echoes from repose.  
 The wind, that but of late in fearful gusts  
 Swept past the cavern's mouth, and, by the tops  
 Seizing the mighty oaks that o'er it grew,  
 Compelled their sullen homage to its wrath,  
 Now 'mid their branches, like a fondling lover,  
 Sighed with effeminate and plaintive sound ;  
 While, borne upon its wings, the shattered clouds  
 Sailed off in long battalia, to the tops  
 Of the adjacent mountains ; there to drink  
 The silver radiance of the eastern Moon,  
 Which, broad and glorious, o'er the horizon's verge  
 Displayed her crescent form.

The noon of night,  
 And morn's first watch thus tranquilly had fled ;  
 When Almadaron, whose abstemious mind  
 —Long practised in the arts of self-restraint—  
 Asked but the indulgence of a brief repose,  
 Shook off those slumbers at his wonted hour,  
 That still o'er Abram and his wearied train  
 A full dominion held ; and, stealing forth  
 With cautious steps from where they sleeping lay,  
 Sought the bright moonlight, to indulge alone  
 In meditation, as his wont had been.

The long, deep glen through which our travellers passed,  
 On either side with rocks gigantic walled,  
 Whose frowning aspect awakened in the mind,  
 While passing underneath, a dreary thrill  
 Of strange unearthly terror, now presented  
 To Almadaron's eye, above it raised,  
 A scene of savage grandeur, far beyond  
 The power of mimic pencil to pourtray.

Each hoary rock, which, ancient as the world,  
 The shock of many a furious blast had borne,  
 Majestic and abrupt, in middle air,  
 Seemed like an iceberg where the lunar beams  
 Direct upon it shone, and every drop  
 Of rain, that in its thousand dimples stood  
 Into a lens of sparkling crystal turned—  
 While, dark and undefined, its farther side  
 Gave out its shadow, which adown the steep  
 Inverted hung, or traced, where less the height,  
 Its rugged outline on the ground below.

The trees, that o'er these precipices hung  
 Like apparitions, bending to the breath  
 Of every wind, and all at random cast,  
 Scarce rooted, on some barren spots of earth,  
 Shone with an equal brightness, where the dews  
 Of night upon their leaves still glistening lay ;  
 And on the hills, in fairy green arrayed,  
 Alternate light and shade each other chaced,  
 Swift as Euphrates' sounding waves, when he,  
 Dark and impetuous, rushes on his course,  
 Swollen with Armenian rains, through that fair land  
 Where stood terrestrial paradise of old,  
 —Man's first delightful seat—then, sweeping by  
 Where Babylon, once mistress of the world,  
 In all her glory stood, with brazen gates,  
 And hanging gardens, reared aloft in air,  
 He, on the confines of Kusistan, joins  
 The Tigris, like two brothers glad to meet,  
 And, flowing past Bassora, in the Gulf  
 Of Persia vomits forth his turbid flood.

With thoughts not less sublime than was the scene,  
 But with the chastened rapture of the sage,  
 Did Almadaron from the rock, whose top  
 Smooth as a table lay before his cave,

A while in silence cast his eyes around,  
 Then glance at times to Heaven, as if to pour  
 The fulness of his soul to Him, whose hand  
 The magic glories spread which he surveyed—  
 Till, gaining utterance, as he paced along  
 Beneath the shadow of his portal oaks,  
 He thus in converse with himself engaged—

“How solemn and how beautiful is all  
 I see around me! In the air there reigns  
 A balmy stillness, which, with noiseless pace  
 Steals o’er the soul in secret, and, like oil  
 Poured on the surface of a stormy sea,  
 Smooths into calmness every troubled thought.  
 Its influence, O how sweet!—Ye figures, cease  
 To start from memory’s canvas, and recall  
 The visions of my perished earthly bliss!  
 My wife—my child—O, yet a little while  
 And I shall join you! Short is now the step  
 That leads me to the brink of that dark sea  
 O’er which you seem to beckon me, and chide  
 My long, long stay behind.—But, hush!—be still  
 Ye voices of my blasted hopes! Hath not  
 The Father of my spirit opened up  
 Before me hopes more glorious, for the hand  
 Of piety to grasp at? O, how weak  
 Is man to stem the torrent of his wo,  
 When, like a swollen stream, that ’bove its banks  
 Erects its spumy head, it bursts the bounds  
 Of self-restraint, and levels in its way  
 The frost-work of his wisdom! I have vowed  
 Seclusion from the world, and day and night  
 Have laboured to unmake myself, and give  
 My every thought, my every wish to Heaven;  
 Yet there are moments still, that on me rush  
 Fraught with the feelings of my earlier years,  
 And bear me back, resistless, to the point  
 From whence I started.—God of Heaven, forgive  
 The venial weakness Thou alone can’st cure!

“Now Nature holds her jubilee!—The world  
 Is silent as the grave—the wild goat’s cry  
 Is hushed upon the mountains; and the screaming  
 Of owls hath ceased. Again my spirit feels  
 This moment’s holy potency! The Moon  
 Shines brightly in the heavens!—Her path is not  
 Like mine, in solitude:—innumerable stars  
 Attend her rising up and lying down,  
 While here the bat is my companion—winds  
 The music of my nightly serenade,—  
 And Nature’s rugged face the only one  
 My eyes have now to look upon!—But, hold!  
 Is not the Almighty Spirit that pervades  
 The universe, as clearly present here  
 As elsewhere? And to Him alone my heart  
 Is now devoted. Wherefore, then, complain  
 Of solitude in presence of my God?  
 And you, ye lamps of night! do ye not shine  
 As much for me as others? When in heaven  
 The ALMIGHTY bends His bow, can I not feel  
 Enraptured with its glory, though no heart  
 Beside me throb with sympathy the same,  
 To whom, in mutual intercourse of thought,  
 I might, while pointing to the clouds, exclaim  
 ‘Behold how beautiful!’ Yes, man possesses  
 Within himself, whatever be his fate,  
 The independent principle of bliss,  
 Which, like an anchor, gives his bark to ride  
 Secure amid whatever fate he knows.

“How frightful seems the chasm underneath  
 This rock to-night, ere yet the Moon hath climbed



So high in heaven, as with her rays to pierce  
 The gloom that fills it! How the soul recoils  
 Back from the prospect, while my foot I place  
 Thus on its giddy verge! So, 'tis but one  
 Short step into eternity! And dark  
 As is this chasm, would the gulf appear  
 Which then receives us, did not hope diffuse  
 A stream of light, that pierces even beyond  
 The farthest limits of its fancied reign."

Thus, like an eagle perched upon the cliff  
 That overlooks its eyrie, stood absorbed  
 The Hermit, gazing on the gulf profound  
 O'er which he almost hung. His back was turned  
 Upon the cavern's mouth; and now the tide  
 Of feeling seemed subsided, which erewhile  
 Had poured itself in words. His reverend form  
 —But that the winds among his garments played—  
 Appeared a moveless statue. From the world  
 His thoughts were absent; and to every sound  
 His ears were shut: for now, from out the cave  
 Had Abram issued, also to engage  
 In holy contemplation, and to view  
 The aspect of a scene which late appeared  
 So terribly sublime—yet were his steps,  
 Though echoed from the rock on which he trode,  
 Too low to break the spell.

A balmy sleep  
 Had to the Patriarch's mind again restored  
 That vigour and tranquillity of thought,  
 Which, like the glow of an autumnal eve,  
 Had been but seldom overclouded so:  
 And, cheered by dreams expressive of the care  
 Of that Omniscient Being, at whose call  
 He left his home in Ur, and chose a lot  
 Of trial and of suffering, he had risen  
 From Sarai's side—unconscious that his host  
 Was yet awake—to ruminate alone  
 On past adventures, and on future fate,  
 Which, with sublime obscurity invested,  
 Showed but one lucid point as yet to view,  
 Whereon his faith, like dove from Noah's ark,  
 Could perch and rest its wing. That sacred point  
 —The anchor of his hopes—the promise was  
 Of HIM who lies not, that another home  
 Should to him, in a distant land, be given,  
 And to his future seed: but, unrevealed  
 Lay yet that land, save to the mind of HIM  
 Who promised its reversion. Yet, assured  
 That for wise reasons this had been withheld,  
 And with unshaken confidence relying  
 Upon the truth and constancy of Heaven,  
 The mind of Abram knew no anxious fear  
 Regarding its fulfilment. All was peace,  
 And ease, and pure serenity!—And now  
 That, with the recent storm and recent rest,  
 Fatigue and terror both were from him fled,  
 The pomp and glory of the moonlight scene  
 Now bursting on his view, seemed like the change  
 We fancy to ourselves, when, through the gloom  
 Of sickness and of death, the spirit bursts,  
 And views the wonders of eternity.

Scarce had he from the cavern's mouth emerged,  
 When to his sight revealed the Hermit stood;—  
 And willing, since the occasion willed it so,  
 To change his purpose, and in converse spend  
 The time to thought assigned, he forward came,  
 And thus his host addressed—

"So thou, my friend,  
Of Nature either art enamoured more,  
Or less exhausted by fatigue hast been,  
That me thou hast anticipated thus  
In gaining first a look of earth and heaven  
On this delightful morn, the loveliest far  
My eyes have ever viewed! Who could have hoped  
So fair a daughter of so dark a sire,  
As was the night, that, like an incubus,  
So lately brooded o'er the affrighted world,  
Amid the shock of elements, that seemed  
To war for man's and nature's overthrow!"

"'Tis worth some rivalry, to be the first  
Who feasts his eyes upon a scene like this!"—  
Said Almadaron, slowly turning round,  
As half unwilling to unbend his thoughts,  
Or quit his dread position—"Mark'st thou there  
How brightly, on the mountain-tops, the clouds  
Are shining, now that from them is discharged  
Their late eruptive burdens?—Such appears,  
To virtue's eye, the brightness that surrounds  
The man of virtue, when his mind hath risen  
Superior to the world, and cast beneath him  
The follies of his youth, and those that clung  
—By habit's hand entwined—around him still,  
And warped his manhood to some futile purpose  
His better reason scorned. O, there are likenesses,  
Could man but trace them, in whate'er he sees,  
Of fit appliance to each case in life,  
Which prove a source of pride or of disgrace,  
According to the kindred they may claim!"

"How blest," said Abram, "were the world, did man  
In such comparisons his wit employ,  
And, by the moral which is thence inferred,  
His conduct regulate! But man obeys  
Another bias; and the million world  
—As it hath ever done, and ever will—  
Walks stumbling forward, heedless of the sage  
Who points his finger, as the wave rolls by,  
To show its true direction. All the sage  
Can therefore do, is, by himself to tread  
The path his wisdom better hath defined,  
And, of the flowers on either side that grow,  
To cull what best him pleases, and enjoy  
His happiness alone. I speak not this  
In mockery of wisdom, which exalts  
The soul to such sublimity of thought,  
And places individual man so far  
Above the general level of his kind;—  
But 'tis a principle whose power is felt  
Even by the wisest: and, when sages feel  
And oft obey it, to a common law  
It must resolve itself where reason acts  
With feebler force, and shines with fainter ray."

To this the Hermit with a smile rejoined—

"You speak, my friend, as if my words conveyed  
A censure on mankind; whereas, their import,  
If rightly taken, but the expression was  
Of natural regret that man should walk  
So blindly to the grave, as if his path  
On either hand were walled—when all around  
A thousand various objects claim regard,  
Which, like the Moon, if shone on by his mind,  
Would lend their borrowed light to cheer his way.

"Full conscious am I of, and oft have seen  
As well as felt, the truth you've bodied forth  
In argument so wise: but never yet

Hath from that knowledge in my bosom sprung  
 A sentiment contrasting with the one  
 I late expressed. That wisdom which exalts  
 Man in the scale of moral excellence,  
 Were but a splendid evil, did its owner,  
 Perched on the eminence he thus had gained,  
 Survey the world beneath him with contempt,  
 And choke, with selfish pride, the every spring  
 Of lenient feeling towards his brother man,  
 Whom Heaven hath favoured less, yet whose existence  
 Implies a not less necessary part  
 Of life's great sum, than his who him contemns."

Abashed, and sorrowing at this mild reproof  
 Of haste to misconceive a speech so plain,  
 The Patriarch bowed his head, and pardon sought,  
 Then humbly thus the colloquy resumed—

"Such sentiments alone become the wise!  
 True! wisdom has its pride—but 'tis opposed,  
 In nature and degree, to that which forms  
 The theme and currency of common life.

"If at a distance men of wisdom stand,  
 And mix not with the bustle of the world,  
 Contempt is not the motive: 'tis the soul  
 On nobler objects bent, and far refined  
 Above the vulgar sense, that cannot feel  
 The force of pleasures by the crowd enjoyed,  
 Nor sympathize in every hope and fear  
 That acts upon their instinct. Thus it is  
 That angels with mankind communion shun;  
 Yet to an angel do we e'er impute  
 Pride and contempt of mortals? No! we feel  
 How far we rank beneath them in the scale  
 Of rational intelligence, and know  
 That what to us is pure, to them is gross,  
 And that the line betwixt us has been drawn  
 By Nature's hand—not by their own caprice.

"Yet though to this superlative degree  
 The envy of mankind hath never reached,  
 'Tis not the same where man 'bove man ascends  
 In wisdom's climax and prerogative.  
 We reason by our hopes, not by our worth—  
 By what we would, not what we can attain—  
 And when superior merit gains the prize  
 At which our hopes were levelled, envy's gall  
 The surface of our humour blisters so,  
 That to a canker is benevolence turned,  
 Which, like the serpent, when, with fury blind,  
 Its poisonous tooth it turns against itself,  
 By the reaction of that venom dies,  
 That, from the object of its base attack  
 Innocuous, to its native breast recoils.

"How calm and tranquil then, my friend, must be  
 The life of solitude you here enjoy,  
 With not a bitter of this kind to change  
 The constant sweetness of your cup of life!  
 Immortal Natures only, here behold  
 Your strainings after virtue; and in them  
 No feeling, save delight, it e'er awakes.

"And this retreat, too!—All its features seem  
 Combined but for the purpose of exalting  
 Man's soul to the devotional sublime,  
 And calling home, and charming into peace,  
 Each wish that yet might linger in the world!"

"Man's bliss is but comparative," replied  
 The Hermit with a sigh!—"Thus you, while stung



With petty evils 'mid the haunts of men,  
 Admire the lot of him who stands beyond  
 Their sphere of operation, and conceive  
 That solitude is happiness: While I,  
 With every feeling shrunk within myself,  
 That once, like rays emitted from the sun,  
 Did radiate towards all the ties of life,  
 Oft wish those ties again to call them forth,  
 And, as the winds awake the sleeping sea,  
 To raise them into motion, and restore  
 Their consciousness once more. Our powers are formed  
 For action—and, this principle reversed,  
 They run to speedy waste; besides, we owe  
 A duty to mankind as well as Heaven;  
 And one neglected, and the other paid,  
 Cancels the worth of either. This may seem  
 Like pointing condemnation 'gainst myself:  
 But when the causes thou hast heard revealed  
 That hither brought me, thou, perhaps, shalt own  
 My motive was necessity, not choice."

"Thy wisdom," said the Patriarch, "is a pledge  
 Too current with me, for my mind to doubt  
 The strict propriety of all thy ways.  
 I long to hear thy story!—But, as Morn  
 Hath not from out the windows of the east  
 Yet looked upon the world, and as thy guests  
 Are sharing still the balm of deep repose,  
 Let us in farther converse spend the time  
 Till all are seated round thee, to enjoy  
 The wished-for narrative."

"Then, pray, excuse  
 The question I shall ask, which oft my mind  
 Hath dwelt upon in secret, though it still  
 Hath in the answer failed—yet, touching which,  
 Thy deep and varied knowledge gives me promise  
 Of clearer comment; haply, too, of proof,  
 From observation, or from reason drawn,  
 That that which hope would whisper me is *true*,  
 On something surer than on hope is built."

"Since first my mind felt conscious of possessing  
 A higher power than instinct, oft to solve  
 The mystery of its nature have I tried,  
 From whence its origin—whereto it tends—  
 And if, at death, it like a taper's flame  
 Becomes extinguished?—Or, what more accords  
 With all we of ourselves can ascertain,  
 If, 'bove the ruin of our mortal part,  
 It springs to endless and to purer life?"

"Thus have I oft in vain myself opposed,  
 Ere yet the God I now adore, had called  
 Me from the darkness of the heathen's path,  
 To one of clearer light and higher aim;  
 And now, when, like the sun from clouds enfried,  
 I more distinctly can myself peruse,  
 Surmise to demonstration almost turns:  
 For why should hope extend beyond the grave,  
 If there no hope is ever realized?  
 Why, in this life, is happiness dispensed  
 With such a niggard hand, if with this life  
 All consciousness must cease? And why hath God  
 To me himself revealed, if, darkly thus,  
 And at a distance, He must still be seen  
 Through life's short term, and then for ever lost?  
 Oh! if those hopes, that spirit up the mind  
 With golden promises of future bliss,  
 To bear and triumph over every wo—  
 If these are but delusive phantoms, then  
 Is man the jest of Nature—stationed here

To act the fool, and chase the bauble *hope*,  
Till, worn and weary in the vain pursuit,  
He sinks; and, mingling with his kindred clod,  
An utter blank in consciousness becomes!

“But, surely, Almadaron, such is not  
The destiny of man!—A something lives  
Within me, which, in spite of every doubt,  
Confirms my hopes, and in prophetic terms  
Alludes to death as being but a stage  
In man’s career of immortality.”

He paused: then with a look that seemed to crave  
An answer of consolatory kind,  
He on the Hermit fixed his eye, whose soul  
Amid its own profundity retired,  
An image of the Eternal Mind appeared,  
When, at the first, in solitude sublime  
It brooded o’er the void abyss, and called  
From thence fair Order and the Forms of Things.

At length, the process of his labouring thoughts  
He thus in verbal argument retraced—

“Abram! that man is of a soul possessed,  
Which dies not with his body, is a sentiment  
Inherent in our nature—not impress’d  
By after observation, nor inferred  
From reason in the abstract: these but serve,  
As man’s experience widens, to confirm  
This primary conviction—for the hand  
Of Heaven upon each conscience hath engraven  
The record of each truth like this, that stands  
Above the reach of reason. Thus, we feel  
A sense of something greater than ourselves  
Amid the system of created things—  
A mightier Agency—of which we know  
No more, than that of its mysterious laws  
The consequence is universal good.  
But why this sense is felt, or whence it comes,  
Is past the power of reason to explain;  
For reason such a truth had ne’er perceived  
As that to which it points, but for the hint  
Thus by a secret something darkly given.  
So reason only can the inference draw,  
That some more perfect Nature feeds the spring  
Of our intelligence, and that the stream  
From thence derived, must like the fountain be.  
And to this Fountain, this supreme First Cause,  
Each moment in self-estimation spent  
Proves our affinity;—so that the chain  
Of obvious inferences, by reason drawn  
From natural conviction, ends in this—  
That man is with a deathless soul endued.

“Long since, upon this question set at rest  
By arguments like these, *my* mind hath been.  
And wherefore, Abram, should we seek to cloud  
The only sunshine of our present day,  
By hanging, o’er the horizon of the grave,  
Doubt’s murky veil, to check all farther view?  
*We live to die*, were an astounding truth,  
Which happiness would shrink from in despair,  
Were not it counterbalanced by the hope,  
*We die to live*. And though the life which then  
We shall be born to, ne’er may be disclosed,  
Till death shall to enjoyment usher in  
The expanding spirit, what we know of Him  
Who is its Author, justifies the trust,  
That, worthy of His goodness, and adapted  
To our then purer nature, it shall be.”

He ceased: while, set at rest, the Patriarch's doubts,  
 Like clouds that 'neath the horizon sink, had left  
 His mind serenely calm. Such oft had been  
 His own belief, in reason's deepest hours;  
 But there are moments when the firmest mind,  
 Like Samson shorn of strength, may shrink appall'd  
 From what it once had dared, and ask the aid  
 Of such another judgment as its own,  
 To rouse its waning confidence, by lending  
 The sanction of its verdict to some truth  
 Yet unestablished in the creed of men:  
 And now that Abram such a man had found,  
 On whose intelligence his mind might lean,  
 As doth the World upon Opinion's staff,  
 His cheerful soul already spurned the load  
 Of cumbrous hesitation, and embraced  
 The hopes that proved its nature was divine.

He wished to make reply; but, in the east  
 The fading moonlight spoke the approach of day—  
 Which Almadaron marking—

“Yonder, friend,”  
 Resumed he, pointing towards the increasing speck,  
 “Behold the skirt of Morn's bright halo rise,  
 Like segment of a rainbow, o'er the hills!  
 Let this discourse be dropt; and, haste thee! wake  
 Thy wife and servants—that before the sun  
 Hath far in heaven advanced, the morning's cares  
 May be disposed of so, that in the cave  
 Each one may sit, uncalled by other thoughts,  
 Till I—my own historian—paint a tale  
 You wish not more to hear than I to shun.”

No need was there for Abram to perform,  
 Though willing, such a task; for, from the cave  
 Already Lot, with all his fellows, came  
 To give them salutation.

“Lo!” exclaimed  
 The son of Haram, in a gamesome mood,  
 “How much, when age hath purified the frame,  
 And rendered reason strong, the body weak,  
 Can man dispense with sleep, and, from its arms  
 Of downy softness, fly to stubborn thought!

“I judged, dear uncle, and, not less dear friend,  
 That in the cave you both had been at rest—  
 Not on this rock, where now the keen night air,  
 Girding my temples like a leaden band,  
 And sifting through my body, gives surmise  
 How much more cool *your* temperature must be.”

“Lot! youth is light of heart;” said Abram, smiling,  
 “And far be it from us to dash the mirth  
 We once ourselves possessed, ere, like the circle  
 Upon the pool, diffusion had destroyed  
 Its power, and even its being,—as with you  
 Shall also be the case—perhaps too soon!  
 Yet could I wish the season of your mirth  
 Were more appropriate, Cast your eyes around,  
 And say, if any thought that does not claim  
 The title of sublime, becomes us here!

“You seem affected, Lot!—Ay, gaze again;  
 'Tis an emotion lovelier to the eye  
 Of others, and more pleasing to yourself,  
 Than is the smile of self-complacent wit:  
 Though, when right seasoned, wit be graceful too.

“What think'st thou, Lot, of Him who painted thus—  
 Who thus could plan, accomplish, and adorn?—



Your tears make answer!—These are pious tears;  
 And I, dear nephew! do applaud them well.  
 But, see! His hand begins to shift the scene.  
 Here stand; and you, my servants, gather nigh,  
 And mark the wonders of the God you serve—  
 The beauties of the scene around us here.”

Now, in the orient, many a once bright star,  
 Had, like a lamp exhausted, sunk from view  
 Within the widening circle of the Morn,  
 Which, like a wave upon the heavens diffused,  
 Absorbed their glory as it stole along,  
 And, with a robe of chaste and pensive grey  
 Invested earth and sky. But long this hue  
 Endured not: for already had the sun  
 Shot up his ruddy glow, to warn the world  
 Of his approach, and paint on Morning's cheek  
 Such fitful blushes as a maid betrays,  
 In sudden presence of the youth she loves.  
 There, every tint that in the bow of heaven  
 Commingles, like the shiftings of a dream,  
 In rapid alternation went and came;  
 And, as the gorgeous vision upwards spread,  
 The slumbering clouds at last its splendour caught,  
 Where, rent and huge, they lay like ships becalmed  
 Amid the depths of air. At times were seen,  
 Like atoms, floating through the middle space,  
 The forms of birds already on the wing,  
 While, on the ear their notes symphonious fell,  
 And realized the fabled voice of Morn.

Again the scene was changed!—Now had the sun  
 The mountain's summit climbed, and, from his brow,  
 Begirt with flaming rays, around him shed  
 The cheerful light of day. The dewy hills  
 And rocky vallies, with their brawling streams,  
 Smiled at his presence, and the wandering goat  
 Leaped lightlier from the cliff, and seemed to feel  
 Proud of its boundless liberty.

Entranced

And mute with admiration, stood our guests,  
 Till, issuing from the cave, fair Sarai came—  
 Herself a second Morn, and lovelier far  
 Than aught in Nature else!—Her maids, behind,  
 Attended on her steps, as do the stars  
 That walk in Luna's train the round of heaven.  
 Light was her tread, and cheerful was her air,  
 While, drawing near her host, she blandly gave  
 The morning's salutation, and on all  
 Successive smiled, then caught her husband's hand,  
 And thus expressed the secret of her joy—

“ O Abram, from what bliss have I awoke!  
 Methought, where Tigris rolls his crystal wave  
 Through that delightful land was once our home,  
 That, by thy side as on its banks I slept,  
 While watching of our flocks at cool of even,  
 A Being of celestial beauty came,  
 And, with a smile that through my soul diffused  
 Unutterable bliss, me thus bespake—

“ ‘ Heaven-favoured Sarai! fear not to pursue  
 The fortune of thy husband. Know that I  
 Am willed by Heaven thy footsteps to attend,  
 And prove thy guardian angel. Short is now  
 The way that lies before thee, to the Land  
 On which thy hopes are set; and there shalt thou  
 Arrive in safety, and in quiet rest,  
 Beneath the shade of His protecting wing,  
 Who chose thee to Himself, and keeps thee still.  
 Then let not fond remembrance, lingering here,

Wake thy regret at leaving home behind :—  
 A happier far awaits thee, where thy name  
 Shall live for ever in a Nation's praise,  
 Ordained to trace their origin from thee.'

"So spake the heavenly guest, and, smiling, fled;  
 And, while with transport weeping, I awoke."

"My love! thy vision is of cheering kind;"  
 Replied the Patriarch, with a softened smile—  
 "And fear not but the promise therein given  
 Shall faithfully be verified. On this  
 We yet shall farther talk,—but, meanwhile, come  
 And let us, with the cheer we bear along,  
 In turn the generous Hermit entertain;  
 Then in the cave, while lasts the heat of noon,  
 His promised story shall we sit to hear."

Soon was this wish approved; and soon was brought,  
 From where the asses stood, the chosen store  
 Provided for their journey; which, when spread  
 Before them in the cave, and when to Heaven  
 Their matin praise had been preferred, and when,  
 To enjoy the smiling pasture, forth were driven  
 The wearied beasts of burden—all partook,  
 Then round the Hermit placed themselves; while he,  
 At their desire, his story thus began.—

(*End of Book Third.*)

[It was here the author stopped. . After the praise he now has had the happiness to hear bestowed on "THE CALL OF ABRAM," can he be blamed for sighing for such retirement and leisure as would enable him to complete its design?]

## THE NATURAL VERSUS THE ARTIFICIAL.

It is a thousand pities that men have suffered themselves to be so dazzled by the deceitful glitter of the Artificial, as to neglect or despise the beauty and excellence of the Natural. By a false system of education, we are taught from our earliest years to repress, and, as far as possible, to destroy our natural feelings and conceptions, and to think, speak, and act, not as our hearts and our reason would dictate, but according to the conventional manner approved of for the time, in the society in which we happen to be placed. Hence, even before arriving at manhood, we learn to view all things through a false medium, and become almost incapable of recognizing the excellence, or feeling the charms of the Natural; in the same manner as the lawyer, who has spent his life and his thoughts in the study of a particular system of jurisprudence, becomes incapable of perceiving any right or wrong, but what is pronounced so to be by the legal system which it is his professional duty to study and carry into effect.

There has been much talk of late in the world around us, about emancipation. We hear men speak of Catholic emancipation, of Slave emancipation, of the emancipation of the British people from the yoke of the Boroughmongers. But there is one sort of emancipation, of which few speak, few think,—of which the great majority of mankind (so thoroughly have their souls been brought into bondage) do not even feel the need; but which would, nevertheless, give to the human race a liberty far more important and desirable than that which acts of Parliament can confer or take away. We mean the emancipation of society from the galling and heavy fetters of that false sentiment, affectation, and heartless ceremony, which the father of delusions and lies seems to have himself introduced into our world, that it might be, in every age, our curse and our torment.

We have said that our very thoughts are not free from the shackles of the

Artificial. We dare not look around us, and into the depths of our own souls, with the clear, unjaundiced eye of nature, and judge for ourselves of what we there discover; but must think and feel on all subjects as those around us do. We must call this right, that wrong; this wise, and that foolish,—not because we have discovered them to be so, but because society has ruled that they shall be viewed as such; and thus do we actually, through course of time, succeed in deadening our natural feelings, and reconciling our judgment to what it at first perceived to be absurd or false, until we come to view all things in the same light in which our fathers viewed them before us, and in which we, in our turn, labour to make our children view them after us. This is the true explanation of the strange fact, that the same things which some communities regard as crimes, others reward as virtues;—that the English lady would faint at the sight of a bull-fight, while the Spanish maiden cheers on the matador to the deadly combat;—that the Roman citizen enjoyed the spectacle of the dying agonies of the gladiator, from which the man of modern days would turn away with sickening horror;—that the Highland catheran and the Lowland judge viewed, in such different lights, the act of forcibly carrying off a herd of horned cattle;—that what is religion in one country, is damnable error in another;—that honour, honesty, justice, humanity, and morality, are words signifying such different things in different countries, and at different periods.

Thus are our minds sophisticated, our very souls imbued with an artificial system of morals,—a philosophy, the origin of which must be sought for, not in truth and nature, but in the conventional opinions of society. And if we do not think as we ought to think, neither do we speak plainly and inartificially that which we do think. There is a cant on almost every subject, which must be adopted, if we would not have the world for our enemy. Every offence may be pardoned, and has been pardoned, by society, but sincerity,—that is the one sin it can never forgive. And what is the use of all this affectation? Nobody is deceived by it. Deception is not even attempted. Everybody knows how to translate the conventional language of society. We all understand one another, and the true value of the cant which, like a veil, covers, but does not conceal the truth. Would it not, then, be wiser, better, easier, to speak as we think, than thus to throw over the whole intercourse of civilized life an air of insincerity, which can, by no possibility, produce any good, but which, by accustoming the mind to falsehood, lessens its love for truth, and its power of perceiving the beauty of the simple and the natural?

But so thoroughly have the minds of many been enslaved by this factitious system, that they would shrink from the unwelcome gift of emancipation from its bondage, like the poor captive who had been so long the tenant of a dungeon, that he did not know what to make of himself when set at liberty, and, through force of habit, stole away back again to his accustomed cell. Like this poor captive, these men would, if freed from the yoke of the artificial and over-refined manners we complain of, be fools enough to seek again to rivet round their limbs those chains, which they had borne so long as almost to be persuaded that they were necessary to their existence. "What!" they would exclaim, "speak out our minds at once, without disguise or equivocation? Impossible! Don't you consider how soon one would quarrel with one's acquaintances by such conduct?" Very true, our good friends; if society in general were to remain as it is, you would undoubtedly find yourselves sometimes a little awkwardly situated, by adhering to so candid a mode of speaking and acting. But were all men to adopt the same system—were all men to speak what they think and feel—the difficulty you complain of would vanish at once. And is it not more worthy of rational beings—would it not be more conducive to the happiness and good of all—that men should speak to each other with simplicity and truth, than that they should carry on the intercourse of social life with that hollow insincerity, that lying politeness, that cold and cruel mockery of friendship, which now prevail so universally throughout what is called the civilized world? Even in the cases



where it would seem most embarrassing or even unfeeling to speak the truth, it will be found, on examination, that it is still expedient and even kind to do so. For example, your friend asks a favour from you, which you do not feel it prudent to grant. Is it not more manly, more honest, more kind even, to tell your friend at once that you cannot accede to his request, than to equivocate, put him off till another time, weary him out by sickening delays and false pretences, till he shall at length discover, without putting your false delicacy to the pain of telling him so, that you have never intended to do anything for him?

Or, let us suppose your acquaintance is evidently about to make himself ridiculous, or, perhaps, to ruin himself by some preposterous project he has got into his head. Is it not better, in such a case, to deal sincerely with him, and to risk wounding his vanity a little, by pointing out to him the absurdity of his intention, and endeavouring to dissuade him from its prosecution, than, through a false respect for his feelings, to allow him to plunge unwarned into the folly he meditates, and leave him to be told of his error, not by the soft and gentle voice of friendship, but by the unfeeling laugh or the harsh frown of a merciless world? Why should we not follow the advice of that Heavenly Teacher who never disguised his sentiments, and who was yet never rude nor offensive, when he tells us to "*Let our yea be yea, and our nay nay*,"—for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil?" Let us, in the spirit of this divine admonition, speak to one another the simple truth, in all plainness and honesty; and, while our hearts will sufficiently prompt us to observe towards all men that true delicacy which nature teaches, let us, even for their own sakes, conduct ourselves towards them with all sincerity and candour.

And as we should speak, so should we write without affectation. Many writers seem never to have understood that, if they would awaken the sympathies of their fellow-men,—if they would convince, excite, melt, or soothe them,—they must themselves write as they feel. The natural emotions of one mind are easily understood and sympathised in by all others; but how can false sentiment and affectation awaken a responsive chord in any human breast? Truth and nature should furnish the materials of the writer. These are the great merit of the works of our immortal Sir Walter Scott. These give a secret charm to the poetry of Burns, which will make it popular in every age and in every clime, because truth and nature are ever the same. The want of these is the damning spot on the works of many who have persuaded themselves, and even the world for a season, that they were great writers.

It is not, however, in our words only that affectation is disgusting and pernicious, but in our actions also. And what are all the forms and ceremonies of fashionable life, but manifestations of that same love of the affected and the insincere, which has already been shown to have exercised so great and so lamentable an influence upon our language and our writings? We can understand and appreciate the value of the friendly shake and squeeze of the hand, which the simple-minded and honest peasant gives us when we meet him. It is an act prompted by the kindly feelings of his heart; but we can discover nothing in the formal salute of genteel society, but coldness and heartlessness. There is no warmth, no kindness in that polite grasp,—for all such manifestations of natural feeling would be vulgar. It seems to be considered essential to high breeding and polite ceremonial, that it be not only mere hollowness, cold and unmeaning formality, but that it do most distinctly and unequivocally show itself to be so. Hence it is vulgar to laugh, to speak loud, to wonder at anything, to appear moved by anything; and instead of the simple and unaffected manners that the heart and the affections would dictate, fashion has substituted an endless succession of empty forms,—the burden and the plague of all who observe them. Is not this foolish?—is not this despicable?—ought not such an affected and unnatural system immediately to be abandoned, for the simple behaviour which our sense and our feelings would dictate? We are far from advocating rudeness or brutality. There

is a natural politeness which ought to regulate all our social intercourse; but that politeness has nothing whatever in common with those silly ceremonies which assume its name, and which are, by many, mistaken for itself. Those monkey grimaces, bowings, scrapings, shakings of hands, &c. &c., which the lisping miss and the brainless dandy mistake for politeness, are often best and most diligently observed and performed by the unfeeling in heart, the coarse and rude in soul, the very rubbish and refuse of mankind. Why, then, should not the sensible portion of the human race join to put down that senseless and burdensome mummerly and humbug, which none but puppies and monkeys can consider as possessing any conceivable excellence?—Above all, we are really surprised, that the ladies should so long and so patiently submit to be the victims of the absurd restraints of fashionable manners. Both sexes feel these restraints to be a burden; but it is upon the female world that they press with ten-fold severity. Indeed, we have ever pitied the fair creatures who offer themselves up, generation after generation, a willing sacrifice at the shrine of fashion and gentility.—From the period of the merest girlhood, they are mercilessly subjected to the yoke of the most galling and useless restraint. The little, light-hearted peasant girl, may bound free and happy over the meadow, but the child of the dame of quality must walk sedately along, picking, painfully, her steps, for fear of soiling her shoes, and be made completely miserable, that she may avoid appearing vulgar. When the child has shot up into the full-grown young lady, how the bonds of oppression are tightened around her! She dare not laugh, she must not speak above her breath, she must sit on her chair, bolt upright, in what is considered a *genteel* position—say *yes* and *no*, with as cold a tone as if she were about to freeze, and play the fashionable at the expense of comfort and happiness. And then, poor girl! how she is laced up! She pants every time she speaks, and could not draw a long breath for her life; and, by this absurd lacing and pulling herself into a shape which is ungraceful, because it is unnatural, she is preparing for herself years of sickness and sorrow in the time to come,—perhaps bringing herself to an untimely grave. Alas! that the young, the beautiful, should thus, at the bidding of a foolish fashion, despise the grace of nature, and, in the vain effort of artificially heightening their charms, disfigure their persons, destroy their health, and shorten their existence! Oh! that they could be persuaded of the truth, that they are, “when unadorned, adorned the most!” God has given them loveliness of face and form: why should they disfigure it in a vain attempt at its improvement? Can all the paint of the courtly dame, compare with the lovely red and white on the fresh cheek of youth and health? Can all the curls of the perquier compare with the fair or dark natural locks shading the open forehead? Is not the simplest country lass, over whose face and form kind Nature has shed that inexpressible charm of loveliness which Nature alone can bestow, more amiable in her simplicity, than the haughty, impudent, fashionable miss, rustling in silks and blazing in jewels, with spectacles on her nose, and a quizzing-glass in her hand, with which she will stare you out of countenance?

That the ladies should disfigure their persons, and constrain their manners, at the call of fashion, is pitiable enough; but what shall we say of the gentlemen (if we may honour with such a name the *things* more properly called *Exquisites*), who make fools of themselves, and endeavour to make others do so likewise, by dressing themselves like so many dolls or caricature figures? They, too, must have their new cuts and fresh fashions, their ridiculous extravagances, their toys and trinkets, their curls, nay, even their *stays*! Faugh! it sickens us to think of the puppies! For a MAN we have the greatest respect: he is the noblest being on this lower world—the image of his Maker—the possessor of a reasonable soul. But for these creatures—these things, manufactured by tailors, barbers, and jewellers, of broad cloth, hair and gold chains, and who, nevertheless, pretend to class themselves with the noble being we have just mentioned, we can feel nothing but loathing and contempt.

Away, then, with overstrained refinement, affectation, and artificial sentiment ;—away with the wearisome absurdities of fashionable insipidity. The times of George the Fourth have passed away, in which the artificial and the affected in manners and in morals were looked upon as the essentials of gentility by a corrupt but smooth and simulating generation. These times have gone by ; let their frivolous manners and their detestable cant go after them. We rejoice to perceive that a republican plainness and straight-forwardness of thought and expression is becoming daily more common ; and we hope the days are not now very distant, when men shall dare to think for themselves,—to speak, frankly and undisguisedly, what they think,—and to eat, dress, walk, and carry on all the intercourse of social life, in a plain and unaffected manner, as is becoming rational beings,—not according to the prescription of the puppy-made laws of artificial and ceremonious gentility.

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### TO MINE INWARD MONITOR.

O STAYE, O staye, thou angyl forme,  
That this fonde heart stil beares within—  
Thoughe oft noe dwellinge fitt for Thee,  
But haunte of Sinne—  
O staye, O staye with mee.

O staye, thoughe I have wronged Thee ofte,  
And felt thy pinions plumed to ryse,  
With upwarde flygte, to Puritie:  
Heare my deep sighes—  
O staye, O staye with mee.

Angyl of Conscience ! I have stood  
On that darke summit, whence to falle  
Were worse than death—than miserie ;  
Then didst thou calle,  
“ O staye, O staye with mee.”

When anxiouslie for Virtue's cause,  
And pure Religione's, thou hast striven,  
With flushing cheeke, thou urged the plea,  
Looking to Heaven,  
“ O staye, O staye with mee.”

This breaste, once pure as Infant thoughte,  
This hearte, as fresh as Springe's first flowres,  
Or blossoms of the white May tree,  
Felt Guilte's deep houres  
To staye, to staye with mee.

This fonde soul, once that scorned to dreame  
Of evil thoughtes, or base designe,  
Nowe hugs the burninge infamie.  
“ Be mine—be mine :  
“ O staye, O staye with mee.”

Kind Friends forsaken—Virtue fled—  
Death smylinge cruellie in view,  
His eylets glarynge fearefullie—  
These moments fewe,  
O staye, O staye with mee.

Thou white-robed Spirit ! lett the bloode  
That can absolve free mee frome guilte.  
It can make peace with God and Thee :  
Receive me ?—ay, thou wilt—  
And staye, and staye with mee.



## THE FATAL STORM:

## A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BELVILLE cottage was beautifully situated in a sequestered nook, on the banks of one of those silver streamlets that, in a bright sunny day, viewed from an eminence, glisten in the sunbeams, and meander in silent sweetness through the glens and braes of Scotland, like streams of light in an evening sky. On a gowan-decked plot of rich sward stood the thatch-covered cot above-named,—the habitation of good old Josias Belville, and his tender-hearted spouse Margaretta. The hills rose gently and slopingly upwards to the north of this isolated dwelling; and the crags and braes, at the foot of which the stream continued its unvarying murmurs, screened it on the south. It was a long and beautiful glen to the east and west; and from Lucilla's little bed-room window, which looked to the west, the scenery was delightful. Lucilla was the only child of old Belville and his spouse; and, at the time of her acquaintance with the parish schoolmaster, which forms the commencement of our tale, was a tall, modest, and fine-looking girl, just turned of seventeen. James Thomson, the parish schoolmaster and clerk, and the only beloved of Lucilla's heart, was a good-natured and unassuming lad, verging towards twenty-three years of age, a disciple of the old system of teaching, and the most learned man in the parish, save the minister himself. Thomson was also studying hard, with a view to becoming a clergyman of the Established Church, and, from his mild and engaging disposition, was a universal favourite in the parish. At Belville cottage he had long been a frequent and welcome visitor; and the intimacy which originated in his fond and disinterested admiration of the innocent gaiety and loveliness, added to the natural endowments, of Josias Belville's only daughter, gradually ripened into the most pure and ardent affection. Lucilla contemplated him with esteem and respect, but not, by any means, at first with affection. It was out of the question to suppose that she, a mere farmer's daughter, should be the object of love with "Maister Tamson, the schulemaister,"—a man of such consequence in the parish,—and, of course, Lucilla's thoughts never wandered that way. But Thomson loved her with a deep, growing, and irradicable affection. In the midst of his jocularly with Josias, the slight and irrepressible tittering of Lucilla,—the sound of her voice, or the glance of her beautiful black eye,—was enough to abstract his attention, and throw him into "moods and tenses." His visits at Belville cottage became more and more frequent as his affection increased; and Lucilla's natural modesty and shyness gradually gave way to his lively and interesting conversation. She could now accompany him more willingly to see her favourite lamb;—they gathered wild berries together on the braeside;—and she even loved to listen with him to the song of the goldfinch and linnet, and the murmuring of the pebble-bedded stream. But there was never yet a word about love. Thomson had never ventured even to whisper his passion; though at times, when he assisted her across the stream, or grasped her delicate hand to prevent her slipping, he felt he could give the whole world, were it his, to be the husband of that lovely girl. Once, when Lucilla had picked up a beautiful wild-flower, and, in the ecstasy of her admiration, exclaimed,—“What a sweet little flower this is!”—“Yes,” he replied, it is indeed sweet, but its fragrance is lost in the superior sweetness of its possessor, and its beautiful cheek pales 'neath the sheen of the bright eyes and blooming countenance of my Lucilla.” She gazed intently on the flower, with an averted inclination of the head, as if to hide a profusion of blushes. He pressed her affectionately to his breast, and gave utterance to every feeling of his heart.

From that day they became more and more endeared to each other; and it was reported over the parish, that the “Schulemaister” and old Belville's daughter were about to be married. This was indeed the case. The summer, and particularly the autumn, had now passed away in mutual endear-

ment, and the twelfth of the following January was fixed on as the happy bridal-day. Would that we could here conclude, by saying, that they were then united, and lived happily,—but, no! the rest of the narrative, though painful, must be given.

On the 9th of January, 17—, it set in a clear, sharp frost, and during the night there was a slight fall of snow. The air was bitingly cold on the following day; and it was evident to every judge of the weather that there would be a storm. During the night of the 10th, the snow had fallen considerably; and, on the 11th, there was a piercing east wind. All about Belville Cottage was drear and lonely. The woods and bushes “bowed their hoar heads,”—the little birds, whose melodious notes during the blithe months of summer had caused the woods and welkin to echo delightful music, now clustered in hundreds about the barn-door and cart-shed, or, on the appearance of any of the inmates, flew off with a whirr to a neighbouring tree, and chirruped mournfully on the hoary boughs. The sheep and shepherd, with his faithful dog, stood under the hill-side, where the poor dumb creatures scraped a cold and scanty subsistence. The cattle lowed in the cottage-byre—and old Josias wandered about, “doure and eerie,” while Lucilla and her mother eagerly busied themselves arranging the household furniture, preparing their dresses, and endeavouring to give every thing a cheerful appearance before the following day, which was to be one of mirth and felicity, when the blushing maiden should stand in the presence of the holy man, and be united to “the one loved of her heart,” for good and for ill, for life and for death.

About one o'clock, a boy arrived at the cottage, covered to the knees with snow, having a countenance highly reddened by the clear, sharp air, and apparently well appetised by his journey. He handed to Lucilla “a letter frae Maister Tamson,” and hastened to rub his digits before the ingle, and participate of the homely but plentiful cheer which old Margaretta instantly prepared and set before him. Lucilla, with a palpitating heart, retired to the window of the spence, and read to herself the following concise but business-like and endearing epistle from her beloved:—“My dearest Lucilla,—How slowly and mournfully do these intervening hours pass away. The very appearance of nature seems to reprehend the monotony of time:—my soul longs exceedingly for that bright moment when we shall be united, never to part. To-morrow, you know, is the gladsome day; and, however gloomy and foreboding the weather now is or may then be, you may depend upon my being at Belville with the Rev. Dr. Seventhly, precisely at one o'clock, when I trust we shall find you with your friends as happy and joyous as the occasion requires.—Believe me, ever devotedly, thine, JAMES THOMSON.” The bright tear glistened in Lucilla’s beautiful eye, as she concluded the perusal of this kind letter; and folding it carefully up, she placed it in her bosom.

Lucilla slept very little, and but by starts, that night. The snow had again commenced to fall in the evening, with a drifting east wind, which continued to increase as the night advanced. All was still within the house; and the dear girl tossed, and fretted, and fevered on her couch. About midnight, a low whine was heard at the house door, and immediately Josias exclaimed,—“It’s the sheep dog, as I’m a leevin’ man!—there maun be something wrang wi’ the puir beasts, and Johnnie, puir chield, will be sittin’ his leeva lane this cauld driftin’ night on the hill-side;—I maun out—I maun out!—Help, puir fallow, is that you?”—and old Josias buckled on his coat, drew on his blue bonnet, and taking his “crummie,” in spite of the remonstrances of his dame, and the cries of his wakerife daughter, who had heard the colloquy from above, sallied forth to visit his herd and the sheep. The sheep colley fawned on him excessively as he opened the door, and accompanied him frequently down the glen. Lucilla left her couch, and looked out after him from the window of her bed-room: she could perceive his dark form struggling through the wreaths of snow, and the faithful dog frisking round him. The night was gloomy, and the snow drifted thickly. Her heart chilled

within her, as she thought of the glad scene fixed for to-morrow. She again sought her couch, but not to sleep. At dawn of day she was at the window,—but the scene was worse. The snow continued to fall unceasingly, and the wreaths were numerous and deep. As she descended the stair, she heard the voice of her mother, complaining of the gude-man's not having returned; and she “really boded nae guid frae this weather.” The breakfast, however, was prepared, and arranged on the table between nine and ten o'clock, and Josias's *bauchles* placed before his arm-chair, which was drawn opposite the fire. Lucilla looked her beautiful shining face in the glass—tossed over her wedding paraphernalia—tried on her new shoes,—but all would not do;—she felt sad, and her heart palpitated wildly, while she pressed her hand gently on her breast, to stay its beating, but in vain. Her mother “wondered in a' the warl what had come owre Josey; and Nelly Elphiston, wha promised to be the bridesmaid, an' be here at nine o'clock, is no come yet, an' it's now past eleven.” The tears gushed into Lucilla's eyes; but she spoke not.

The day waned apace.—Old Margaretta frequently stood at the door, peering with her blue eyes down the glen through the drift, but sight or sound of human being there was none. With heavy hearts, and the utmost disquietude and anxiety, they both proceeded to dress, by the hour appointed, for the arrival of Thomson and the minister:—but it was near three o'clock before Lucilla had arranged the last stray lock on her forehead; and old Margaretta had just spread out a cloth upon the best table in the spence, when they both heard a distinct rap at the door. Lucilla bounded forward to welcome her betrothed, but, feeling faint before reaching the door, stepped aside, and it was opened by her mother. She drew it wide up to the wall, and stared, in utter astonishment, on perceiving that no one entered. The drifting had ceased, and the sun shone with a sickly gleam through the hazy atmosphere:—the wreaths of snow were high, and the chasms they had formed, dark as the deep windings of the glen, but no human form was to be seen. She closed the door, and, with a faltering step, walked towards the hearth, exclaiming, as she seated herself in the chair she had set for her husband in the morning—“hech, wow! but there's something no' richt about this house the day;” and, turning to her daughter, she added—“Lucy, saw ye ye'r father, dear?—I thought I saw him gaun owre the hicht o' yon muckle reave, and he looked as if he wad hae come to me; but, puir man, he sank down at ilka step, and syne gaed clean out o' sight. I hope, in the Lord, he'll come safe hame:—Save us!” she exclaimed, starting and gazing wildly, “saw na ye his bonnet gang by the window?” The acuteness of her feelings, and the afflicting nature of circumstances, had evidently proved too much for the woman's weak mind, and, in the evening, she drew her chair close in upon the fire, and sat gazing and speaking wildly in the darkness and dreariness of the abode, during the whole night; for no human being drew near that lonely dwelling, and Providence seemed to have shut it up, for a time, from all communion with the rest of the world. Lucilla had withdrawn to her room on first perceiving her mother's derangement, and lay in her pure wedding garments, upon her sleepless couch, sometimes giving vent to a flood of tears, and, at others, listening in the solitude of the night, to the wild and incoherent ravings of her distressed mother. “Oh! my ain gude-man, ye've a cauld snawy bed.—Josey, gie me your haun:—O sirs, its cauld, cauld, and ye'r face is white as the driven snaw. Saw ye Jamie Tamson?—He was na a gude-son to me; he cam na to marry my puir lassie for the sleet and the snaw. Yes, yes, Josey, I'll e'en lie down aside ye,—it's a cauld bed, but O, its a pure windin' sheet!”—and ever and anon would she croon over snatches of an old song.

The sun was climbing a beautiful blue sky, over which floated tenuous snowy clouds, when, on the morning of the 14th, there was a loud knocking at the cottage door; but, as no one opened, the latch was lifted, and the emphatic words of the intruder echoed through the stillness of the house—“Peace be in the dwelling; I say, peace be in the dwelling:—the Lord



giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord! He will cause the heart of the widow to sing for joy, and to the fatherless he sendeth mercy." The speaker approached the chair on which old Margaretta was sitting before the fire, and, laying his hand gently on her arm, in a soothing tone, said, "Peace be with thee; the Lord hath been pleased to put thy faith to a severe trial, but continue thou in his love;—whom he loveth he chasteneth, and tryeth every son and daughter whom he receiveth;" and so saying, he stooped to look into her countenance, for she stirred not. Her eyes were glassy, and her pulse faint. He added some fuel to the dying embers, and stirred them into a flame. On turning round, his eye caught a form in white drapery on the staircase, and, beckoning its approach, he proceeded to administer a cordial to the apparently lifeless female. Under this treatment her pulse revived, and her whole frame seemed re-animated. The gentle form of Lucilla, whom the stranger had beckoned to, leaned lightly over her mother's chair, and the voice of the old woman returned,—but reason had fled, it was feared, in this world, for ever. "Yes, yes, Josey," she cried incessantly, "it's a clean bed, and the sheets are pure and snawy,—but oh, it's cauld, cauld!" The stranger stood by her constantly; but, after the first revival, her pulse gradually waxed weaker and weaker, and slight shiverings passed over her frame, on which occasions she would exclaim, "Oh! it's a cauld, cauld bed!"—and towards midnight, in spite of every attention, the pulsations altogether ceased. The stranger disappeared in the morning, but returned again ere night, with two females, who attended to the duties of the death-bed.

This rapidly sketched narrative is now at a close. Lucilla was taken home to the abode of the stranger, who, as the reader may perhaps have already suspected, was the Rev. Dr. Seventhly. Here she gradually became informed of her destitute condition,—of the loss of her father, of his sheep, and the herd-boy, during that night-storm; and that James Thomson, in his anxiety to be at Belville Cottage at the hour appointed, had sunk into a wreath of snow, and perished before assistance could be rendered. But it was a woful winter throughout the whole country, particularly that parish; and the story of Josias Belville and his family was handed down from father to son, and from mother to daughter, with many a piteous and lengthened remark. The first spring gowan had not opened its fair bosom to the smiling sun, nor had the cuckoo's mellow note sounded in the beechen grove, when the wearied and wasted form of Lucilla Belville lay beneath the greenest sward in the sunny churchyard at Netherwood.

THETA.

## A FLORENTINE TALE OF THE CARNIVAL OF 1831.

Oh God, that we had met in time,  
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free,  
When thou hadst loved without a crime,  
And I been less unworthy thee.—BYRON.

At the period when the splendid conquests of the Italian States by the French, under Napoleon, had obtained for him, and his subaltern kings, an almost undisputed supremacy over that country, and when the sentiments of the people of its several provinces were very generally united in a kindred expression of applause at the pride and pomp of royal dignity, by which display they were assured of freedom from their former rulers, if not of citizenship with the conquerors, the Cavalier Risponi lived at Milan, where he was distinguished as a loud promulgator of the revolutionary doctrines of that epoch. Descended from a family, whence his sole wealth and introduction to the world was a name illustrated by a title, he hailed with satisfaction the approach of the troubles with which Italy was then menaced, as affording the best vantage-ground on which to exercise profitably his talents; whilst, per-

haps, the innate impulse of his genius suggested how well fitted these were to support and develop his prospects.

Foreseeing the successful progress of the French arms, he very early declared himself the partizan of their interests, and was among the first to call on the Italians to make common cause with their invaders. The patriotism of this appeal was not examined amidst the bewilderment of passions and interests, then everywhere excited; nor was the influence of his individual exertions heeded by the natives in the general commotion. These were, however, early noticed and rewarded by the invaders. Their love of aggrandisement had been for a moment satiated by the acquisition of this land, and their policy to consolidate its sway was manifested by a desire to intrust much of its civil government to natives. Risponi then, by a display of his past services to the state, and of professions of future attachment, was appointed to a secret mission to England, for which some specious pretext was given, but the real object of which was a permanent *espionage* on British policy. Letters of introduction were furnished him, to ensure a becoming reception in the best English society. Arrived at London, he was well received, on the assumed veracity of the character given him in his letters, and supported by his own testimony, namely, Italian refugee; and, perhaps, he experienced more than the usual portion of attention and sympathy, as tributes to his alleged patriotism.

This favourable reception, which he owed to the first impression made by his story, was speedily augmented by the kindness everywhere displayed for his personal merits. With the fair he became a favourite, by his fashionable accomplishments, gay disposition, and elegance of manners. To the men he rendered himself an acceptable companion, by his conversational talents, sociable qualities, and his occasional bursts of philanthropy and patriotism; all which advantages were not a little exalted in general estimation by the style of his living.

It does not import to the interest of our tale, to know to what degree, or in what manner, the Italian satisfied the expectation of his employer. It is presumable that his functions were acceptably executed, from the fact of his prolonged mission; whilst, certainly, he had successfully concealed the secret purpose of his intercourse with the English.

The Cavalier had thus passed four years, enjoying and contributing to the fascinations of a London life, when the desire to render himself generally agreeable to his own sex, was concentrated in the purpose of cultivating the esteem of one family; and when he was turned from general admiration of the fair, to devote all his soul to the special adoration of one of the loveliest beings of female creation.

It was to an alliance with the family of Baron ———, that he now applied the varied resources of his genius; and Catherine, second daughter of the house, was the object of his impassioned love. Struck with her beauty, on her first introduction to the fashionable world, where, amidst a galaxy of the loveliest, her person and graces shone supereminent, he sought and obtained a presentation, and at this first interview succeeded in producing so favourable an impression on her virgin mind, that at a second and a third he was allowed to flatter himself that his attentions were not unacceptable, nor his admiration unrequited. His relation with the parents soon passed from the formal salutations of politeness, to the more intimate intercourse of friendship. These opportunities afforded the foreigner the means of advancing his suit, by ingratiating himself with Catherine, and conciliating the esteem of the family. When, therefore, he ventured to give expression to the language of his soul, and solicit her consent to acquaint the Baron with his attachment, she only hesitated an acquiescence, from distrust of her powers to make him happy. His addresses were cordially accepted by the parents, whose similarity of creed and principles, if not predisposing, had assuredly removed an obstacle to the alliance.

The marriage was celebrated at London in the year 1808. The Count, now feeling himself independent of the resources hitherto very liberally be-

stowed on his secret services, and actuated, it is hoped, by the honourable resolution of no longer compromising his principles, by sustaining an office, which, if not decidedly honourable, became so by his present connexion, wrote to the French Government, to apprise it of his altered circumstances and opinions.

For three years, the Count and his Lady lived in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, happy in the confidence of mutual affections, during which she gave birth to a son and daughter. About the end of this period, however, surmises were whispered respecting the true character of the stranger's previous avocations in England : these suspicions were aggravated, if not confirmed, by the almost undenied statements of certain foreigners, whose poverty, or secrecy, had not been efficiently relieved and purchased. This indifference arose from his supposed present superiority to the evils of these menaces.—But the Italian should have known better, from his long residence in England, on what a delicate foundation reputation stands ; that, if acting on the Spartan law, we do not punish the disguise itself, in which a false character envelops his actions, yet that our execration of the deceiver discovered is ten-fold more virulent than of the transgression itself.

The Baron was the first to whom these rumours were reported. He, justly apprehensive of their disreputable tendency, determined to question his son-in-law as to their truth or fallacy. Approaching the subject, with all the delicacy due to the sensitiveness of his daughter and her husband's feelings, he affectionately suggested the expediency of some measures to suppress or invalidate reports, which he himself was convinced were maliciously false ; and, as the foremost of these, requested his son-in-law to pledge his word of honour to their utter incompatibility with his rank and estimation in his native country, and his object and avocations in becoming a resident in England.—The Count, instead of receiving, with becoming respect, and acting in accordance with this fatherly advice, affected a haughty indifference both to the existence and tendency of such suspicions, and contemptuously referred to his servants as the best testimony he would offer to the integrity of his character. Such conduct highly exasperated the venerable Baron, who, yet loath to give credence to his doubts and admit himself the dupe of artifices, tried in subsequent interviews to receive more consolatory assurances, but in vain : evasive answers, menacing language, and overbearing conduct, opened on the father the fatal assurance of his daughter's shame. Mortified at his own concurrence, and her participation in her husband's designs, indignant at the unabashed temerity with which he still dared public opinion, and resolved that his presence, at least, should no longer witness to this dishonour to his name, the Baron offered to the Count the choice of one of two alternatives,—either immediate retirement to his own country, with a liberal allowance of his wife's fortune, leaving her and her family under his charge, or public denouncement of his character. Happily, self-interest corresponded with his inclination to choose the former course ; and he prepared in 1813 to return to Italy, on the pretext that the recent destruction of the French army in Russia, and the consequent diminished power of a foreign dynasty over Italy, afforded a fit opportunity to attempt its overthrow there, and the emancipation of his native soil.

But, as the day of his departure approached, so the affection of his wife increased ; and, regarding with horror the thought of being separated, perhaps for ever, from the father of her children, however unworthy he was of being her husband, she generously resolved, even though uninvited by him, to bear the reproaches of her family, and accompany him. In accomplishing this determination, by combating the scorn of her enemies, and the persuasions of her friends and relations, she displayed those admirable affections of the heart, which make the British fair supereminent in the quality of tenderness and constancy, to those of any other country. Marriage is esteemed in France a form,—in Italy a convenience,—in Germany a business of life,—but in England, though not hallowed by so sacred a name, yet it is worshipped as the supreme blessing of mankind. With us, woman's love is tender-



ness,—evinced in the gay season of youth by fondness and fervency, and in mature years by esteem and sincerity,—and it rarely happens that, if becomingly nurtured, it does not testify itself amidst the rudest vicissitudes of fortune, by an unalterable attachment to the being first beloved. Catherine was a noble example and victim of this fidelity. Up to the period of this fatal incident, the Count and his Lady had enjoyed, uninterrupted, the happiness of mutual endearment. After the second year of her marriage, she had forsaken fashionable society, wherein her brilliant conversation and elegant manners had been distinguished by a large share of ephemeral applause, for the less fickle pleasures of domestic happiness; and he cheerfully acquiesced in this retirement, which showed how much dearer he was to her than all the world's enticements. He turned with satisfaction from surveying the horrors to which Europe was then a prey, to contemplate with gratitude the security of his own dwelling; and she, in imagining the same scenes, thanked Providence for having delivered from their perils him whom she then clasped in her embraces. But the tenor of this tranquillity was now to be disturbed by the worst passions of humanity. The Count, finding himself precipitated from his lofty fame to the humiliating reproaches of the Baron and the opprobrium of his friends, thought, if not to extenuate his offence, at least to revenge his disgrace, by senseless invectives against the prejudices of England, the affected purity of its people, and, more than all, the unwarrantable harshness of his father-in-law, in thus denouncing him; whilst, in the moments of his violence, he did not hesitate to concentrate the virulence of these general invectives on his wife, to his connection with whom he ascribed the discovery and promulgation of his alleged infamy. Let it not be supposed that the Italian's wrath was excited by the mortification of a mind highly sensitive to the principles of honour thus exposed to contumely,—his feelings were altogether selfish, and he only regretted the circumstance of being thus reluctantly forced to abandon ease and luxury. During this struggle, Catherine endeavoured to conceal and silence her own sorrows, by a greater display of affectionate regard, and redoubled anxiety to assuage his sufferings. His sombre dissatisfaction elicited from her more tender cheerfulness; his bitterest upbraidings only sweeter sympathy; and his very rejection of her consolation, provoked in her renewed attempts to please. It was only in the privacy of her closet, that, kneeling before her crucifix, she sought relief in weeping, and invoked strength to support the afflictions that now menaced her peace. She shuddered to think of the calamities to which she was about to expose herself, in quitting her father's house, to rely wholly on the support of one who had already manifested too unequivocal signs of mistrust and estrangement; nevertheless, she experienced strength in the purity of her intentions, and the conviction that such was her sacred duty. She resolutely prepared for her journey, and was able to sustain with firmness the distressful struggle to which she was exposed, in kneeling to receive the parting benedictions from parents' lips that could ill suppress execration of him who was the cause of this outrage on their feelings. She left with her afflicted mother her daughter, as the dearest pledge of her love; and filial affection might have even yielded to the fond desires of her father, to confide her eldest born, Charles, to his care, had not her husband positively refused his concurrence.

They arrived in Italy in 1813, and fixed their residence at Milan. The renown of the Count's marriage and riches had long preceded his appearance among his townsmen, who, less scrupulous concerning his occupation in England, obsequiously hailed his arrival, by proffering their services, and pledging their sincerity to render his return alike agreeable and reputable; whilst crowds of the noble dames of the place hastened to welcome the fair stranger, to express their admiration of her loveliness, and claim, individually, the privilege and priority of her esteem. The Count, flattered by the distinction accorded to his return, speedily dispelled the chagrin which had dulled his spirits. Anticipating favour and dignity from the success of his political prospects, he would haughtily ask his wife, whether, as now surrounded by

the most distinguished of his countrymen, he had not just cause to despise the affected fastidiousness of her friends?

The political crisis by which Italy, under Prince Eugene, was then menaced, furnished to the Count a most propitious moment to expand his talents, and indulge his passions in the pursuit of wealth and power; for, to him, interest was as potent an impulse as ambition. He avowed himself the supporter of this Prince, in his attachment to Napoleon and the French, and in his declaration of operating the emancipation of Italy. The former of these resolutions did credit to the Count, as a tribute of gratitude to Bonaparte in adversity, to whose propitious career he had owed his fortune; but the latter of these designs, on the plan premeditated and attempted by Eugene, could never have been contemplated by him, but as an extravagant and unpatriotic scheme of compromising any chance of regeneration which the Italians then entertained. Whatever personal hopes and projects the Count founded on these dispositions, were speedily annihilated by the ejection of the Emperor from France, of the Viceroy from Italy, and of his re-placement at Milan by a Prince of the house of Austria.

Abandoning, therefore, these ambitious pursuits, he sought to dissipate their reminiscence in the variety and frequency of entertainment. From this fatal resolution sprang the worst calamities of his life. The shock which his wife's sensibility had experienced in England on witnessing his disregard of her affection, and the continual upbraidings her delicacy was exposed to during the journey to Italy, had been appeased by an apparent return at Milan of their former confidence and contentment; she gladly saw her husband mingling in gaiety, and regaining that cheerfulness with which he was wont to enliven her happiest hours.

To gratify his wishes, she herself became once more the ornament of society. The beauty of her countenance, and elegance of figure, might be equalled by her loveliest rivals, but none could match her in sweetness of disposition, and grace of manners, in homage to which, rather than by personal attractions, she was styled *la bella*. Never was a more artless illustration of that "loveliness," that, "unadorned, adorns the most," exemplified, than in her person on an occasion of a fancy-dress festival; when all had displayed their attractions there in the gayest and richest costumes, the English fair appeared clad in the simple but romantic dress of a Milanese peasant girl, and was welcomed with so loud a burst of acclamation, that her feelings were overborne by the agitation, before she could recall the support of reflection.

But whatever violence she imposed on her own dispositions, in compliance with those of her husband, and however much she strove to adapt her inclinations to these pleasures, or render them acceptable, still she could not help oftentimes contrasting her present forced enjoyments, to the natural bliss of bygone days. For the preferable attractions of her own fireside happiness, she had formerly abandoned the varied fascinations of London society, to the most exclusive of which, her wit and rank made her an enviable ornament; what relief, then, of her troubles, or solace of her sorrows, could she find amidst the dissipations of a people whose principles and professions she mistrusted? Her native firmness of mind, strengthened by the support she ever drew from the exercise of religious duties, had, however, hitherto enabled her to endure her altered lot with serenity and expressions of contentment, but she was now to be exposed to a source of woe, by whose foul aspect her already-blighted happiness was withered to despair.

Catherine had marked, and in secret wept over, a sensible abatement of her husband's affections since their residence at Milan. In her innocence and simplicity of soul, she ascribed the change to an imperfect reconciliation with her, since her father's wrathful expressions to him,—and, under this impression, she sought, by the most enticing modes of female persuasion, to restore his former deportment. When, afterwards, he assured her of the great delight he felt at his exalted rank among his compatriots, and his sanguine prospects of advancing himself to greater distinction than he could

have aspired to in England, she blamed herself for her unjust opinion of his sentiments, and ascribed his frequent and protracted absences from home,—his unevenness of temper and conduct,—his impatience, and suspicious look on her least reference to these,—to the distractions and dangerous importance of the political schemes in which she knew he was then momentarily involved.

This interpretation of his motives and actions only called from her a more tempered and tender trial of her feelings, to assuage his passions. Yet her sorrow, though long successfully concealed in her countenance, and never expressed by her lips, began to manifest its evil effects on her health. She easily persuaded him to excuse her appearance abroad; and, devoting her whole time to the education of her son, now nearly five years old, she experienced some sweet solace to her grief, in beholding and encouraging the development of his dispositions.

Once, when gazing with ecstasy on, and fervently kissing his blooming features, she burst into tears, in comparing her actual existence with that in which she had given birth to her first-born. Weeping over her child, unconscious of her anguish, she taught him to address his orisons to Heaven, for the protection and happiness of his father:—at this moment the Count entered, unperceived, and hearing his name uttered in the mingled aspirations of his wife and infant, he was for a moment struck with remorse at his unfaithfulness. Struggling in vain to repress the spontaneous utterance of his soul, he flung himself at her feet, imploring forgiveness for his crime, and, calling God to witness the sincerity of his renewed vows of fidelity, swore to abandon his licentious habits. His wife was stupefied at the abruptness of his appearance, and still more so at the violence of his gestures and strangeness of his language. On the recovery of his stunned senses, and the repetition of his expressions of guilt and repentance, she comprehended how truly the estrangement of his heart explained the irregularity of his late deportment. Happier had it been for her had she been permitted to exist in her unsuspecting ignorance, than be enlightened by a momentary and unsteadfast contrition. She now, for the first time, recapitulated, without her customary atoning recompense—a self-approving conscience—all she had endured by her attachment, the self-imposed banishment from her home, mockery of her friends, and displeasure of her parents. Instead of being foremost to greet his entrance with her embrace, she now involuntarily recoiled from him, as from an object loathsome in its grasp. Melancholy supplanted her forced cheerfulness, tears of anguish supplanted her sighs of sorrow, and disease laid fatal hold on a frame that had only successfully struggled against its approaches by the integrity of her mind and attachment to her husband. As the tranquil surface of the lake is agitated by an impression that would not be visibly shown on the troubled waters of the ocean, so her serene and delicate mind was indelibly disturbed by a stroke which might have been unfelt, or proved innocuous, to women of robuster frames, and already hardened by frequent exposure to the conflicts of worldly passions. The excellence and innocence of her soul proved the very cause of her aggravated sufferings, for which no remedy could be administered, nor consolation offered, that might recall her former bliss. Hers was a soul that had portioned its adoration, perhaps too equally, on God and her family: the enjoyment of the latter being thus cruelly wrenched from her, its senses, when recalled from their bewilderment of thought and feeling, turned fervently to Heaven, as the sole refuge of her woes. Oh! who that heard the sublime devotion of her marriage-vows at the altar, and saw the rapturous exultation with which she called her lover husband,—or who that witnessed with what dignified composure she repressed every selfish suggestion not to accompany her husband, and with what pride and pleasure she conquered the feelings of the daughter by the duties of the wife and mother, in bidding farewell to unrelenting parents,—could believe that she should one day be made the victim of infidelity, sacrificed by her own goodness! It was in vain he tried to restore her confidence by assurances of love and constancy, or recover her spirits by the



promise of the return of their former happiness. Her answers were words of resignation to her fate, or a kiss of gratitude for his kindness. It was only by talking of a return to England and her parents, that he could produce a passing flush of delight on her pale features; but the excited pleasure of this momentary delusion was grievously saddened by hours of tears,—she felt that she should never see either more! The Count, failing in his endeavours to comfort or amuse her, invited to her bedside those of her female acquaintances to whom she had appeared most partial; but the apprehension that there might be among those one whose blandishments had been the cause of her husband's falseness, made her shrink from their condolence, and forbid their unwelcome presence. Physicians were called, to try their skill; but neither could they “minister to a mind diseased.” Their only advice was, an attempt to remove her to her own land. The short interval of the peace of 1814 favoured this measure, which was willingly determined on by the Count, and joyfully listened to by the fair invalid. Suitable preparations were ordered for their permanent residence in England. The journey was to be made by the most agreeable route, and by short stages; and it was hoped that the loveliness of the country, the deliciousness of an Italian autumnal climate, and, above all, the satisfaction that every step advanced them nearer to the goal of their desires, would give vigour to her body and contentment to her mind. Catherine herself anticipated this beneficial change, and expressed herself confident of her strength to support its fatigues. The day of departure was therefore hastened. On its preceding evening, she would not rest quieted until her husband had caused her confessor to be called, to celebrate in her presence the sacrament on her dying, in order, as she said, that she might begin her morrow's march with more confidence,—being prepared for her journey to that “bourne whence no traveller returns.” After this ceremony she became more cheerful; and if her evening benediction to her attendants was more impressive, and her parting adieu to her husband had a more holy expression than ordinary, yet the sacredness of the religious rites just ended, made this character of her words and manner less remarked.

On the morning, the Count rose betimes to make the final arrangements for starting. When completed, he was surprised to learn that the attendants had not been yet summoned by their lady. He entered her apartment, and, approaching her bed, gazed for a moment with admiration on the loveliness of his wife, as she lay with her child's head pillowed on her bosom, and clasped in her embrace. He leaned over her features to imprint on her lips the morning salutation of love: horrified at the unfleshly coldness of the touch, he threw himself on the bed. His child screamed from affright, but the mother was not moved by the cry,—for hers was the stillness of death. He folded her for a moment in his rude grasp; and then recoiled, conscience-stricken, from polluting, with a murderer's touch, the lifeless victim of his guilt. A flash of despair convulsed his motionless visage, and he sunk, writhing, on the ground, imprecating Heaven's vengeance on his offending head, and its curses on those who had been the syrens of his innocence.

The Baron, in reply to the tidings announcing this melancholy event, wrote to his son-in-law a letter of affectionate reconciliation and condolence, praying him, at the same time, to prove the sincerity of his expressions of grief, by intrusting his son Charles to his care and tuition, in educating him for that sphere of society to which his rank and birth would elevate him. The Count readily complied with this desire, anxious to atone, by every indulgence to his son, even at the cost of parental feelings, for the injustice done the mother. At the close of 1814, the boy was sent to England, under the charge of a guardian.

We shall now advance the course of our narrative to a period several years subsequent to the above events. The incidents of this interval are unimportant to the interest of our tale; and its connexion may be continued by one or two observations. The Count, after some weeks of poignant grief, yielded first to the consolations of his friends, next to their persuasions, to dissipate his sorrows by distraction of body and mind, and lastly, to their

example of again plunging into the ordinary course of dissipation. Perhaps, in these first instances, this change of society was rather endured than enjoyed; and he was sensible that he outraged his best feelings in submitting to its control. Oftentimes he would rise with disgust from the festive board or sensual couch, feeling how inadequate the mirth of the one, or indulgence of the other, was to afford him the grateful contentment of former days. Stung by this reproachful reminiscence, he would hurry to the chamber of the deathbed scene of his Catherine, as to a sanctuary of divine affection—an ordeal of a love which survived the tomb—and, invoking her spirit to look with compassion on his misery and pardon his offences, vow never more to indulge in passions unworthy its pure guardianship. But these scenes of repentance, being occasioned by some casual disappointment, or suffering in dissipation, rather than any moral unfitness to enjoy its gratification, or reluctance to anticipate its future pursuits, were as unprofitable to him, in their recurrence, as disgusting to others by their impiousness.

The discord of political opinions was at all times fondly cherished by him, that amidst its elements of excitement his feelings might be dulled to the too keen remembrance of the past, or perception of the passing. Of such-like tendency was the impulse given to his prospects and exertions, by the daring enterprise of Napoleon in France in 1815. The speedy unfortunate issue of this struggle did not permit him, or rather his more circumspect friends, to develop their premeditated plans of subverting Austrian influence over Italy; yet, when the restoration of peace afforded leisure to scrutinize more severely into the conduct and expressions of individuals, his prudent retirement for a season from Milan, was recommended as the best means to avoid more serious annoyances. This advice he pursued, by going to England to see his children, and effect a personal reconciliation with the Earl.

His return to Italy in 1819 was occasioned by the sanguine representations of the chiefs of the revolutionary societies there, persuading him that his counsel and influence would greatly aid the emancipation of their country from foreign despotism. It is unnecessary to advert farther to the shameful issue of this project, wherein the defection and misintelligence of its leaders, and the dastardly behaviour of the mass, showed how badly conceived, and how wretchedly executed, the undertaking was. The cry of liberty, then lisped through the Italian States, resembled more the murmurings of the overladen camel, unwilling to rise under the burden, until goaded to obedience by his driver, than the bound and burst of the Syrian barb, indignant at the curb, and frantic under the lash of his rider. Italians had not yet been enough trampled under foot, to make them feel that death, in resisting their oppressors, was a preferable alternative to slavery with existence. The efforts of the patriotic, were, therefore, premature and futile, in striving to arouse the mass of the people.

The sudden and shameful suppression of the revolutionary rising of the north and south of Italy in 1821, destroyed any hopes of personal aggrandizement that the Count entertained from his large concurrence in its schemes; he was preparing to retire from the scene of his mortified expectations, when an incident happened to divert him from this resolution, and involve his destiny in a series of events, to elucidate which is the scope of the sequel of our tale.

*(To be continued in next Number.)*

## THE WOLFE:

### A FRAGMENT.

*By William Anderson, Author of "Poetical Aspirations," &c.*

'Tis evening,—one of those rich eves in June,  
That look as bright, and feel as warm as noon;  
The setting sun its parting ray has thrown  
Italia's smiling groves and bowers upon;

Amid the balm of meadow, vale, and hill,  
 Where all is beautiful, and all is still,  
 A bard would deem, 'neath such a tranquil sky,  
 He heard the stream of time while rushing by:  
 'Tis the soft hour, to love that doth belong,  
 To village pastime, and to village song:  
 But why do happy peasants meet no more?  
 The village song, the village dance is o'er:  
 Why is the tabor silent on the plain?  
 Why does the mountain-pipe refuse its strain?  
 Where is the lover fond, the trusting maid?  
 They shun each other, and desert the shade!  
 Is *this* Italia's sky, so calm, so fair?  
 Where are its joyous sons, its laughing daughters where?

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark! 'tis a wild, a solitary cry,  
 Unheard till now beneath Italia's sky;  
 And well Italia's sons may shrink to hear  
 A cry, that fills all who have heard with fear;  
 It is the Alpine wolfe's terrific bay,  
 Roaming abroad, ferocious for its prey:  
 Soon as the sun of earth its farewell takes,  
 The Alpine wolfe his solitude forsakes,  
 And, like a demon, rushing to the plain,  
 Scatters the flock, and panic-strikes the swain.

One summer eve, a monster of the kind,  
 Hungry for prey, had left his troop behind;  
 Ranging alone, he spread dismay where'er  
 His bay was heard, as if a host were there:  
 Beneath his tusk of steel, his breath of flame,  
 Italia's bowers a wilderness became:  
 Grain for a while and sheep he stole away,  
 But, leaving these, he sought a nobler prey,—  
 The tender babe, even in its mother's view,  
 He bore to crags, where no one dared pursue;  
 Until the province, late the happiest one  
 That brightens 'neath Italia's gorgeous sun,  
 Became, though lovely, desolate and lone,  
 For there the fell destroyer forth had gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo! like a pageant, slowly up the vale,  
 A band advances, clad in shining mail;  
 While, in the front, a knight of noble mein,  
 And lofty plume, above the rest is seen:  
 The peasants from their huts look forth with fear,  
 But dare not quit them, lest the wolfe be near;  
 And then the chief, advancing from the rest,  
 At sound of trump, the peasants thus address'd,—  
 "A purse of gold, and his own diamond ring,  
 As a reward, are offered by the king,  
 To him who slays the wolfe!" The trumpet's blast  
 Re-echoed loud, as that gay pageant pass'd.

Meanwhile, each swain, made bold by such a prize,  
 Shouldering his gun, to kill the monster tries;  
 But home returning oft without his prey,  
 All left the task to Guilio to essay,—  
 For Guilio was the best, the bravest youth  
 Within the province, or the realm, in sooth:  
 Kind to his mates, and to his mistress true,  
 Foremost in pastime and in peril, too;  
 Whene'er the river overflowed its bounds,  
 And the wild flood o'erswept the pleasant grounds,  
 Bearing away, in its retiring course,  
 The helpless flocks, unable for its force,  
 Guilio was first among the village brave,  
 To stretch the hand to succour and to save;  
 He was a marksman too, and well could hit  
 The target's eye, when all fell wide from it:



Him, therefore, did they fix upon to be  
 Their champion, their meadows rich to free  
 From the destroyer—each resign'd his claim  
 To the reward,—Let Guilio win the same!

And Guilio ranged afar from morn till eve,  
 But still no wolfe could Guilio perceive;  
 He search'd each wood, explored each copse and cave,  
 As a fierce gnome invades the quiet grave;  
 Still did he hear his roar, his ravage see,  
 But, still unseen himself, the wolfe continued free.

Three days had sped, and Guilio had not traced  
 The monster out, although he track'd his waste;  
 And standing on a mountain's rugged brow,  
 Guilio, despairing, breathed to Heaven a vow,  
 That he would bring the wolfe in triumph slain,  
 Or never see his native home again.

And Guilio's vow was kept—the monster fell,  
 But not by him—a sadder tale I tell!

One eve—it was the fourth—he threw him down,  
 Fatigued and foot-sore, on the mountain brown;  
 No wolfe as yet had crossed his anxious way,  
 Although, where'er he roamed, he heard his bay;  
 Loth to return until the wolfe he slew,  
 Yet, ah! his heart, to love, to feeling true,  
 Led him to where his lover's hut arose,  
 As if her neighbourhood could soothe his woes;  
 There for awhile he lingered, and he wept  
 The tear of fond remembrance—slumber crept  
 Upon his eyes, for he was overspent,  
 Wasted for want of needful nourishment:  
 Before him in the moonlight rolled a stream,  
 Whose murmur lulled him to a blissful dream:  
 A dream of love, of happiness and pride,—  
 He thought he slew the wolfe, and won his blushing bride.

Beyond the river, to its very edge  
 Along the bank, there grew a bushy hedge;  
 Where oft alone, beneath the twilight dim,  
 The lovely maid would steal to think of him;—  
 A stir!—a motion!—it was *not* the breeze  
 That shook the hedge,—for why waved not the trees?  
 He started and awoke—again it shook,—  
 His gun was in his hand—one hurried look—  
 One rapid touch—the fatal ball was sped,—  
 A long wild shriek was heard, and Guilio's dream was read.

In triumph now, he thought of home again,—  
 The prize was his, for he the wolfe had slain;  
 Swift as the ball that from his rifle flew,  
 He reach'd the river, and swam gaily through:  
 The corpse lay there before him in the light—  
 Why breaks that mournful shriek upon the night?  
 Why motionless stands Guilio gazing there,  
 A form of stone, a statue of despair?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

At length he spoke—"Is *this* the wolfe I've sought  
 In glen, and mount, and precipice remote?  
 Its skin is soft, its eyes are bright and fair,  
 And still they smile on me,—the wolfe's should glare;  
 But sweet though sad, still do they charm my view,  
 Like my fair bride's, the beautiful, the blue.—  
 The wolfe!—ah, horror! 'tis herself I've slain!  
 I feel it, like a fire within my brain,  
 And on my heart—no tear is in mine eye—  
 For her alone I lived,—with her I die."

The stream is near, he lifts her as a child,  
 While from his o'erpressed heart there bursts a wild

And fiendish laugh,—the peasants wondering hear,  
 And in a crowd assemble, half in fear:  
 In the broad moonlight then, as in a dream,  
 A figure rushed before them to the stream;  
 That form did bear another—on the brink  
 He pauses not—one plunge—they sink! they sink!  
 'Twas Guilio and his bride!—they rise no more,—  
 And onward rolls the stream as smoothly as before.

## BOOK OF NAPHTALI, THE RECORDER.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

1 AND it came to pass in the second year of the reign of William, who was surnamed the sailor, and who also afore-time was called the good king; that the king's councillors, and his wise men, and those who sat in council with him, gave judgment concerning the ordering and governing of the affairs of his kingdom,

2 Even these councillors and wise men met together; and they were wise, and good, and honourable men, who loved the people, and had regard unto the many grievous oppressions wherewith they were oppressed.

3 So when they were met together, they went with one accord unto the king, into his royal palace, which is in the great city, even Babylon.

4 And the chief man among them, whose name was Greyoth, was an old and venerable man, full of years, wisdom, and integrity; so he stood up in the presence of the king, and spake unto him, saying,

5 Great art thou, O king, high and mighty and honourable is thy name, and thy power, and the glory of thy fame extendeth throughout all the kingdoms of the earth,

6 For thy dominions are great, and rich, and powerful; do they not extend from the river to the ends of the earth? from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same?

7 Likewise also, O king, thou art well beloved of thy people throughout all thy kingdoms, and thy name savours unto them as a sweet-smelling ointment; for behold they cease not, night and day, to cry out, Long live our gracious king, William the Reformer.

8 Now, therefore, we beseech thee, hear us graciously, and grant a favourable answer unto our request:

9 Do thou give power and authority, and order and commandment, unto us, thy servants, that we may call together from all the towns, and cities, and provinces of thy kingdoms, unto this thy great and chief city, even Babylon, the seat of thy royal power and authority, those men whom thy people have chosen to represent them, that we and they may take counsel together, and cause a law and an ordinance to be made for easing the people of their burdens; for truly, O king, the afflictions and oppressions of thy people be very great, and they are also a patient and long-suffering people:

10 So that justice and judgment may be the foundation of thy throne, and that it may be established in righteousness throughout all generations, that the blessings of the poor and the needy, and those who are ready to perish may be upon thee, and thy house, and upon thy seed after thee.

11 And the words spoken by the chief councillor pleased the king well, for they agreed with the purposes of his own heart.

12 Therefore he arose from his throne, and said unto his councillors and his wise men, Ye do purpose well, and the intentions of your hearts are for my glory, the greatness of my name, and the good of my people throughout all my dominions. Do therefore as ye have said.

13 So the king took his royal signet from off his finger, and he stretched forth his hand unto the chief councillor and said, Go ye and call together those men whom my people have chosen to represent them: this shall be your authority; and make ye a law and an ordinance, that my people may be eased of their heavy burdens.

14 Behold I will stand by you, and give you my countenance in all that ye do, and my name shall be a tower of strength unto you.

¶ 15 So the king's councillors and his wise men departed from his presence glad in heart, and joy was upon their countenances ;

16 And they wrote letters, and signed them with the king's royal signet, and sent them by messengers, and couriers, and heralds, into all the cities, and towns, and provinces throughout his dominions, commanding the representatives of the people to assemble themselves together in *St. Stephen's chapel*, which is in the great city, even Babylon.

17 So when they had assembled themselves together on the day appointed, the king's councillors, and his wise men Greyoth, and Broughamath the recorder, and Russeloth of the house of Bedfordi, and Althorpa, and Jeffera, the scribe from the city of Athens, which is the chief city of Caledonia, they and the rest of the king's councillors went in unto the assembly.

18 And they rehearsed in their hearing the king's commandment, and all the wise and good purposes which they purposed to do, that the people might be released from the many oppressions, by reason of which they had long cried out.

19 Now it came to pass, that, when they had spoken these things, the greater part of the assembly gladly assented thereunto,

20 Saying among themselves, These are wise and good sayings, and we will lend our aid to have them established.

21 But there were among them certain wicked men and children of iniquity, who had waxed fat, and attained unto wealth and greatness by oppressing the people, who opposed with bitterness, and scorn, and much evil-speaking, all the wise and good purposes of the king and his councillors.

22 Of this sort was Wetherelmoth the scribe, and Peelerach, whose father was a dealer in purple and scarlet, and fine twined linen and yarn from Egypt and Ethiopia,

23 And the man whose name and voice was as the croaking of frogs in the rivers of Egypt.

24 Nevertheless, the voices of the king's councillors, and that part of the assembly who stood by them and strengthened their hands, prevailed against the voices of the men of Belial.

25 So, after much reasoning amongst themselves, and many days' fierce strife and contention, they made a law and an ordinance according to the king's commandment, and the purposes of his wise councillors.

26 And the councillors of the king took the roll of the law in their hands, and went in unto the upper house of the assembly, even unto the lords, and the nobles, and the chief priests, and the great men among the scribes and recorders, and they spake unto them, saying,

27 Assent ye also unto this law, that it may be enrolled among the statutes and ordinances of the kingdom, unto all generations.

28 But the lords and the chief priests, and the great men among the scribes and the recorders, reasoned among themselves, saying, This law is not for our good, nor the good of our seed after us ;

29 Because, if the people be eased of their oppressions, the glory, and the power, and the greatness will depart from us and our houses for ever.

30 So they purposed to resist the king and his councillors in the matter of this law : howbeit they said, Let us not do it openly ; for they feared the people.

31 Therefore they secretly entered into a covenant with certain men and women of the king's household, and they said unto them, Persuade ye the king not to consent unto this law, and cause him to withdraw his grace and favour from his councillors.

32 And certain men also among the assembly of the representatives of the people, and among the nobles and great men of the land, said unto the people, The queen, even the king's wife, is against you, and she persuadeth the king to withdraw his countenance from you, and from your good and just cause,

33 For she cometh from a far country, where the people be greatly op-



pressed, and enslaved, and bowed down with burdens, greater than they can bear ; also she despiseth you for your traffic and your merchandise, for she is of the seed of evil-doers.

34 When, therefore, the people heard these things concerning the queen, and concerning those men who gave the king evil counsel, they with one accord cried out with a loud voice, and their anger burned fiercely against them ; howbeit they said, We will behave ourselves like wise men ; we will wait the issue.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

1 Now by all these things was the mind of the king greatly troubled, and his heart was moved within him ; for he wist not what to do.

2 And it came to pass on the day appointed, even the sixth day of the fifth month, the month Mayi, that the king's chief councillor Greyoth stood up in the presence of the lords, and the chief priests, and the great men among the scribes and the recorders, having the roll of the law in his hand, and he spake unto them, saying,

3 Behold now I will read this law in your ears, consent ye unto it, and let it be enrolled in the book of the laws of the kingdom, for a statute and an ordinance unto all generations ; for so is the king's commandment, and the will of the people.

4 But the lords and the chief priests, and the scribes and the recorders said, *Nay*, we will not consent thereunto. And their voices prevailed against the voices of the king's councillors and their friends ; even unto the length of thirty and five voices did they so prevail.

5 So the king's chief councillor Greyoth, and the chief of the scribes and recorders Broughamath, arose up early in the morning, and prepared their chariots, and hastened unto the king, at his royal palace which is by Wind-sormah, and they told him of all these things.

6 Then was the king's soul greatly troubled, and his heart melted away within him.

7 And his councillors said unto him, Now, O king ! show that thou art a great and a good king, and a friend to all thy people throughout thy dominions. Give unto us power and authority, that we may choose out wise and prudent men, to be added to the assembly of the lords, the chief priests, the scribes and recorders, that this ordinance may be enrolled among the laws and the statutes of thy kingdom, and the anger of thy people pacified. But the king said, *Nay*.

8 Then said the king's councillors unto him, O king, thou art a great king, and a kind and gracious master hast thou been unto us, but we can no longer serve thee.

9 And the king answered and said unto them, Ye have been good and faithful servants ; go in peace.

10 Moreover, when they were departed, the king sent hastily unto a chief man among the scribes and recorders, named Lyndhurstoth ; one who was hated of the people, because he had oppressed them all the days of his life.

11 And when he was come, the king said unto him, Make haste, go and call unto me the Great Captain who heretofore ruled my kingdom, and who discomfited the king of Gaul, although he was great, and mighty, and powerful ; who slew his armies, and overthrew his chariots and horsemen ; his mighty men of war did he put to flight, and sent himself in captivity to a far distant isle of the sea ; for he it is who shall rule over my kingdoms.

12 So when the Great Captain who did all these things was come into the presence of the king, and had heard of all that the king purposed concerning him, he rejoiced greatly, and his heart was lifted up within him for joy ;

13 For he was a sore enemy unto the people, and likewise, also, he hated the king's former good councillors, and was jealous of their good name.

14 And he boasted himself mightily of all the great things he would do,

and how that, by his sword and his spear, he would make the people bend in subjection to the yoke of his authority, as he did heretofore.

15 Now, when all these things had come to pass, the *Couriers*, and the *Heralds*, and the *Globes*, and the *Suns*, and the *Morning Chronicles*, and the *Times* of Babylon, made haste and got them ready messengers to send into all the towns, and cities, and villages of Albion, and Caledonia, and Hibernia.

16 And they sent messengers, and couriers, and posts, upon horses, and in chariots, and in ships upon the sea; their speed was as the speed of lightning, and their swiftness like that of the whirlwind.

17 And when tidings of all that had been done in Babylon were spread abroad among the people, their anger was kindled, and their indignation burned fiercely against the queen, against the Great Captain, and against all the evil councillors of the king.

18 For they said one unto another, Why should we be oppressed and borne down to the earth, and the bread taken from our mouths and the mouths of our wives and our little ones, by these men? for verily they be but men like ourselves.

19 Do not kings, and lords, and chief priests, and scribes, and recorders live by the labour of our hands? and by the sweat of our brows is their state and dignity maintained.

20 We will no longer endure it, and fools and simple men are we that have suffered it so long.

21 So all the people of the land, even all the people of Albion, and of Caledonia, and of Hibernia, arose up hastily as one man, small and great, young and old, rich and poor, and they gathered themselves together in multitudes and assemblies, in the cities, in the fields, and in the villages throughout all the land.

22 And the gatherings together of the people were very many; also, their number was so great that no man could reckon it, for the multitudes were like the grass that covereth the mountains.

23 Likewise their countenances were fierce, and their speech was full of wrath and indignation, the noise of their words was as the sound of thunder when it rendeth the heavens.

24 And they had among them all sorts of warlike instruments of music, and banners, and standards, and ensigns, inscribed with fearful devices.

25 And they sent messengers unto the king, saying, Mock us no longer, for we will not be deceived; take back thy wise and good councillors, and let them grant our request, or we will no longer pay money into thy treasury.

26 So it came to pass, that when the king heard all these things, he was sore dismayed, and fear and trembling came upon him; likewise, also, the courage of the Great Captain forsook him, and he became as a little child, for he trembled, and his knees smote together.

27 So he went unto the king, and said, Great art thou, O king; also, thou hast highly honoured thy servant, who would gladly have served thee for the money that cometh out of thy treasury, and for the enjoyment of thy royal grace and favour; but no man will take part with thy servant in ordering the affairs of thy kingdom, for they are all afraid of the indignation of thy people.

28 And when the Great Captain had thus spoken, he departed hastily unto his own house, and shut himself up with gates and locks and bolts, for he greatly feared the just indignation of the people.

29 Then the king sent for his former councillors and wise men; and when they were come unto him, he said, Go ye, make haste and do those things which ye formerly purposed, and I will surely stand by you in all that ye do.

30 Behold, also, I will give commandment unto the lords and the chief priests, the scribes and the recorders, so that they may no longer withstand your wise and good purposes.

31 So the king's councillors and his wise men bowed their heads unto

the earth, and departed from his presence, and they came unto the assembly of the lords, the chief priests, and the recorders.

32 Now, as the king had said, these men no longer gainsaid his commandment and the *will* of the people, for they recorded the law among the statutes and ordinances of the kingdom, and the king sealed it with his royal signet.

33 When, therefore, the people heard all these things, and how that their enemies were discomfited, and scattered, and sore dismayed, they were glad in heart, and rejoiced exceedingly; their joy was as the outpouring of the latter rain, when it watereth the earth.

34 For all the people of the great city, even Babylon, met together, and their number was exceeding great, and they rejoiced one with another, and feasted themselves three days.

35 Likewise also all the people of Athens, which is the chief city of Caledonia, and the people of Dublinah, the chief city of Hibernia, and the people of Gotham, which is a great city of Caledonia, the merchants whereof are princes, and her traffickers among the great men of the earth;

36 Even all the people of these cities, and of the other towns, and cities, and villages throughout the land, met together and rejoiced, and made themselves merry, one with another,

37 For they said, We have gained a great victory, and the praise and the glory thereof belongeth unto ourselves.

38 So they rejoiced greatly, and feasted themselves, and they ate bread, and drank wine, and strong drink abundantly.

39 And after these things every man departed unto his own house, having great joy and much gladness of heart.

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## RURAL FELICITIES.

DEAR sapient reader, were you ever in love (are you a lassie in your teens? Eh? whisper softly), with stage-coach travelling? No! never felt that tender passion, or the untender jolting? What an inexperienced sinner you are! Two to one, but you are some sickly fixture without digestion, spitting blood upon the shortest notice, and all in consequence of never having had your inside almost turned out on the top of a stage-coach. How, in the name of responsibility, can you resist the temptation of a beautiful day, backed by the eloquence of "The Sons of Commerce," "Regulator," "Lord John Russell," or who knows but "Earl Grey" himself, earnestly soliciting "the honour of your company" to some provincial paradise? You go to the coast! Fire and blue ruin! you son of a bore. But all we have to say is, if *you* can, *others* can't; so up they go, and down they plank upon his Lordship's broad back—"Jit! jit," cries coachee—off start the cattle—lounge goes his Lordship over the regular irregularities of the causeway—there they are on their road to "rural felicity." And who would grudge being jolted to staves for so exquisite an enjoyment?—and by the time they reach the celestial spot which relieves them of their load of stage-coach pleasures, they discover that the Newcastle apothecary's prescription has been rigidly completed, and that they are "well shaken before taken" off.

We have no idea of "rural felicity," except the one which commences with a stage-coach; indeed, so necessary is it to our comprehending your meaning, when you advert to the charms of a "sabine farm," that we are compelled to revert to a stage-coach—out on it to the country we go,—and by-and-bye we stop short at some enchanted nook, fit only for saints upon earth, or emperors in disgrace. This is now a settled point with us—clear as the philosophy of perception, and irrefutable as the doctrines of Des-Cartes.

Well, we have got the arduous task of the first stage completed; and there being but one stage—first and last—your coach enjoyments are at an end. But then you have a few miles to trudge o' foot—ay, quite as necessary to



the forementioned notion of rural felicity as the coach itself. But this is a more pleasant part of the journey ; hill and dale are clad in summer's sweetest verdure ; 'tis harvest time, and the fields are waving with yellow-headed stalks of nature's bounteous gift—man's sustenance—corn, wheat, &c., undulating i' the breeze, uttering a bristling, cheerful sound. Oh ! what more charming than an easy lounge on a country road during harvest !

You have now arrived at your destination—salutations, inquiries after health, and repertoires of news, all duly and separately performed and discussed. You send for, or set out in search of, one of your country friends—as your stay is to be short, this cannot be delayed—who knows the place well, and is quite indispensable as a “blackfit,” to introduce you to the country lasses (you don't wear a matrimonial collar—mark that). Ah ! you smirking little witch—reserve your smiles, *si vous plait*, till you hear the end of the tale.

It is not in shooting or fishing that rustic enjoyments consist. No ; it is in wanderings about brae-sides, romantic vales, and “solitary woods,” gathering brambleberries, nuts, and sloes,—studying nature, and the sublimest portion of creation—the heavens—the blue, ethereal, vaulted firmament. Earth of itself is nothing, without its canopy ; conjoined, they contain all that is worshipful—the sublime, the grand, the beautiful of raving philosophers—the everything in fact ; and no minor spot, or earthly thing, that can captivate or claim our admiration, can bear comparison. Thought may be lost a thousand times among the gay and transient clouds that float o'er the high-arched heavens ; even the very crows, when in their myriad swarms, soar high, then spread along the horizon's distant verge,—for miles, ay, many miles,—present an object that may be watched with unabated interest for hours together, by the worshipper of nature. Nature teems with sweets ; a continual distillation of beauties is in operation for man's enjoyment, which, from their continual presence, are unheeded. Every one remarks this, but no one minds it. Such is man—the man that has this moment arrived at his maternal host's in the “country,” to luxuriate in the charms of “rural felicity !”

Well, to be charitable and to proceed, we shall grant absolution for this sin at present ;—but the companions of your solitude at home, Smollet, Byron, and Moore, where are they ? O ! *pardonnez moi*—Sir Launcelot Greaves—very good ;—Bride of Abydos, &c.—right again. Well, what cursed fustling's this at your inside coat-pocket ?—buttoned by St. Mungo—Don Juan !—man, thou'rt a rare literary chap, i' faith ;—and the amorous sonnets of Thomas Little, Esq.—so so ! With the best intentions to admonish you regarding this last, we are compelled to be silent for want of time ; but we may add, that had you omitted the Spanish Don, all you had to do in that case, was to retake out your seat in the “Earl Grey,” and post back to town again. Probably there was some magnet that influenced you in your selection of this part of the country—some “womankind,” who, by mutual agreement, is to be held as nobody ; and who may accompany you in your solitary rambles, without intruding on your solitude—who possibly may bring with her some annual or magazine, to form a joint-stock library ; and, perchance, while you are lost in deep study of the book of nature, may be refreshing herself with a spell of some sly canto of the gay, fascinating Spaniard. Eh ? Our best admonitory intentions are again frustrated for want of time, and we are compelled to rest satisfied with letting this pass, without our recommendation, which, if we had had time, (we are in a great hurry,) we would have condemned, on the score of established etiquette,—and this for three considerations, which we would have considerably refrained from giving publicity to.

In one of your daily rambles, you stumble on your acquaintance, Mr. Somebody's, shearers ;—into the field you go—salute, and are again frankly saluted, by the hearty sons and daughters of rusticity. You are invited to try your hand at reaping ; some rosy-cheeked, ruby-lipped, buxom lassie offers her hook, which accordingly you take, giving her a hearty smacking kiss, which makes the whole *binu* laugh. Your hand at length is tried, and found wanting, with a respectable cut in the little finger of your left hand, to your

utter astonishment. The wound is quickly bound up by the sunburnt maid, and the fee unanimously awarded by the band, and which they for a few minutes desist working to witness payment of, is to "*straught* the girl's back"—an operation which we shan't describe at present.

"Then at night, then at night, oh!"—your friend drops in; there's a glass of swizzle going, and some small talk to amuse the good folks whom you are visiting; and *then*, as the priest said to the bar-maid—another glass, and *then*—you take the road (we don't know what the priest did) to some farmhouse, three or four guess miles distant, to get a "while's knecking" with the farmer's daughters, failing whom—the servants—none of your niceties in the country. Two plaguey nuisances, however, about the farm-house, are Help, the colley, and Turk, the bull-dog; both of which give tongue, and fiercely attack you as you approach the house. You are particularly anxious to let no one know you are there; and seeing both Help and Turk pass your friend,—who is "blackfit," and some paces before you, making all sail for the door,—you make a full halt, and do your best to scrape acquaintance, and stop the music of these deep-mouthed gentry. "Poor fellow, poor fellow,—down, sir, down"—is your next salute, as you find Turk presuming on your civility, and placing his filthy paws upon your breast. You step backwards to free yourself of the incumbency—tramp on Help's toes, who instantly sings out, and seizes you by the heel. Round about your wheel, to free yourself from the embrace of Mons. Help, when your friend Turk, having the advantage of position, lays hold of you by the coat-collar, and downs you. You roar out, "Help! help!"—while Help is yelling and yaffing, at its highest pitch, a triumphant canine overture at a respectable distance, and Turk is gharry-worrying, and shaking your coat-collar, nearly drawing the coat off your shoulders; while your friend, followed by the farmer's people, comes to your aid, alarmed by the discordant chorus. When you are raised from your fallen estate, and upon inspection found only frightened, your friend—who to his great mortification has been recognised—is, along with yourself, kindly invited in, which you both politely decline. But the opportunity is not thrown away—your companion bears up alongside of Miss Betty, and kindly invites her and her sister *out*; and, gradually edging away from the scene of your disgrace, under the guidance of your companion, you land somewhere about the stack-yard, where you are soon joined by Miss Betty and her sister, and ferreting your way into the barn under the leeside of Miss Nancy, you there crack, jibe, and kiss, till the morning dawn.

At the termination of the harvest there is always a "*kirn*," that is, a dance with *et ceteras*, which is a night of revelry and glee to the reapers of the harvest, who liberally, for this evening, indulge in all sorts of mirth. In all probability you will accompany your friend, and drink tea with the honest father of Miss Betty, the *kim* evening—review the farm, dairy, cattle, (including daughters), &c., in broad daylight; and by-and-bye, as the sound of music and dancing resounds from the dancing hall (*viz.* the barn), you have, again, the ineffable "rural felicity" of leading Miss Nancy to that place. "Clean pea strae," "Dainty Davie," "Flowers of Edinburgh," &c. &c., are quickly danced down, with many a warm Scotch reel between. Hoogh!—a sad favourite with the rustic youth that hoogh!—resounds from the one end of the dance to the other;—you find it no sinecure to have a partner in the dance; and somewhere about the same time of the morning as when last there, you get away.

These are some of the "felicities" that may attend the visit of a smoky townsman, with courage enough to venture to the "country" during harvest, without pocket-pistols. A deuced wet day—the next ditto—the third the same, are some of the "infelicities" that may attend said visit, and makes one yawn till his jaws are out of joint—when the succession opens to a host of blue devils, that chace him back to town, to complete his "rural felicities."

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[We waited, this month, four days beyond the usual period for our London Correspondence; and it not having then arrived, we were obliged to substitute other matter, and go to press without it.]

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IN following up the advice of the Roman Poet, to mix the *utile* with the *dulce*, we shall commence at present with the *utile*, which offers itself to us here in the shape of a neat volume of 210 pages, on "Circulating Credit and the Banking System."\* Since the days of Malachi Malagrowther, the Scotch system of Banking has deservedly attracted a great degree of public attention; and there is little doubt, that if the principles of this system were properly understood and acted upon over the whole country, it would have a direct tendency to establish everything connected with the money transactions of Britain upon a firm and secure foundation. "In improving our 'banking system,' says the present writer, 'the legislature would perhaps adopt the safest course, if it were to permit the people to establish their own systems of credit; and there is no fear but that the ruling principle of self-interest would soon direct their choice to that system which is best. If such permission were to be given, there seems to be very little doubt that the Scottish system would soon be adopted as the best model for the constitution of banks.'" In this work we have, first, a clear exposition of what is meant by the term *capital*, as distinguished from *revenue*; the origin and use of *money* is then treated of in a very satisfactory manner; and the concluding portion of the book is occupied in applying these matters to the principles of Banking.— Since the days of Abraham, when the field was purchased from Ephron the Hittite with "the current money of the merchant," there is every reason to suppose that the business of a banker must have existed, in one shape or other, for the convenience of those who wished to render their capital in any way productive, and to transfer it readily from hand to hand.

"As soon as the advancement of trade and the state of credit would admit of such a profitable employment for accumulated treasure, a bound would immediately be set to the accumulation of money as a commodity, and *capital* in place of treasure would become the great object of accumulation. Capital, as we have already endeavoured to explain, must be understood as being a transferable obligation existing between the debtor and creditor interests of a commercial country; that is, between the capitalists and producers, whose value is measured and expressed in money. To deal in capital, is one of the most important branches of the business of

a modern banker; and, in considering the principles of modern banking, it is of the highest importance to understand the distinction between dealing in capital, and dealing in coin or currency.

"The great extent to which the business of banking is carried on in Great Britain, and the momentous interests that are interwoven with the system, and depend so much upon its prosperity, render it a subject worthy of the deepest consideration. And whether we consider it with reference to the vast advantages which the commercial interests of the country have derived from it, or the gigantic power which it enabled Great Britain to wield with such effect against her foreign enemies, the banking system, while conducted on sound principles, may be considered as the palladium of British prosperity.

"To use the energetic words of a noble peer, it is one of the bottom planks of the ship of England, and wo to us if the system be broken in upon, or endangered by the shafts which error and prejudice may direct against it.

"That imperfections have crept into the system, is admitted; and there can be no doubt that a departure from the sound principles of banking, is sure to be followed by consequences highly mischievous and sometimes calamitous in their nature. To such imperfections the great commercial panic of 1825 and 1826 was partly, but not solely, to be ascribed. There is every reason to believe that the mischief was highly aggravated by that overpowering torrent of public indignation, which was so rashly and indiscriminately directed against all bankers and the banking system in general, under a false impression as to the causes of the evil. It is well known that every prudent banker in the kingdom had long foreseen the approaching storm, and was prepared for it. The arduous duties which he had to perform were rendered doubly arduous, and in too many cases abortive, under the mortifying consciousness that his exertions, in place of being countenanced and supported by a discerning public, were counteracted and defeated at all hands. Though straining every nerve to mitigate the severity of the existing distress, and to arrest the progress of the wide-spreading ruin, the finger of obloquy and suspicion was ignorantly and ungraciously directed against him from every quarter. In his strenuous endeavours to save the sinking merchant and trader, it should not be forgotten that he saved him by dint of his own strength and resources; for if any banker of credit and character were to have asked assistance from higher powers in such a state of things, or even to have created the most vague suspicion that he was in want of assistance for the purpose of enabling him to relieve the distresses of others, it might have given a death-blow to himself.

"The commercial revulsion of that period was very unjustly ascribed to misconduct on the part of the banks. A chain of circumstances over which they had no control, was the leading cause of the evil. The rate of mercantile profits had been gradually falling ever since the peace of Europe, which necessarily caused a corresponding fall in the market-rate of interest, and a difficulty of finding profitable investments for capital; or in other words it caused a redundancy of money, there being more lenders than borrowers. The attention of capitalists was attracted to the public funds, and the price of

\* Circulating Credit; with Hints for Improving the Banking System of Britain, &c. By a Scottish Banker. Edinburgh: Wm. Tait. 1832.



stocks gradually rose in consequence of the increased demand, and the high state of public and private credit: the rise of stocks was accelerated by an overwhelming influx of foreign capital for the express purpose of speculation in the British funds.

"The fall in the rate of interest produced by the excessive quantity of capital which was then in circulation, afforded great facilities for speculation, and seduced many a wealthy individual from the beaten path of legitimate trade.

"The rash and delusive schemes of the ignorant and unprincipled adventurer, who had nothing to lose, were so artfully dressed up, as to impose upon the judgment, and to excite the imagination of the capitalist, by their fascinating shapes, until he was tempted, as in the fable of the dog and shadow, to sacrifice those real advantages that he held within his grasp, in the vain pursuit of a phantom."

At present, when the important interests connected with the establishment of the Bank of England, are brought under the consideration of the public, we are clearly of opinion that the study of such a sensible, perspicuous treatise as the present, will be highly conducive to the placing of these matters in a proper point of view, so that such a decision may be come to as shall secure the commercial credit of the country upon a foundation that cannot be easily shaken.

From *Banking to Butterflies*\*—two very different subjects indeed! The operations of nature in the smallest as well as in the greatest things, are highly deserving of the profoundest attention of every intelligent mind. What can be more wonderful than the variety of changes which the unnumbered myriads of the insect tribes are perpetually assuming under the plastic hand of Nature! That a crawling creature, remarkable only for its ugliness and its voracity, should, of its own accord, as if ashamed of itself, withdraw into a tomb of its own making, there die, and shortly afterwards revive and come forth in such gay clothing, as would put to shame even "Solomon in all his glory,"—is certainly a phenomenon highly worthy of an attentive consideration.

"The transformations of insects consist rather in a series of developments than in any absolute metamorphosis; being only a transition of changes in organs which lay concealed from human view, the caterpillar being compound in its nature, with the germs of the *imago* state hidden in a succession of cases. The first is the covering of the pupa, which is concealed within three or four mantles, the one over the other; these will in succession enrobe the larva, and, as it enlarges, the parts become visible, and are alternately thrown off, until the perfect insect emerges from its confinement. The celebrated Swammerdam found, by dissection, the skins of the larva and pupa enveloped in each other, and also the butterfly with all its organs, but these in a fluid state. Malpighi discovered within the chrysalis of a silkworm, that was only a few days old, the eggs of the future moth: and those of the *Bombyx dispar* were discovered by Reaumur within the caterpillar, only seven days before its change into the aurelia state."

Although the process by which these remarkable changes take place is now

pretty accurately understood, yet there is still enough of mystery connected with the subject, to justify the ancients in our eyes, considering the imperfect state of their knowledge of such matters, when they conceived it to be an apposite illustration of the doctrine of the *Metempsychosis* of the human soul, and founded upon it such pleasing fictions as the mythological tale of Cupid and Psyche, the story of the phoenix reviving from its ashes, and other metamorphoses no less wonderful, as set forth in full by Ovid and others of their poets. "The ancients made many allusions," says Captain Brown, "to the wonderful changes which the insect tribes undergo, and built a number of their fictions on them. The mythological tale of Cupid and Psyche, is an allegory of the human soul, which is sometimes cherished, and sometimes tormented by the passions. Psyche, in Greek  $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ , signifies the soul, as also a butterfly; showing that the ancients were sufficiently struck with the transformation of the butterfly, and its revival from a seeming temporary death. Cupid is an emblem of desire. Psyche is frequently represented by a butterfly, not merely from the beautiful appearance of that insect, but on account of its surviving the chrysalis condition; and this breaking from its confinement certainly finely designates man's future existence, after he shall rise from the dead." Speaking of this matter afterwards, Captain Brown seems to think, that the Apostle Paul, when treating of the Resurrection, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, might have found a much more apposite illustration of the subject in the Butterfly than in the grain of corn which is there made mention of. Either of the illustrations is, certainly, apposite enough; but we think the one adopted by the inspired writer is the one best fitted for exhibiting the matter to the understanding of ordinary and uneducated minds. Butterflies, Spingings, and Moths, have all four wings, covered with scales, or a sort of farina or mealy substance, from whence they have got the technical name of *Lepidopterous*, or *scaly-winged* insects.

"These scales are so very minute, that they are taken for extremely fine dust. When, however, they are examined through a powerful lens, the scales are found to be placed in the most perfect order, and, where there is a diversity of colour, not unlike mosaic work of the most exquisite description. It cannot but be extremely pleasing to the contemplative mind, to draw a comparison between the finest productions of human art, and those of the Divine Architect. Comparisons have been made between the irregularity that appears in the finest needle, when examined by a microscope, and the wonderful accuracy of the sting of a bee or a wasp; and the unequal texture of the finest cambric, when compared with some natural productions. The comparison instituted between mosaic and the scales on the wings of papilionaceous insects, is not less interesting.

"Mosaic work is of very ancient invention, but the moderns have greatly improved the art. Pictures of various subjects are formed of it, of amazingly fine workmanship; imitations of

\* Constable's Miscellany, Vols. LXXV and LXXVI: The Book of Butterflies. London: Whittaker, Treacher & Co. Edinburgh: H. Constable. 1832.

buildings, trees, ground of various kinds, and distant mountains; and the human figure, both singly and in groups. These are produced by small pins, of variously coloured glass, stuck into a kind of paste. They are so minute in many cases, that we can hardly discern them to be an arrangement of an infinite number of particles of glass; they rather look like a picture painted with the finest colours, harmoniously blended together. The calculation made by Keyser is, that a piece of eighty square feet, if perforated with tolerable care and delicacy, would employ eight artists the space of two years.

"A small piece of the wing of *Papilio Io*, (the Peacock Butterfly,) a quarter of an inch square, was cut out, and placed under the third magnifier of an opaque microscope, when seventy rows of scales were counted, and ninety in each row. Consequently, there were six thousand three hundred scales on one side of this small portion of wing; so that the square inch of a wing must contain the astonishing number of one hundred thousand seven hundred and thirty-six scales. The number of glass pins in a square inch of mosaic being only eight hundred and seventy, the coarseness of such a picture, compared with the mosaic of the wing of this insect, is in the proportion of one hundred and fifteen at least to one; that is, such a picture is one hundred and fifteen times coarser than this natural mosaic.

"The Peacock Butterfly is one of medium size, and the scales on it are in proportion to its size. What then must bethe proportion, if we compare with it some of the smaller Butterflies, whose whole dimensions are not a quarter of an inch!

"The wing of a Peacock Butterfly, prematurely taken out of a pupa, was subjected to the same mode of investigation, when it was found to be nine and a quarter times finer than that of the perfect insect; and that the square inch contained nine hundred and thirty-one thousand eight hundred and eight scales to the square inch. So that this natural mosaic must be above ten hundred and sixty-three times finer than the mosaic of the boasted pictures of modern Rome, where ingenuity, animated by zeal, has exerted its utmost efforts."

The various and splendid tints of Butterflies, and their generally elegant and graceful forms, afford ample means for contemplation and admiration. Miss Jarman has justly observed, that the tribes of these animals, which inhabit the tropics, are at least equal in the brilliancy of their general colour to those of the birds of the same countries. So that of these may be said, in the words of the poet Fergusson—

"Sure Nature herried mony a tree,  
For sprains and bonny spats to thee;  
Nae mair the rainbow can impart  
Sic glowing feries o' her art,  
Whose pencil wrought its freaks at will  
On thee, the sey-piece o' her skill.  
Thy shining garments far outstrip  
The cherries upon Hebe's lip,  
And fool the tints that Nature chose,  
To busk and paint the crimson rose."

To those who have leisure and inclination for such an interesting and amusing study, the two beautiful volumes here presented by Captain Brown will be considered a most valuable acquisition; and we have no doubt that this book will have the effect of sending many a one, during the fine days of summer, "in full cry" after the Purple Highflyer, or Emperor of the Woods, in spite of all that may be said in the satires of twenty Peter Pindars on the subject.

Turn we now to our delightful old friend Oliver Goldsmith, of whose pleasant "History of the Earth and Animated

Nature,"\* in four beautiful volumes, with Notes by Captain Brown,—the last is here presented to us. Philosophers, in general, are a very unfeeling species of animals; and, we think, nothing can be more disgusting than some of the cruelties which they commit upon the poor dumb animals by way of experimenting. Witness the following very diverting experiment upon a tortoise:—

"Redii informs us, that in making some experiments upon vital motion, he, in the beginning of the month of November, took a land-tortoise, made a large opening in its skull, and drew out all the brain, washed the cavity, so as not to leave the smallest part remaining, and then, leaving the hole open, set the animal at liberty. Notwithstanding this, the tortoise marched away without seeming to have received the smallest injury; only it shut the eyes and never opened them afterwards. Soon after the hole in the skull was seen to close; and in three days, there was a complete skin covering the wound. In this manner the animal lived without a brain, for six months; walking about unconcernedly, and moving its limbs as before. But the Italian philosopher, not satisfied with this experiment, carried it still farther; for he cut off the head, and the animal lived twenty-three days after its separation from the body. The head also continued to rattle the jaws, like a pair of castanets, for above a quarter of an hour."

The following experiments were also delightful:—

"We read in the Philosophical Transactions, that a snake was tied down to a grass plot, and made to bite a healthy cur dog; immediately afterwards the poor animal's eyes were fixed, his teeth closed upon his tongue, which was hanging out; his lips were drawn up, so as to leave his teeth and gums bare, and in a quarter of a minute he died. The hair was then taken off by means of hot water, and only one small puncture appeared between his fore-legs, with a bluish-green colour round it. A second dog was brought about half an hour afterwards, and the snake bit his ear: he exhibited signs of violent sickness, staggered about for some time, then fell down convulsed, and two or three times got up again: he lived near two hours. Four days after this, two dogs, as large as common bulldogs, were bitten by him; the one in the inside of his left thigh, which died exactly in half a minute; and the other on the outside of the thigh, which died in four minutes. Captain Hall, in South Carolina, who made these experiments, wished at last to try whether its poison would prove mortal to itself. He therefore hung it up in such a manner that it had about half its length on the ground, and irritated it by two needles fastened to the end of a stick. The creature made several attempts to seize the stick, and then bit itself: it was let down, and in eight or ten minutes was found to be lifeless. The snake was afterwards cut into five pieces, which were successively devoured by a hog, but without receiving any injury in consequence.

"Dr. Brickell says, he was a witness to an encounter between a dog and a rattle-snake, which was fastened to the ground by a tolerably long string. The snake coiled up, and rattled its tail; and the dog being let loose, seized and attempted to shake it out at full length, but from the weight was preserved from doing it, and in consequence bit him in the ear. He seemed somewhat stunned, and left the place, but returned on being encouraged by the company. In the second encounter he received a bite in his lip, after which the snake bit himself. The dog from that mo-

\* Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature, Vol. IV.; with Copious Notes, and an Appendix, &c. By Captain Thomas Brown, F.L.S. M.W.S. M.K.S., &c. Glasgow: A. Fullarton & Co. 1832.



ment appeared senseless of everything around him; even the caresses of his brutal master had no effect; and in less than half an hour both the animals were found dead."

We are almost inclined to think, that, if a proper knowledge of Nature's operations is not to be obtained without the perpetration of such outrages, it would, perhaps, be as well to allow her to go on her own way, without disturbing her with our investigations. Perhaps these sage philosophers and "Men of Feeling," never heard of such a story as the following:—A number of wicked boys were one day playing on the margin or brink of a lake, where a swarm of frogs dwelt. It was a long time before the boys saw the frogs, but at last they heard them croaking, and then ran to the place where they were, with their pockets full of stones. Now the frogs did nothing to the boys, but the boys pelted them with stones till they began to think they should be all slain. At last one of the frogs lifted up his head from the lake, and spake to the boys thus:—You rascals! do you not think it is a shame for you to torment us who do you no harm? Perhaps this is fun to you, but it is hurtful to us. It is a bad thing to hurt those who do no harm to us. *Verb. sap.* A wasp, however, it may be said, is a very mischievous creature, and ought to suffer death on all occasions, whether for sport or not, without benefit of clergy; for, as the lady says in the fable,

Of all the plagues that Heaven hath sent,  
A Wasp is most impertinent.

And we are told, that one day, a fly, having come, settled upon the face of the Emperor Haroun Al Rashid. The Emperor was teased, and asked one of his courtiers,—“For what purpose would the Supreme God form such a creature as a fly?” The courtier replied,—“Protector of the World! it is intended to break down the haughtiness of arrogant persons.”—The Emperor, on hearing this, remained silent. Now, whatever may be said as to the cleverness and the utility of the fly, we think the wasp will be allowed to have strong claims upon the consideration of all intelligent persons, when they read the following statement, quoted in a note by Captain Brown:—

“The wasp is a paper-maker, and a most perfect and intelligent one. While mankind were arriving by slow degrees at the art of fabricating this valuable substance, the wasp was making it before their eyes, by very much the same process as that by which human hands now manufacture it with the best aid of chemistry and machinery. While some nations carved their records on wood, and stone, and brass, and leaden tablets—others, more advanced, wrote with a style on wax—others employed the inner bark of trees—and others the skins of animals rudely prepared,—the wasp was manufacturing a firm and durable paper. Even when the papyrus was rendered more fit, by a process of art, for the transmission of ideas in writing, the wasp was a better artisan than the Egyptians,—for the early attempts at paper-making were so rude, that the substance produced was almost useless, from being extremely friable. The paper of the papyrus was formed of the leaves of the plant,

dried, pressed, and polished; the wasp alone knew how to reduce vegetable fibres to a pulp, and then unite them by a size or glue, spreading the substance out into a smooth and delicate leaf. This is exactly the process of paper-making. It would seem that the wasp knows, as the modern paper-makers now know, that the fibres of rags, whether linen or cotton, are not the only materials that can be used in the formation of paper,—she employs other vegetable matters, converting them into a proper consistency by her assiduous exertions. In some respects she is more skilful even than our paper-makers, for she takes care to retain her fibres of sufficient length, by which she renders her paper as strong as she requires. Many manufacturers of the present day cut their material into small bits, and thus produce a rotten article. One great distinction between good and bad paper is its toughness; and this difference is invariably produced by the fibre of which it is composed being long, and therefore tough; or short, and therefore friable.

“The wasp has been labouring at her manufacture of paper, from her first creation, with precisely the same instruments and the same materials,—and her success has been unvarying.—Her machinery is very simple, and therefore it is never out of order. She learns nothing, and she forgets nothing. Men, from time to time, lose their excellence in particular arts, and they are slow in finding out real improvements. Such improvements are often the effect of accident.—Paper is now manufactured very extensively by machinery, in all its stages; and thus, instead of a single sheet being made by hand, a stream of paper is poured out, which would form a roll large enough to extend round the globe, if such a length were desirable. The inventors of this machinery, Messrs. Fourdrinier, it is said, spent the enormous sum of £40,000 in vain attempts to render the machine capable of determining with precision the width of the roll; and at last accomplished their object, at the suggestion of a bystander, by a strap revolving upon an axis, at a cost of 3s. 6d. ! Such is the difference between the workings of human knowledge and experience, and those of animal instinct.—We proceed slowly and in the dark; but our course is not bounded by a narrow line,—for it seems difficult to say what is the perfection of any art: animals go clearly to a given point; but they can go no further. We may, however, learn something from their perfect knowledge of what is within their range. It is not improbable that if man had attended in an earlier state of society to the labours of wasps, he would have sooner known how to make paper.”

Leaving Captain Brown's Museum and Menagerie, which, we must confess, we do with considerable regret, we are next attracted by a small work,\* intended for “harmless little men,” as honest Goldsmith used to call children:—

“Mamma, the rain has left off, and the sun shines quite brightly,” said Charles Long to his mamma, “will you come and walk in the garden? I like you to be in the garden while I am running about.”

“Yes, Charles,” said his mamma, “I will come with pleasure.”

When Mrs. Long had put on her bonnet and shawl, she followed her little boy into the garden.

“Mamma,” said Charles, “is it not a pity to see the nice paths covered with all these little heaps of earth! The gardener says, that the worms make them. I think they are very mischievous creatures, do not you?”

“They do indeed spoil the neatness of our paths,” said Mrs. Long, “but they cannot know that. They build these little heaps to protect their young.”

\* The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1832.



"How, mamma?" said Charles, "I do not understand you."

"The worms," said Mrs. Long, "live in burrows in the ground, where they lay their eggs. In these burrows they also keep a few leaves, straws, or small plants for food, for themselves and their young ones. The worms close the openings to the burrows because they fear that the rain might fill them and spoil their work; and also, to prevent those insects from entering, that live upon the eggs of worms and the young worms."

This seems to be a frittering down of our friends Goldsmith's and Brown's labours, with the laudable intention of "teaching the young idea how to shoot." Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales, Mother Goose, Cinderella, Riquet with the Tuft, Fortunatus, Princess Fairstar and Prince Cherry, Beauty and the Beast, Bluebeard, and a host of other delightful acquaintances of *our* young days, are now, alas! turned adrift to seek their fortunes where they can, as the trainers up of youth of the present day think them by no means proper associates for the wise children that are now to be found in the world.—We must confess that we have still a sort of sneaking kindness for these old acquaintances of ours; and we strongly suspect that the supplanting of these by-learned disquisitions, tending to metamorphose children into premature philosophers, is little better than the vain attempt to put an old head upon young shoulders. Such attempts, however, may be made, in many instances, with the best intentions; and, in these cases, such a work as the present will be found highly useful and important.

We have still some space left for noticing one of the most interesting of the many volumes that are daily issuing from the Press, viz., "The Progress of Discovery on the more Northern Coasts of America,"\* forming volume IX. of "The Edinburgh Cabinet Library." "Of this work the Historical and Critical Departments have been contributed by Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., the distinguished

Author of the History of Scotland, and the Natural History by James Wilson, Esq.,—two gentlemen whose names, the publishers are confident, will furnish a sufficient security that the task committed to them has been executed with care."—That this is the case, every one who peruses this valuable work will perceive at once; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the well-earned reputation of these gentlemen will be very much increased by their present performance. The early voyages of Cabot, Verazzano, Cartier, and Ulloa, as given here, are in the highest degree interesting and amusing. "The pious solemnity with which these ancient mariners were accustomed to regard their proceedings, is strikingly shown by the first sentence of his (Ulloa's) journal:—

"We embarked," says he, 'in the haven of Acapulco, on the 8th of July, in the year of our Lord 1539, calling upon Almighty God to guide us with his holy hand to those places where he might be served, and his holy faith advanced; and we sailed from the said port by the coast of Sacatula and Motin, which is sweet and pleasant, owing to the abundance of trees that grow there, and the rivers which pass through these countries, for which we often thanked God, their Creator."

In the account of Canada, as discovered by the French, we have the following:—

"There groweth here," says Cartier, "a certain kind of herb, of which, during the summer, they collect a great quantity for winter consumption, esteeming it much, and only permitting men to use it, in the following manner: It is first dried in the sun, after which they wear it about their necks, wrapped in a little skin made in the shape of a bag, along with a hollow piece of stone, or of wood, formed like a pipe.—After this they bruise it into a powder, which is put into one of the ends of the said cornet or pipe, and laying a coal of fire upon it at the other end, they suck so long that they fill their bodies full of smoke, till it comes out of their mouth and nostrils, even as out of the tunnel of a chimney. They say that this keeps them warm and in health, and never go without some of it about them." It is not impossible that the reader, perplexed by this laboriously minute description, may have failed to recognise in it the first acquaintance made by the French with the salubrious and far-famed plant of tobacco."

Want of space hinders our quoting farther from this excellent work at present; and we conclude by saying, that nothing superior to it for beauty, and interest, and cheapness, has ever been offered to the public, and we have no doubt that a rapid sale will encourage the spirited publishers to proceed with similar undertakings.

\* Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. IX. Historical View of the Progress of Discovery on the more Northern Coasts of America, from the earliest period to the present time. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., F.R.S. & F.S.A. With Descriptive Sketches of the Natural History of the North American Regions. By James Wilson, Esq., F.R.S.E. & M.W.S. Edinburgh. 1832.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

SCOTLAND.—In the absence of Parliamentary intelligence for this month, it may not be improper to take a retrospective view of domestic proceedings, and particularly to notice the principal leading topics of the day. Among these, the departure of the Ex-King of France from the Palace of Holyrood, is not undeserving of notice. Be it known then, to all men, that on Tuesday morning, the 18th

of September, 1832, Charles the Tenth, the Duke d'Angouleme, and the Duke of Bourdeaux, left the palace of the Scottish kings, for Gratz in Styria, amidst the lamentations and howlings of conservative ladies and gentlemen, who had been honoured with their acquaintance, or profited by their stay. On the morning of their departure, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh was weak enough to permit himself to be

made principal actor in a farce that will be recorded by the historian, to his dishonour, to the end of time, in reading an address to the old man, in name of the inhabitants of the city, expressive of their sorrow at his removal,—an address, be it remembered, which they knew nothing of, and to a personage whom they cared nothing for. No wonder although the inhabitants of the metropolis should feel indignant at the doings of such a faction. Contrast this conduct with the spontaneous expression of feeling which the Edinburghians displayed, when the old tyrant was driven from his throne, in the memorable days of July. Nowhere were the accounts of the successful resistance of the Parisians against their tyrannical king, more joyfully received than in Edinburgh; and nowhere was the humane treatment of Charles and his family, by men in the moment of victory, more applauded. A public meeting was held, at which the Lord Provost presided, to congratulate the inhabitants of Paris upon their brilliant exploits; and never were the people called together to express their sentiments, where all ranks and parties were more harmonious. No congratulations, nor shouts of welcome, greeted his arrival at the Scottish metropolis; and we know that we give utterance to the feelings of that city, when we say, that they cared nothing about his departure. It is, therefore, a libel upon their sense of right and wrong to assert that they feel either sympathy or regret at his going away. That his private virtues were exemplary, we do not deny; and that many will miss the gold which they were daily receiving, we acknowledge; but this is no reason at all why the people should grieve in general. It was no honour either to Scotland or Holyrood, that they had within their limits the King of France, who had been compelled to quit his throne and his country for having shed the blood of thousands of his innocent and unoffending subjects, because they would not bow to his tyranny. Instead of a palace, he merited a scaffold; but it will redound to the eternal honour of the French, that, bespattered as he was with the blood of their countrymen, they allowed him to march off with impunity. It has been stated, upon the authority of the *Caledonian Mercury*, that our King William, upon being informed that Charles was about to take his leave of this country, wrote him a very friendly letter, full of paternal affection, and, at the same time, offering him a frigate or steam-vessel to convey himself and his suite to a port on the Continent; but that here the Ministers interposed, and stuck up their *vetamus*, so that the exiled family were obliged to hire the United Kingdom steam-ship, for one thousand pounds, to convey them to Hamburg. William, having a Continental feeling somewhat akin to that of the old man, would, we doubt not, have given him all the assistance and protection

in his power, but his Ministers wisely thought otherwise. He came hither unsolicited, and he has left us unregretted. With this we take our leave of him, and turn to a subject which more nearly concerns us,—we mean the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty in this northern part of the island.

It is amusing to observe the spirit which animates the different party newspapers. Those of the Tory interest maintain stoutly, that in its composition the first Reformed Parliament will not differ materially from the one which was lately prorogued; while the Radical Press affirms as fearlessly, that the supporters of Reform will be as three to one. Of thorough-going representatives, however, we fear the number will not be large, as was contemplated at the passing of the Reform Act, from the limited number of electors who have claimed, particularly in England. The Whigs, in the west of Scotland and elsewhere, have formed a coalition, and, almost to a man, are refusing pledges, especially those of substantial importance. Sir John Maxwell, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, and Mr. Spiers, are become nearly as unpopular as the leaders of the Conservative party. In the Burghs, indeed, the electors are doing their duty manfully; from which portion of the constituency not a few Radicals will be returned, and not one Anti-Reformer. But, in the Counties, the old system of nomination, and of threatening, cajoling, and concussing voters, is as rife among both Whigs and Tories at the present moment as it ever was formerly. Landlords, with very few exceptions, are interfering with their tenants' private right of judgment, and endeavouring to sway them to their own party; many of whom, rather than sacrifice the sacred privilege which has been conferred upon them, have, upon very frivolous pretences, failed to come forward, and substantiate their claims, after having been dragooned into a compliance with the primary requisitions of the Act,—acting upon the principle, that, if they could do no good, they would at least do no harm. Upon the authority of the *Scotsman*, it is stated, that of the fifty-three Scottish Members, forty-five will be Reformers, four Anti-Reformers, and four doubtful. A report is in circulation, that Sheriffs of Counties have been laying their heads together, and devising a plan to put the electors to as much inconvenience as possible, by fixing the places of polling somewhere else than at the County towns. We can scarcely credit the rumour, after the very impartial manner in which these gentlemen have hitherto done their duty. However, it would have been much safer to have acted upon the recommendation of Mr. Hume,—viz., by displacing all Lords-Lieutenant of Counties and their Substitutes who were known to be unfriendly to the cause of Reform. Let it be remembered, nevertheless, in the meantime, that the electors are entitled to warn

any Sheriffs who may have this in contemplation, that such conduct will be a gross and dangerous perversion of the Act, for which they will be amenable to the House of Commons. Let the candidates and electors, then, throughout Scotland, be on the alert, and learn the views of the Sheriffs without delay, on a subject in which they are all so vitally interested, before the evil now exposed be irremediable. The scheme is of Conservative origin; and, among other reasons that might be adduced, it is a device, whereby tenants, dragged unwillingly to the poll by their landlords and their factors, may sneak into a "hole and corner," and there vote with as few witnesses of their shame as possible.

We intended to notice here "The Voluntary Church Association," lately instituted in Edinburgh, for the purpose of aiding in a separation between the Church and State,—“a consummation devoutly to be wished,”—but find we have already exceeded our limits. Sufficient is it to observe, that such Associations will prove highly beneficial in enlightening the public mind on the merits of legal establishments for the support of religion, and in removing the difficulties which many serious persons have in understanding how a national Church can be destroyed, and religion at the same time remain unimpaired. We cannot even attempt an illustration, but we most earnestly recommend the consideration of the subject to our readers.

ENGLAND.—The present state of the country calls loudly for the introduction of the ballot. Everywhere electors have customers, creditors, or friends, whom they cannot offend. In Burghs, there is a prevailing timidity; but in Counties, it is still worse. Oppression proceeds on all hands with unparalleled violence; and to many, the enjoyment of the franchise is almost ruin. The general cry is, “Such a state of things cannot, must not continue,”—“the ballot we must have, and that speedily, or something worse will happen.” Indeed, the eyes of all parties are now opened to this important necessity. But the strongest argument in support of it is,—THE PEOPLE demand it; and who, pray, shall say them nay? The Tories, through their madness, are forcing it on, although they deny that their party has been guilty of acts of intimidation. Certain it is, however, that great numbers of electors have refrained from qualifying themselves; afraid lest they should give offence to those whose favour was valuable, in whatever way they voted. The grand argument against it is, that it is “un-English, and unmanly.” This is not the case; for it has been the practice in England, from time immemorial, to use the ballot in every club in the kingdom, from the highest order in the Aristocracy, to that composed of the “swinish multitude.” But the real objection

among both the Whig and Tory faction is, that it would in reality confer on the electors the right of choosing their own representatives,—a boon which was never intended; for the Aristocrats never once dreamed that they would not, as formerly, return a majority of the House of Commons. But the leaders among the Whigs now begin to discover that, for their own security, protection must be afforded to the electors. Lord John Russell declared at a public dinner at Torquay, “that if landlords should presume upon their power, upon their terrible position, to compel men to dispose of their votes, as mere servants of the landlord, he would tell them, and fairly tell them, that he should resent it, and that other measures must follow.” “If,” said he, “it should come to this, that I must either adopt such a measure, or that I must see the tenantry of England ranged at elections, contrary to the wishes and feelings of themselves, I should have no hesitation—I should have no doubt—I should renounce my previous opinion, and I should at once adopt the ballot.” Sir W. A. Inghilby, M.P., remarked at Grimsby, that, from good experience, he saw the necessity of the ballot; and that, although he might have been of a different opinion in former times, yet the longer he lived, and the more experience he had of the nature and frailty of the human mind, he could not shut his eyes to the fact, that if it is intended that the people shall be free, they cannot be so without the ballot; that he would have the peasant, whose freehold is stated at 40s., as free as my Lord Brownlow, with his £40,000 a year.”—Mr. Tennyson, M.P., has come to the conclusion, “that the only protection for the honest, but poor or dependent voter, is the ballot, and that nothing but the ballot can protect us. With such powerful advocates, then, as our co-adjutors, let the whole nation unite, and urge the business upon the consideration of the first Reformed Parliament, and success is certain.

The clergy of the Church of England now begin to see the necessity of setting their house in order. A memorial, subscribed by thirty-seven of the inferior clergy, was lately presented to the Bishop of Durham, expressing their concern for the spirit of hostility which has begun to manifest itself against the religious institutions of the country—their disapprobation of pluralities, which they characterise as an evil of the greatest magnitude—their regret at the inadequate remuneration which many of the poorer clergymen receive—their conviction of the expediency of a more proportionate adjustment of the Episcopal revenues,—and their anxiety that some mode of paying the clergy, less objectionable than that of tithes, should be devised. But, as might have been expected, his holiness has returned for answer, that they should mind their own business,



and not dare to express an opinion about what they have nothing to do with. A memorial has also been presented to the King, imploring him to restore to the church her ancient convocation, in an active and efficient form, so as to afford a full and fair representation of the sentiments of the clergy; and that, in the ecclesiastical reformation, the sense of the Bishops and clergy may be taken before any measure is submitted to the legislature. With his usual courtesy, or rather apathy, his Majesty was most graciously pleased to accept of the same. But, notwithstanding the very laudable admission of the memorialists—that reform in the church is necessary, there is no hope of redress from the quarter to which they have applied. To talk of the Church of England reforming itself, is bagatelle. Will a parcel of guzzling, fox-hunting, gambling bishops, and other dignitaries, ever submit to the reduction of that revenue which has furnished themselves with all the luxuries of life, in super-abundance, and which their sons or nephews may have in prospect?—No!—the Reform must proceed from THE PEOPLE. They only will do it effectually.

The secret committee appointed to inquire into the expediency of renewing the Charter of the Bank of England, have agreed upon the following report, which, for want of space, we are obliged thus to abridge:—The committee have examined into the effect produced by the establishment of branch banks, and into the expediency of encouraging the establishment of joint-stock banks of issue in the country. On these, and some collateral points, no evidence has been so complete as to justify the committee in giving a decided opinion. As part of the evidence taken, the actual amount of bullion at different times in the hands of the Bank has been presented—information which was never given to the public,—and the committee found, that the Bank is amply provided with bullion at the present time. “Of the ample means of the Bank of England to meet all its engagements, and of the high credit which it has always possessed, and which it continues to deserve, no man who reads the evidence can for a moment doubt; for, it appears that, in addition to the surplus resting in the hands of the Bank itself, amounting to £2,880,000, the capital on which interest is paid to the proprietors, and for which the State is debtor to the Bank, amounts to £14,553,000, making no less a sum than £17,433,000, over and above all its liabilities.” With all its attendant prosperity, however, the public welfare demands that the charter shall not be renewed.

**IRELAND.**—We could easily occupy the whole space allotted to us, with the most distressing accounts from this unhappy and misgoverned country. Not one act of conciliation is ever offered to its brave and generous inhabitants. The sword and the bayonet are opposed to every petition

for redress,—Ministers make a mock of their sufferings,—and the peasantry are goaded to madness, by the very men who ought to be their protectors. Because the believers in Roman Catholicism will not consent to support the national church, which in their hearts they believe to be heretical, the country is burdened with a large standing army, to cut the throats of the people in cases of non-compliance, the effect of which has been, to harden the people still more in their inveterateness, and to gain over to their side the most talented and the most enlightened men in the nation. Counsellor Sheil, who has all along been rather a moderate man, has at length declared in favour of a repeal of the Union; and the country-devoted O’Connell, instead of being intimidated by the threats of prosecution, so tauntingly bravadoed by the *Courier*, for his first letter to the Reformers of Great Britain, has come forward fearlessly with a second, which must rouse the energies of every patriot to take part in the cause. Indeed, it argues little for Scotland and England, that they have so long looked on with apathetic indifference, and not remonstrated boldly against such a system of misrule as that which has degraded unhappy Ireland, and sunk its frank, open-hearted population, beneath the condition of slaves. Resistance to the payment of tithes is at present their besetting sin; and what right-thinking man can blame them for such resistance? The law by which the payment of tithes was first instituted, and now in course of being enforced, is monstrous and unjust; and the measures which Government are using for its observance, are highly unpopular. The Irish know it, and feel its oppression; but the brandishing of swords and the discharging of platoons of musketry, instead of awing them into submission, are only strengthening and consolidating their laudable spirit of resistance. Among other acts of oppression and injustice, by which Ministers seek to subdue Ireland, is the prosecution of the press, for giving publicity to the soul-stirring letter of Mr. O’Connell, relative to the Wallstown affair, with the particulars of which all our readers must be familiar. With the example of France before their eyes, Ministers might have seen, that instead of injuring the newspapers under prosecution, for propagating opinions in which the great body of the people concur, they are on the contrary bringing them more into repute, and conferring upon the proprietors a manifest advantage. All Ireland will contribute to pay the fines; and, at the liberation of the Government victims from their dungeons, their enlargement will be celebrated by every demonstration of joy. Government must either concede to Ireland her just claims, or at once annihilate, if possible, her population. But, would Scotland look tamely on at such an alternative?—Scotland! whose sons in

the century before the last, fought so determinedly and so successfully for the existence of a church so dear to her? Forbid it, God of our fathers! for we glory in the result of the struggle which they made; and our prayers go along with the exertions of the Hibernians to emancipate themselves from a bondage worse than Egyptian. The evils of which they have to complain, are great and numerous,—the chief evil being that of a determination to maintain a Protestant church, at the expense of a Catholic population. How, pray, did the people of Great Britain obtain the Reform Acts? By political unions, great public meetings and processions, and a determination not to pay taxes. Exactly so must the people of Ireland act, in order to get rid of tithes; for it is only by opposing every difficulty in the way of their collection, without infringing the law, that they can ever hope for their extinction. Ireland is at present deeply and distressingly agitated; but we trust that the heavings of the tempestuous billows, will ere long subside into a peaceful calm.

#### EUROPEAN POLITICS.

**PORTUGAL.**—The eyes of all Europe are at this moment intent upon the Peninsula; but nowhere is the success that now begins to attend the arms of Don Pedro viewed with satisfaction, save in France and the British Isles. The latest arrivals from that country will be read with interest; but we cannot follow out the official accounts in all their lengthened details. The attack of the Miguelites upon Oporto took place upon the Usurper's birth-day, the 29th ult.; the result of which was favourable to Don Pedro. The Usurper's forces, after repeated attacks upon the Serra and the town of Oporto, from the 8th to the 20th, had evacuated Villa Nova, leaving only a handful of men to keep possession of the suburb and annoy the town with shells and Congreve rockets, and took up a position upon the heights of Oporto. On the morning of the 29th the Miguelite infantry, to the number, it is said, of 10,000, advanced boldly and firmly, and a general and severe slaughter took place upon the whole lines of Oporto. The great strength of the enemy, however, was directed against the British and French troops, and from 5,000 to 6,000, aided by one howitzer and two pieces of artillery, advanced against their positions with determined resolution, and with order and coolness. Here a desperate and bloody struggle ensued; and the fury with which the assailants fought, clearly evinced that their object was to annihilate this moiety of heroes; after which, they figured to themselves an easy and immediate conquest. The combined defenders, after being forced to retreat to a square in front of their barracks, rallied, and drove back the enemy, capturing the howitzer and two pieces of artillery. The slaughter which these small regiments made upon the mass, so unequally opposed to them,

was very great, although not without serious loss upon their own side,—the whole of the officers in both regiments, with the exception of three, being either killed or wounded. The Miguelites were repulsed on all hands, with a loss, it is said, of 2,000, in killed and wounded,—the gardens and enclosures around the position of the combined troops being strewn with their bodies. Don Pedro's loss is estimated at only 400. Two attempts were also made upon the Serra, but without success,—grape-shot having been poured upon the assailants with such effect, that they were compelled to retire with considerable loss. The firing continued from 8 in the morning till 6 in the evening. The enemy then dismounted their guns, and withdrew the whole of their forces, except such as were necessary to keep possession of Villa Nova; and, until the Confiance left Oporto on the morning of the 30th, they had not renewed any offensive operations. Don Pedro's adherents are said to be in high spirits, animated with their success in having repulsed this long-looked-for attack, under the impression that the whole disposable troops of the Usurper had been employed to dispossess them of Oporto, which, by their utmost efforts, they were unable to do. It cannot be denied, however, that Don Pedro has lost the flower of his army, and that he owes his present success chiefly to the bravery of the combined auxiliaries, who have been nearly cut to pieces. If the assailants are enabled soon to make another attack, with a sufficient reinforcement of men and military stores, the cause of Don Pedro will be almost hopeless. Indeed, another such victory would amount to a defeat; but there is reason to believe that the Constitutionalists are already in a state to set their enemies at defiance, if not to act on the offensive. Pedro's friends, both in France and England, are exerting themselves to send him assistance. A number of men and horses lately left the Thames for Oporto; and, it is said, that 500 men are in readiness to sail for the same destination; and further, that a considerable number of the disbanded foreign legion of Belgium will shortly be added to the Constitutional army. It appears that the Miguelites deliberately fired on the British ship of war *Orestes*, while lying in the Douro, quite out of the line of fire, and on the Childers, under the lee of which one of Don Pedro's ships had anchored. If it be really true that this aggression was intentional, we trust Government will exact from Miguel an instantaneous and rigorous atonement. One of the ships in the fleet of Admiral Sartorius has captured a small Indiaman belonging to Miguel, with specie on board, which Don Pedro will know how to turn to account; and, by the latest information from France, an action is announced to have taken place between Sartorius and Felix, in which the former was victorious.

Should this intelligence be correct, we may soon expect to hear of Don Pedro being in possession of Lisbon, and little Miggy an inmate of Holyrood, to the great consolation and joy of the Conservatives of Edinburgh, who have now been in tears a month for the loss of the mild, the modest, the virtuous, and the charitable Charles.

FRANCE.—Louis Phillippe has at length got a Prime Minister, in the person of Marshal Soult, in the room of the defunct Casimir Perier. This is the age and season for warrior statesmen; but if France prosper no better under his administration than Britain did under the auspices of Marshal Wellington, the sooner the Liberals set about his dismissal the better. Like Arthur, he is said to be but a blunderer in oratory, and therefore requires the assistance of the Duke de Broglie, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and M. Guizot, as advocate of the Cabinet, who is said to have studied under Cicero. But the Duke, before he engages, is said to be desirous to know what extent of support may be depended upon from the Chambers. M. Humann, an able financier, is suggested as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and M. Thiers, late Editor of the *Nationelle*, as Minister of Public Instruction. In the composition of the new Cabinet, one very singular, but not unexpected, feature is, that the Citizen King retains the right of being present at the deliberations of a council of Ministers, which determination has deprived the French Ministry of the assistance of M. Dupin, who, upon such conditions, will not accept of office. Louis Phillippe ought, at the same time, to stipulate for a troop of *gens d'armes* inside. Still, however, arrangements are far from being completed, and the precarious state of the country renders the task one of extreme difficulty. The Duke de Broglie, it appears, after all, declares off, and will not enter the Cabinet, unless supported by M. Guizot, against whom Soult is said to have irreconcilable antipathy. Dupin has been once more applied to, but he declines to accept a subordinate situation; and he has farther declared that he will not be fettered. He must be "aut Cæsar, aut nullus." The Citizen King is getting deeper and deeper into the mire, from which he will find it difficult to extricate himself. The difficulty of uniting an efficient military dictator with popular civilians, seems to be too much for him.

Since writing the above, the *Moniteur* has published an ordinance, making the following Ministerial appointments:—Marshal Soult, Premier; Admiral de Rigny, Minister of Marine; Duke de Broglie, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Humann, Minister of Finance; M. d'Argout, Minister of Public Works; M. Thiers, Minister of the Interior; M. Guizot, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Barthe, Minister of Justice. The Chambers are to be convoked on the 19th of November,

and it is not improbable that the Ministry will be overthrown immediately thereafter, in which case France may experience another revolution; and, if they do not then rid themselves of tyrants, woe be to the nation. Louis Phillippe cares not for the nation,—he is at heart a despot.

BRUSSELS.—King Leopold is said to have received the important news of the complete failure of the proposed resolution of the Conference, for coercing the King of Holland into compliance, by means of a pecuniary penalty, and to have felt that the security of his crown, the duty he owes to his subjects, and his own personal honour, leave him now no other alternative than that of having recourse to arms. Couriers, too, are said to have been dispatched to the Belgian Ministers at London and Paris, to break off all negotiations, and to claim from both Governments the immediate execution of the treaty of the 15th November, ratified and guaranteed unconditionally by these Powers. M. Van de Weyer has also been ordered to declare to the several Ministers of the Conference, that his powers for negotiating are at an end. Under these circumstances, if the report be true, the French army must, and will enter Belgium; and it remains to be seen, whether our Whig Ministry will redeem their pledge of peace, or plunge the country, starving and overtaxed as she is, in one of the most disastrous wars that was ever waged, and which will kindle a conflagration from one end of Europe to the other. We say, that as they looked silently on, and witnessed the annihilation of poor Poland, let Leopold and William fight their own battles, and settle their business in the best way they can.

SWEDEN.—The northern provinces of this country are again visited by famine, and numbers will absolutely die from want of food, unless relieved by a grant of public money. Last year a loan of 200,000 rix-dollars was voted by the Government for their relief. This sum has been exhausted; and so far from there being the least likelihood of their re-paying it at present, they will have to call for a new loan.—These horrid famines, which return almost every year in the northern provinces of Sweden, are the consequences of an abominable system of corn laws, enacted in imitation of those of England. The legislative power of the country is almost wholly in the hands of the land-owners, who vainly attempt to keep up the rents of their estates, by excluding foreign corn; but these wicked famine-laws are frustrated by the force of natural events, for every year the executive government is reduced to the necessity of suspending the corn laws, that the population may not perish for want. Sweden stands sadly in want of Parliamentary Reform, and that want is beginning to be felt in the country. Britain has shown them the way of obtaining it; but ignorance, and a servile



submission to power, are yet too rife among the people. They have not yet studied politics sufficiently. During the worst period of boroughmongering, the English oligarchy did not possess half the

power of mischief which the Swedish oligarchy possess. This is not generally known in Britain.

We cannot cross the Atlantic in the present stormy weather.

## AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

*Laus Deo, optimo, maximo.*

THANKS to an all-gracious Providence for having crowned the year with plenty!—There is abundance in the land for man and beast, at a lower rate than has been witnessed for many years. Taking it as a whole, there is ample ground for congratulation. In England, both early and late crops have been secured in the best possible condition. Essex and Kent were the first counties to send up a supply of wheat to London, most of which, though fair to the eye, proved in the bulk too soft and moist for grinding, unmixed with old. The finest and ripest samples have reached to a very considerable and satisfactory weight, from 62 to 65 lbs. the imperial bushel. Barley, in the proper soils, is a large and heavy crop; on too strong and on poor lands, the reverse.—On all, part of the crop is said to have been affected by blight; and although the aggregate quantity may prove great, a superabundance of fine malting or grinding barley is not to be expected from the present harvest. The crop of oats is the best of the year,—prolific both in corn and straw. Beans which survived the effects of blight and vermin, are deemed an average crop. With few exceptions, prices have been still declining, and quotations of new red descriptions of 60, 63, 64, and 65 lbs. may be quoted as ranging from 50, 52, 54, and 56s. per quarter. Accounts from Ireland, too, announce a progressive decline of prices. The comparative imports from Ireland this year, with the corresponding period of last year, and the consequent falling off in foreign importation, solicit particular attention, as they speak strongly in favour of the capability of production by that country. The continental accounts agree very generally, and, in numerous particulars, with our own; and, in the Mediterranean countries, the crop of maize or Indian corn is said to be the most beautiful and productive hitherto witnessed. But in the northern countries, and in the vicinity of Copenhagen, the weather having been unsettled, with heavy rains and cold, the growing crops of corn were quite green towards the end of July,—the rye and rape-seed suffering particularly. Their stocks of old corn are said to be very limited. In Germany the harvest had been so superabundant, that bread had, in consequence, fallen 25 per cent.

Let us now turn our attention homeward, and we shall find what cause there

is for gratitude. In East Lothian, September was singularly favourable for the operations of the season. Wheat sowing had partially commenced, although not a favourable month for the process,—being considered too early. Ploughing of stubble-land was in forwardness on the 29th, but very oppressive to the horses, from the dryness of the soil. The turnip crop was generally unpromising. Potatoes would hardly reach an average crop. The wheat crop, when lodged after naked fallow, was found to be rather defective; but the grain, as a whole, was of fine quality,—the crop, in point of straw, being the greatest on record, and had seldom, if ever, been surpassed in point of grain.—Barley yielded good grain, although scarcely of such fine quality as that of last year. By some, however, it was considered the best crop of the season. Oats, in the early parts of the country, were light,—in all others bulky, greatly exceeding an average crop in quantity of grain. Pease were, in all respects, excellent,—beans but indifferent. Markets were profusely supplied at rapidly declining prices,—so much so, that both buyers and sellers were astounded at the abundance. In Roxburghshire and Berwickshire, wheat was a most extraordinary crop in point of bulk, and was expected to yield a fair produce per acre. Spring wheat was not quite so bulky, but finer in the grain. Barley was beyond an average, and of fine quality.—Oats were a full average, and the grain superior to last year's produce.—Grain markets had fallen considerably, with little demand, unless for barley. In Fifeshire, the harvest was mostly finished by the end of the month, and the greater part secured in good condition. It was of more than usual bulk. The greater part of the wheat crop was equal to the produce of the best years; average in quality; but exceeding it in quantity. The same may be said of barley and oats. Pease and beans were of excellent quality, and ordinary bulk; but potatoes were not expected to be very productive. In Invernessshire, wheat did not yield so well at the mill, and from the flail, as last season. Oats much exceeded those of last year, both in quantity and quality. Barley was well spoken of, and better returns of pease had never been reaped. Potatoes promised a fair return, and turnips continued to thrive to a wish. By the beginning of the present

month, the fields in Stirlingshire were generally clear, excepting a few beans in confined situations, and a few parcels of oats on the uplands. Wheats sown before Michaelmas were, from the mildness of the winter, generally too thick and small in the ear, and more lodged than later sown wheats. The early sown was the greatest crop, but the late sown the best sample. Potatoes were an average crop, and turnips by no means contemptible. Oats, barley, and pease most abundant, both in grain and straw,—beans weakly. In Forfarshire, the crops were nearly equally good in all soils, and in all situations. Oats yielded a good return at the mill, though, in many instances, not bulky in straw. Barley was universally admitted to be superior. Wheat had, in some cases, suffered from over luxuriance. Potatoes are excellent in quality, though not a heavy crop. All is not yet secure in the moor lands of Lanark and Ayrshire. In the low lands of both counties, all the industrious farmers had celebrated “harvest home” before the end of September, or by the end of the first week of October. Oats are considered far above an average. Both the barn and the mill have given the most satisfactory returns. For many years the barn yards have not appeared so bulky. The quality of wheat is excellent, and the quantity above an average, with a heavy return of straw. The grain of barley is much larger and heavier than last year; a boll of which, grown upon a farm 600 feet above the level of the Clyde, weighed 20 stones 4 lbs. The average price for malting is not expected to be above 22s. 6d. or 23s. per boll. Turnips have exceeded the farmer’s expectation, and they have still a month to improve. In all the county towns, potatoes are retailing at 5d. per peck, old measure. At present, 1000 bolls may be bought for 5s. a boll,—they are a very fair crop. The writer of this saw one the other day which weighed 2½ lbs. Fruit, although not an abundant crop, is selling at from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a sleek of 40 lbs., in the Vale of Clyde. Oatmeal retails at 11d. a peck of 8 lbs., all over the county. In the southern counties, the crops are distinguished on some farms by abundance, on others by mediocrity, but by far the greater por-

tion by the former. It is the same with regard to quality, as far as has been yet ascertained. Oats maintain the character of a good and abundant crop, distinguished not only for bulk of straw, but for quantity and quality of grain. Wheat is of very acreable produce, and also barley. The potato crop is an abundant one in all quarters. Turnips are of a very anomalous description. Upon some lands, they have, for fulness of plant, and vigour of growth, seldom been equalled; while on others of equally good quality and exposure, the roots are thin, poor, and insignificant. From the foregoing, then, are we not justified in the selection of our motto?

The *Tyne Mercury* reports as an addition to our spring food, a new species of clover, which has been lately introduced from Italy. It is called *trifolium incarnatum*, and bears a beautiful head of bright red flowers, resembling sainfoin in colour.

The last and greatest of the Falkirk Trysts was held on the 8th, and two succeeding days; but from the storminess of the day on Monday, no regular show of stock could be exhibited. However, from 60,000 to 70,000 sheep were brought forward. No business was done that day; but on Tuesday the roads were covered with droves leaving the market for the south. The highest lot brought 21s. 6d. a head,—the lowest 10s. Some few lots of inferior animals remained unsold. The market may be said to have been both full and dull,—stock having fallen at least 1s. 6d. to 2s. a head since the September tryst. The black cattle were computed at from 50,000 to 60,000; and, although prices were pretty low at the commencement, on the whole the average of last market was generally obtained. Mostly all were sold off. Little business was done in the horse market. The application of steam-power to inland commerce, both upon the roads and canals, is said to have a sensible effect upon the demand for horses, and, consequently, has a depreciating effect upon the value of those useful animals.

The length of this report will be atoned for in the ensuing months.

Oct. 17.

## COMMERCE, MARKETS, AND MANUFACTURES.

OCTOBER 23, 1822.

SINCE last report, a slight change for the better has come over the dreamy spirit of our commerce. This has been principally effected in the total removal by some, and in the less rigid requirement by others, of our foreign relations, of those quarantine regulations that throughout the greater part of the year weighed so heavily on the national prosperity. No one can doubt for a moment that the trading affairs of

our country are not in the most healthy state imaginable, and as little can any one deny that the unwearied enterprise and exertions of the producing part of our population, meet not with that encouragement which they might and ought to enjoy; still, in laying a periodical statement such as this before our readers, we hold ourselves bound to report upon the occasional alterations that take place in

our commercial matters, with reference to their general condition; and looking at these as they have for some time past been presented to us, we cannot agree with such as would make us believe that things are daily getting worse. An improvement in any individual branch of trade, is ever to be guarded against as promising an improvement in its general condition; but, late in the season as it was, at the period of our last report, the movement that was then just beginning in the great manufacturing towns, and the cheering fillip experienced in several of our principal sea-ports, indicated a reasonable fulfilment of our expectations regarding the autumn trade, in which we have not been disappointed. In the latter part of September, commercial letters from the Continent were highly discouraging. The state of politics, and the want of means for the exchange of products, seemed to be the chief causes there of the want of trade. Indeed, the uncertain aspect of Europe tended much to unsettle the minds of commercial men, and damp the ardour for speculation, while the virulence of the cholera in the western hemisphere, both north and south, had no small effect in lessening mercantile transactions. These lowering clouds have as yet by no means been dispelled; but the wants of countries depending on trade must be supplied; men in business must be doing, else they die; and capital, once receiving an impetus, must be kept continually rolling, or it is lost; and such considerations have in due course induced both the merchants and producers of this country and its foreign friends to so far take heart of grace, that the business done during the month, if in some cases it has fallen short, has in others exceeded the hopes of the most sanguine. We write in all plainness, nor would we buoy up the mind of any one, that the prosperity of manufacturing Britain has recently been of a decided character. From the nature of national circumstances, this could not be the case; but from what we have experienced, there is good reason to believe that, when the present ephemeral evils that brood over the commercial horizon are drawn off by the united benignity of a kind Providence and a wise Government, the indomitable energies of our manufacturers will once more become profitably displayed, and such protection be afforded the British capitalist as will enable him to occupy that proud position in which he formerly stood.

There is but little variation in the Public Securities either of this country, or in those of Foreign States, since the same period of last month. Considerable fluctuations have certainly occurred in the money market, but the position in which they then stood has been nearly resumed. India Stock and Exchequer Bills are alone remarkable, the former in having experienced a great decline, and the latter in

having as greatly risen. In the Foreign, Regency Scrip is noticeable from its being at as low an ebb now as at the time when Don Pedro raised the first instalment. The Dutch question exercises considerable influence, both on British and Foreign Stocks, and will continue to agitate them more or less according to the appearance that hostilities will in reality be decided on. The money interest of all countries as well as our own, are looking with solicitude to the assembling of the new Parliament, as having a tendency greatly to influence all the public securities, from the matters of high import that it will likely be called upon to decide.

In the account of the Revenue for the last quarter, which ended on the 5th of this month, there has been an amendment in many branches, more especially in that of the Excise. In this department the increase on the year is £59,786, and on the quarter £297,591. The Assessed Taxes are on the quarter £116,388, and on the year £77,214 above the receipts of corresponding periods. The Customs show a falling off on the year of £376,388, but an increase on the quarter of £356,388, attributed to the cessation of quarantine restrictions. The increase on Stamps during the year appears to be £44,263, but falls off on the quarter £23,986. Under the heads "Post-Office" and "Miscellaneous," no improvement is discernible; and the falling off in the Post-Office on the year is £80,011, on the quarter £33,000; in the Miscellaneous on the year £52,440, on the quarter £16,529. The general increase on the quarter is no less than £696,847, whilst the decrease on the year is £327,576. The amount of Exchequer bills to be issued for the services of the current quarter is £3,530,034.

Our Foreign Trade has been in an improving way for some time now, which is testified by the aspect of our greater shipping stations. The imports from the Russian capital to this country have this season been on a most extensive scale. Russia at present enjoys perhaps the most prosperous trade of any nation in the world, and recent advices are of a very interesting description. During the season large purchases had been made in all the staple articles, for the English markets. The price of Tallow had lately advanced upwards of 6 rubles per pood. The business done in Hemp had been more than usual, and prices, according to quality, ranged from 50 to 60 and 74 rubles. The exchange on London was falling, after having been very high. During the season there had arrived at St. Petersburg nearly 700 British vessels, and about 500 had sailed.—Commercial relations with France have improved since the late alterations were effected for the mutual interests of the two countries.—The number and tonnage of British vessels that had arrived at Quebec this year until Sept. 17, was considerably above the amount of last



year for the same period. This is confirmatory of what we formerly adverted to.—The increasing value of our North American Colonies is highly encouraging to our shipping interest. The Cholera in that quarter appears now to be nearly extirpated. We learn that the crops in Upper Canada are abundant and of good quality, but in the Lower Province much injury has been sustained by the wheat. From New-York we hear that business has again returned to its former cheerful state,—much has lately been doing, and the city full of buyers. The Cotton crop in the United States this season, is talked of as being nearly a complete failure,—many of the planters having abandoned their fields and turned their stock into them.

In Jamaica the planters foolishly continue their persecution of the dissenting clergy, from the supposition that these *religieuses* have been the means, in no slight degree, of fomenting the evils under which our devoted West India Colonies labour. Earl Mulgrave is exerting himself in the most praiseworthy manner to ensure public tranquillity; but things being still in a very unsettled state, business is far from enjoying a desirable prosperity. The once beautiful colony of St. Domingo is at present reduced to a state that beggars description; the people have no confidence in their rulers; commerce is at its lowest ebb; as for money, there is none. Government has recently authorised an extension of the privilege of admitting, free of all duties, fish, lumber, and provisions, including flour, to the Islands of St. Vincent, Barbadoes, and St. Lucia: in the latter place, the same discordant feelings continue as to the orders in Council, and almost no business has been doing. An extraordinary ebullition of colonial indignation has been evinced in the Mauritius, in consequence of the same eventful line of misguided policy. The planters are reported to have driven Mr. Jeremie, the individual commissioned to transmit the orders to the governor, from the island, and to have assumed on the occasion a very rebellious attitude. The shops were entirely shut,—all business neglected,—and stern resolves made not to admit, or if admitted, not to submit to the new regulations sought to be imposed on them. In this state they continue, according to the latest accounts—a state in which rash determinations by either party may lead to the direst results. A circular has just been published from Lord Goderich to the governors of the West India Colonies, notifying that the Order in Council is suspended, and that it is to undergo certain modifications by the Committee of the House of Lords on the West India Question. The modifications are said to be in effect, that the measure will not be pressed on the Colonists—that where it already has been adopted, loans will be given for improvement—and that where it is reject-

ed, the consequence will simply be the denial of pecuniary relief. It appears certain that this will not satisfy the Colonists, and equally so, that the Ministry are determined to carry their point. Our trade with Germany is again coming round, after the late stagnation.—The past Leipsic Michaelmas Fair was a splendid exhibition; a great number of purchasers attended from Poland, Russia, Greece, and Armenia.—The Pacha of Egypt still carries everything before him in his war with the Sultan: his views are not sufficiently known in Europe, to warrant us speculating on particular commercial results from his success, but we think valuable benefits are in store. Meantime, from various of the ports of Syria and Egypt having been recognised as in a state of blockade, trade with that quarter of the world must be greatly deteriorated.—The government of Peru has at length relaxed its decrees prohibiting the introduction of various articles of foreign produce, but the duties are still so high as to render the new regulations nugatory. The markets at Callao have been exceedingly dull.—Chili has formed a treaty of commerce with the United States. Owing to the quarantine imposed on vessels for the South American States, trade thither has been somewhat checked. Business at Buenos Ayres continues excessively languid: the bank there is near to insolvency, and the exchange on London is declining. Coffee and sugar at Rio was considerably above an average—they had declined a small shade, but the exchange fully counterbalanced the depression.—Accounts from Sydney and Hobart Town give cheering news of the state of trade with this country. The value of British goods imported to the latter port by the late arrivals, amounted to £100,000; improvement was never more rapid, and houses were building in all directions. Several large and valuable districts of country had been discovered in the interior, eligible for settlers. The flax trade between Sydney and New Zealand has been of late rapidly on the wane, almost to the ruin of those engaged in it. An immensely rich platina mine has been discovered at New Zealand, and men and machinery have been despatched to work the ore, which even in a crude state yields metallic platina sufficient to command a high price in the London market.

The Swan River Settlement is in a deplorable condition—the settlers are starving.—Hostilities against China are for the present suspended, as it is now expected the disputes betwixt the authorities of that country and the East India Company relative to trade, will be accommodated more desirably. At Canton the investments in long cloths have been disposed of at good prices. The retirement from business of the senior Hong merchant was greatly regretted, and his stock of winter teas were arranged to be disposed of.—An ex-

traordinary trade in flour has lately sprung up betwixt England and Calcutta—large importations have been made, and an English house has erected steam-mills on the Ganges, which grind at the rate of 400 tons of grain per day. The markets at Calcutta had been rather inactive, from a want of money amongst the native merchants; the Indigo districts lamented the want of rain, still the crops looked favourably. The plague had broke out in Bushire, and created great alarm at Bombay; several riots had taken place, in consequence of the precautionary measures of the Governor, but it was expected quiet would be restored by his rescinding one, the most disagreeable to the natives, relative to the destruction of dogs wandering about. Dreadful hurricanes have occurred at Madras, Siam, and Singapore—the floods committing fearful ravages upon the fields and houses, and the crops of rice, indigo, sugar-cane, almost ruined.—Official notice has been given from his Majesty's Treasury, that the Government monopoly of Cinnamon, in the island of Ceylon, will be abolished on the 10th of July, 1833; the supply will then fall into the hands of private merchants, and a small export duty be imposed.—Between Ashantee and the Gold Coast we are informed trade is very brisk; and, from various auspices, it is anticipated that the speculation of the Landers up the Niger River will turn out well.—The Governor of the Cape of Good Hope has removed all restrictions from bringing Cape Wine to market.

The war in Portugal has had the effect of completely destroying our trade with that country—our vessels are strangers at Lisbon; and with the exception of a very considerable number of horses and munitions of war shipped for Oporto, our export list is a complete blank, where it used to speak gratifying things.—Under the Regency of the Queen, who has called a new ministry to her aid, Spain is likely to enjoy more prosperity, and give greater encouragement to commerce than hitherto, her rule having already been characterized by several wise and liberal measures.

The accounts from the English manufacturing districts have been very cheering throughout the whole of the month, and the last one of a nature particularly exhilarating. An evident improvement is observable both in the cotton and woollen manufactures, but especially in the latter, principally in the lower descriptions of goods. The improvement has the appearance of being permanent,—and wages are advancing. The cloth halls of Leeds and Huddersfield have been visited by the usual number of customers for the winter, and were well thinned of the goods. The blanket manufacturers and the makers of baizes and flannels at Rochdale, Bury, and Rosendale, have all been very active. The worsted stuff trade of Bradford continues very brisk, with a tendency in prices

to advance. At Manchester, and generally throughout Lancashire, the cotton-spinning mills, as well as the weavers, have been fully employed.—In and around Glasgow the power-loom have enjoyed an excellent business, obtaining ready markets for their produce; but in muslins and hand-loom weaving, generally, trade is very much depressed, shawl-dresses being the only article of manufacture for which there is anything like encouragement. The trade of Paisley has been tolerably brisk. A good many Thibet shawls have been made, experiencing a fair demand as trade is, and the weavers' wages are continuing steadily a little higher than the minimum table. A great demand for shawl-dresses has been experienced during the month, and in consequence the wages of weavers have risen about 25 per cent. The light silk gauze and Canton crape trades continue dull; numbers of the weavers, however, are employed at other work. The calico-printing business has seldom been better than what is at present experienced of it in the West of Scotland. At Ayr Michaelmas Fair the supply of woollen cloths and coarse dun plaidings was not great, but fully equal to the demand, at prices similar to those of last year.

In the West India produce markets of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, there are no very interesting features to notice. Sugar was extremely flat at the close of September, and prices declining. It has since gradually rallied, till now a brisk demand is evinced, at improving prices. In London, dealers and refiners are coming freely into the market, in the expectation that the next arrivals will chiefly consist of strong sugars—not that there is any improvement in the refined goods' market. Molasses has been very dull till within these few days, when a slight revival was experienced. Rum in Glasgow has been quite neglected, while in Liverpool a fair business has been done, and in London the fresh importations meet a ready market. Coffee has been of dull sale, and inferior qualities drooping. In Liverpool and Glasgow, at the beginning of the month, cotton met with a fair demand, at firmer prices, but since it has become rather languid, although prices are generally maintained; in London prices are stationary, and in the article a fair business doing. In Glasgow ashes have been rather flat, tallow steady, but little doing in it.

The Irish Provision Trade in butter has become almost paralyzed, from the heavy imports daily made into England having choked up the markets, and the weather continuing favourable for an abundant make. Prices of all descriptions have been falling. The demand for prime fresh singed bacon has decreased; but in hams, bale or tierce middles, bladdered lard, beef and pork, we cannot notice any alteration in price or demand.

The clause relative to the shipment of provisions in the new Customs' Duties Act, has been rescinded on the representation of the Irish Trade.—The herring fishing, now about finished, is said to have proved altogether a very successful one; the average of barrels is considerably more than last year. The Davis' Straits fishery has also turned out well; it is said there has not been such a good whale fishing since 1823. The seal fishery of Newfoundland, however, has not been so fortunate,—more than one half of the outfit failed, and the

catch is fully one-third less than that of last year. No accounts have been received of the Greenland fishery.

The Mining Trade, especially the iron and lead portion of it, are still suffering great distress. Investments in this description of property have deteriorated beyond belief within these few last years.

The hop-picking has just been finished in England; there is scarcely an average crop, but the prices that are realized appear to satisfy the growers.

## BANKRUPTS.

## SCOTCH.

*September 24.*  
R. Meldrum, potato-merchant at Cleish, near Kinross.  
G. Gillespie, flesher and cattle-dealer, Cupar, in the County of Fife.  
*September 25.*  
J. Davie, grocer and spirit-dealer, Paisley.  
*September 29.*  
W. Gray, manufacturer, Kirkintilloch.  
*October 2.*  
A. Paterson, grocer in Glasgow.  
J. Charles, candlemaker in Edinburgh.  
*October 4.*  
W. Thomson, agent and grocer in Airdrie.  
*October 5.*  
Johnston, Wilson, & Co., grocers and merchants in Helensburgh, and individual partners.  
*October 6.*  
J. Frazer and Son, tea-merchants in Glasgow, and J. Fraser, tea-merchant there, sole partner of said company.  
J. Malcolm, merchant, agent and accountant in Glasgow.  
*October 8.*  
G. Reid, merchant, Glasgow.

*October 10.*  
T. Kydd, clothier in Arbroath.  
*October 11.*  
W. and A. Browning, grain-merchants and victuallers in Glasgow, and W. Browning and A. Browning, individual partners.  
*October 12.*  
J. Reid, grocer and merchant in Glasgow.  
W. Anderson, jun., merchant, Leith.  
*October 16.*  
J. Kay, sometime merchant in Stirling, now weaver and manufacturer in Partick.  
*October 17.*  
P. and T. Smith, grain-merchants in Glasgow.  
*October 22.*  
Stoddart and Martin, wholesale-merchants, commission-agents, and brokers, in Leith, and L. Stoddart and A. Martin, partners of said firm, and as individuals.  
J. and G. Shaw, cabinet-makers in Glasgow, as a company and as individuals.  
*October 23.*  
P. Birrell, bookseller and stationer in Cupar-Fife.

## ENGLISH.

G. Scott and J. Tomkinson, Birmingham, Warwick, stationers and printers.  
W. Saddler, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, and Newgate Street, London, provision-merchant and cheesemonger.  
E. O. Smith, Bucklersbury, London, merchant and commission-agent.  
J. Walton, Kingsthorpe, Northampton, maltster, lime-burner, farmer, and grazier.  
J. Holmes, Liverpool, Lancaster, wine and spirit merchant.  
T. Cobb, Calthorpe House, Banbury, Oxford, and North Newton, Broughton, paper-maker.  
J. Witherby and A. Fhler, South Shields, Durham, ship-builders.  
G. W. Atkinson, Fenchurch Street, London, and Leman Street, Goodman's Fields, Middlesex, grocer and cheesemonger.  
W. Lees, Greenacres, Moor, near Oldham, Lancaster, cotton-spinner.  
J. C. Reiffenstein, Langport Place, Camberwell, Surrey, and Quebec, Lower Canada, North America, merchant.  
J. Widdowson, Fleet Street, London, goldsmith and jeweller.  
R. Cripps, Aldersgate Street, London, wine-merchant.  
J. Dempsey, late of Dublin, Ireland, wine-cooper, and No. 2, King Street, Whitehall, Westminster, Middlesex, porter-merchant.  
H. Schelle and W. Prehn, St. Dunstan's Hill, Tower Street, London, merchants.  
C. Shearn, Widcombe and Lyncombe, Somerset, soap and English barilla manufacturer.  
S. Aston the elder, Nottingham, iron-founder.  
S. Pocock, of Brighton, Sussex, builder, plumber, painter, and glazier.

W. Hunton, now or late of Leeds, York, linen and thread-manufacturer.  
J. Webster of Lancaster, scrivener.  
B. Bewley, of Wroughton, Wilts, dealer in corn, horses, sheep, and pigs.  
W. Marshall and J. E. Marshall, of Horton, Bradford, York, worsted-spinners.  
W. Hoyle and R. Eastham, of Lee-Mill, near Bacup, Lancaster, woollen-manufacturers.  
J. Rivers Lankester, of Woodbridge, Suffolk, brandy-merchant.  
M. Mohrman and J. Kahrs, of Wentworth Street, Whitechapel, Middlesex, sugar-refiners.  
J. Booty, of Brighthelmston, Sussex, print-seller and fancy-stationer.  
J. Thomson, formerly of Dumfries, in Scotland, and now of Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant, factor and commission-agent.  
T. G. Thorpe, late of Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, Middlesex, but now of Milton Street, Dorset Square, fish-sauce and pickle-manufacturer and wine-merchant.  
J. W. West and J. H. West, of Turner's Square, Hoxton, Middlesex, brewers.  
D. Naylor, of Manchester, Lancaster, carpet-manufacturer.  
D. Edwards of Milford, Pembroke, and also of Northwick, Almondsbury, Gloucester, butter-merchant and corn-dealer.  
W. W. Marsh, of Oxford Street, Middlesex, bookseller and stationer.  
B. Powis, of St. Helen's Place, London, merchant and ship-owner.  
J. W. Hodgson, now or late of Wigton, Cumberland, common-brewer and maltster.



# BENNET'S GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

No. VI.—DECEMBER, 1832.

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## CONTENTS.

|                                                           | Page    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| THE PRESS, THE GREAT REFORMER.....                        | 289     |
| WINTER.....                                               | 296     |
| THE LITERARY CHARACTER.....                               | 297     |
| SHAKSPEARE GALLERY—SKETCH I.....                          | 302     |
| THE SPECTRE FEAST.....                                    | 305     |
| A FLORENTINE TALE OF THE CARNIVAL OF 1831—CONTINUED ..... | 306     |
| THE DYING CONSCRIPT IN EXILE.....                         | 312     |
| CHARLEMAGNE AND NAPOLEON LE GRAND.....                    | 313     |
| SONNET—AUTUMN .....                                       | 318     |
| “ THE MOVEMENT ” .....                                    | 319     |
| IT IS NOT LOVE.....                                       | 323     |
| POLITICAL AND LITERARY COMMENTARY .....                   | 324     |
| BLACKLAW MILL .....                                       | 330     |
| MONTHLY REGISTER.....                                     | 331-344 |

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DECEMBER, 1832.



# BENNET'S

## GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

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### THE PRESS, THE GREAT REFORMER.

#### HEAVY ARTILLERY—MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

“When, by the powerful and all-pervading influence of the Press, the great mass of an extensive community have been well-instructed in the true principles of civil and political government, the rulers of such a community must either of their own accord adapt the mode of government and the laws and institutions to the wants, feelings, and opinions of the people, or the people will be induced to take the management of their affairs into their own hands. No government which is principally conducted by antiquated usages, and maxims founded upon the ignorance of the people, can long bear up against the lights of reason and philosophy, which are daily sent forth from a FREE AND UNFETTERED PRESS.”—JOEL BARLOW.—*American Jubilee Oration.*

In the conduct and management of a protracted contest, whether it may be physical, political, literary, or religious,—where the one party is constantly, but by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, losing ground and going backwards, and the other is, in the same gradual and unperceived manner, advancing to ultimate victory and complete success,—every different kind of force and variety of troops, known and authorised by the “laws of war,” may at times be found useful. All the various weapons, engines, contrivances and appliances, which the increasing skill and improving ingenuity of successive ages have brought into use, whether for purposes of “offence” or “defence,” may, according to the variation of times, of circumstances, and of incidents, be legitimately used and applied. And here it may be remarked, that it is the party whose courage is sustained, and whose energies are aroused and kept in activity by the certainty and conviction that, upon the whole, they are advancing onwards towards complete success, who are most fertile in the use of these expedients, and who apply the various contrivances, calculated to promote their final success, with the greatest skill, alacrity, and effect. For, among the greatest misfortunes to which a losing party are subjected, is that dullness of intellect, want of skill, and deficiency of tact, which indisposes them to adopt the same sort of expedients, and resort to the use of the same weapons, which have so essentially assisted the cause of their adversaries.

But we must interrupt these general observations, and endeavour to make them bear on the object in view, by reminding our readers that we have already\* exhibited a sketch—rather an imperfect one, we confess—of the very essential and important services rendered to the general cause of liberty and good government, as well as to the best and dearest interests of civilized man, by the Periodical Press of Britain, within the last fifty or sixty years: or rather, we have already tried to point out and apportion that share of the good work which belongs to our worthy friends, “the Gentlemen of the Broad Sheet”—the Newspapers. To complete the picture, is due in justice to both the subject and our readers; and therefore we now propose to take

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\* No. III., Article I. “The Press, the Great Reformer.”



a glance of the same kind, at what has been termed the "Heavy Artillery of the Press,"—Magazines and Reviews.

It is a fact, by no means generally known, or at all events very little attended to, that the high state of excellence, great efficiency, and almost unbounded influence, to which Newspapers have gradually attained within the last thirty years, is, to no small extent, to be ascribed to the corresponding high state of excellence and ability by which Magazines and Reviews, especially the latter, have been characterized within the same period. These two great and efficient organs of public instruction and usefulness, mutually act and re-act upon each other; and it would be a very nice and difficult question to determine whether, within the last twenty years, the Newspapers have been more indebted to the Reviews, or the Reviews to the Newspapers. Without at all entering into this question, or pretending to give anything like a decision regarding it, we may remark, that the Reviews are the well-filled storehouses of valuable, well-selected, and admirably-arranged facts and arguments, from which the editors and conductors of Newspapers often draw a portion of their most precious materials, and which, after being *simmered* through their minds, are sent forth in a new and very often an improved shape, because shortened and simplified, to enlighten and instruct whole masses of the community, who never otherwise would have heard of them. It is not to be inferred from this, that the active and laborious persons who conduct the Newspaper Press, are—taking them as a whole—inferior in point of general talent and ability to their brethren of the Reviews. But they are placed in much less favourable circumstances for displaying their talents and the extent of their information; because, they must often apply themselves, almost at a moment's notice, to subjects and questions of great importance, which they have had few opportunities of maturely studying. In such cases, they seldom have time to collect their thoughts in the way the subjects would require, while that nice balancing of facts, opinions, and reasonings, and that lucid arrangement of materials, by which our more celebrated Reviews, and even Magazines, are so much distinguished, is with them utterly impossible, whatever may be their individual talents. Besides all this, there is another obstacle in their way which is too little attended to; they cannot afford space for that amplitude of illustration and discussion which an important and complicated question requires, and which it usually receives in the pages of a Review. Amidst all these difficulties, the wonder certainly is, not that the conductors of Newspapers should sometimes pronounce opinions and judgments which they afterwards find it necessary to explain or modify, but that they should so seldom shoot beside the mark.

So much for the assistance which Newspapers derive from Magazines and Reviews, especially from the latter. But, on the other hand, to balance the account, it must be stated, that the more valuable portion of the "raw material," which, after going through many a lengthened process of intellectual manufacture, is at length brought forth as a highly-finished "article" in the pages of a Review, is, in the first instance, gleaned and picked up, piece by piece, from the Newspapers, and even from the more inferior and less regarded departments of them,—such as the detailed accounts of the state of trade and commerce—fairs and markets—the state of crime in a particular district, and under peculiar circumstances—as well as many other little matters, to which the great mass of newspaper-readers pay little attention. But this is rather a digression from the point principally in view.

The celebrity which the "leading" and more ably-conducted publications of this class have enjoyed, for the last twenty years at least, is very great indeed, and they are now more or less known to almost every person who pretends to intelligence and good information. They may be said almost directly to influence and sway the proceedings of government and the deliberations of the legislature, for every now and then we hear the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review* quoted, referred to, and even long passages from them read, in the debates of the House of Commons; while, to all appearance, and so far as persons at a distance can judge, these read-

ings and references generally produce considerable effect. It is also a matter beyond question, that these journals, and others of the same class, which, from their shorter existence, have not yet so firmly established themselves in public estimation, although they may be conducted with equal ability, exercise considerable influence over the proceedings of our senate, in many instances where they are not directly named, quoted, or even referred to. These things are well known and generally acknowledged; but there are hundreds, nay, thousands of persons among us, who possess a very respectable amount of general intelligence, and yet do not know that this extent of influence on the part of these journals, is a matter of very modern origin; so much so, indeed, as to be perfectly within the recollection of thousands of persons who have not yet reached their second "climacteric;" nay, more, the stirring and active spirits who designed this powerful artillery, put it in operation, and long conducted its potent discharges, are not only yet alive and well, but are actually at this moment "over head and ears," as the saying is, in the most bustling of the business of this busy and bustling period.

Previous to the commencement of the present century, that portion of our periodical literature now under consideration, was in a very different condition from that which it at present occupies. The Magazines and Reviews of that period, and of every one preceding it, in place of being popular, well known, and influential, were obscure, little known, less read, and almost entirely without influence in any one department of literature or science. This was their general character. Yet there was one or two exceptions, such as "the Gentleman's Magazine," formerly mentioned, and the "Scots Magazine," published at Edinburgh; both of which were commenced about the same time (1730), and continued in existence for a very long period. But there were many others, the very names of which are now nearly forgotten; such as, "The Works of the Learned," the "Monthly Review," the "London Review," the "British Critic," the "Annual Review,"—all of which, with the exception of the last mentioned, were published monthly, and were nearly all of the same dull, dry, common-place character. As already stated, they had all a very limited circulation, and exercised but a slender influence even in matters of literature, taste, and criticism, which were then regarded as their more legitimate provinces. As for political questions, strictly so called, they seldom meddled with such matters at all; or, if they did, it was in such a feeble, *mediocre* style, and with so little knowledge or mastery of the subject, that they never either attracted attention or excited interest; and it is certain that they never, in any known instance, influenced the public mind on these subjects in the slightest degree. One of the main reasons for this universal dullness and deficiency of talent in these works at the period referred to, is undoubtedly to be found in the fact, that, although some of them had been established by men of genius and talent,—such, for instance, as the "London Review," by Richard Cumberland, the dramatist,—they had all either fallen under the dominion, or actually become the property, of the more eminent London booksellers, who merely used them as instruments for assisting the sale of the works, in the publication of which they were respectively concerned. They were the principal vehicles by which the "art and mystery" of what is now called "puffing" was then carried on, and, as the public were not at that time so well acquainted as they now are with the various turnings and windings of this craft, the booksellers continued to turn their "Reviews" to tolerably good account; for, the more dull and slow of sale that a new work happened to be, the more it was reviewed, puffed, and badgered into public notice,—whereas, when a book happened to have sufficient merit and attraction of its own to ensure a sale without being "led" into notoriety, it was seldom reviewed at all, or at most very slightly. The persons by whom these Magazines and Reviews were managed, were very poorly paid for their labour; and although there might be, and certainly were, some exceptions, they were not in general men of character, talent, or principle. In general, men of talent and honour

would not stoop to such labour as was required of them; as the interests of their employers, the booksellers, rendered it necessary that the reviewers should often write in direct opposition to their own judgments and opinions; and even those whose consciences allowed them to submit to such disagreeable labour, made but poor work of it. In the *Reviews* and *Magazines* of that period, it is in vain to look for anything at all resembling the masterly and luminous essays, the flashes of wit, genius, and eloquence, and the profound as well as elegant erudition and classical purity, by which our modern journals are so much distinguished.

The month of October, 1802, put an end to the old reign of dullness, lethargy, and interested servility, in so far as *Magazines* and *Reviews* are concerned,—for in that year and month appeared the first number of *The Edinburgh Review*,—a work which, beyond all dispute, has, from first to last, excited a greater share of attention, and exercised a much more extensive and important degree of influence, in all the various departments of literature, than was ever before assumed or maintained by any single literary production of such a nature. It is foreign to our purpose to enter into anything like an historical sketch of the rise, progress, and present condition of this celebrated journal, or any one of its now scarcely less celebrated rivals and contemporaries; but it is entirely within our purpose to remark, that its appearance and progress form a new and important era in the history of that class of publications to which it belongs, and in which it, for so many years, confessedly held the first rank. Its superiority is now very ably contested by several rivals of more modern origin,—all of which, be it observed, are conducted on the same plan, and nearly by the same rules.

All at once, indeed almost with the first and second number, *The Edinburgh Review* shot up, like a sky-rocket, into the literary atmosphere, far beyond the altitude which had ever been attained by any of its predecessors. Its plan was, in some respects, altogether new—(it was the first quarterly Journal.) The pretensions of the associated critics were of the most lofty character,—indeed not a little arrogant—and they were, in every respect, well supported. They professed to be entirely free from bookselling influence, and every kind of mercenary and improper interest. At the very outset of their undertaking, they were furnished with an excellent opportunity of showing off to advantage their independence; for the person who was appointed as the London publisher—a bookseller of considerable standing and eminence,—delayed for some time to publish either the first or second number, after it was sent to him, and ought to have appeared. He was called upon to account for this delay; and not being aware of the high-minded and fiery-spirited gentleman with whom he had to deal, he, with more frankness than prudence, admitted that he was afraid the publication of it would hurt the sale of a very expensive work in which he was concerned, because the Reviewer had noticed it in rather a saucy and *cavalier* manner. The connexion was instantly broken up; and in the bargain which was formed with a new publisher, it was distinctly stipulated, that he was to derive no other advantage from it than arose from the ordinary profits of the sale. The tone, style, and manner assumed by this journal, at the very outset, now thirty years ago, was, in most essential particulars, the same which has been pretty uniformly maintained until this day: lofty, elegant, profound, and accurate,—bold, caustic, severe,—very decided, and, in numerous instances, rather offensive, from frequently being haughty, overbearing, and even intolerant. Amidst all this, however, there is one redeeming feature of great importance, which is, that when occasion requires it, the same measure of severity and sarcastic justice is measured out to the peer and the ploughman. Merit or demerit is equally awarded to the duchess and the dairymaid. This is no small praise,—for all former journals under the name of “Reviews,” were notoriously guilty of paying too much respect to the “man with the gold ring and the gay apparel;” while they said to the poor and friendless aspirant to literary fame, “Stand here, or sit there, in a mean place.” As a counterbalancing defect, however,



it has often been alleged, that, in mere matters of literature, there is too great a display of party feeling, and that, if an author be a Whig, he has a good chance of having his claims fairly considered; while a Tory's chance, in the same way, is much more slender. On some occasions there may have been a little foundation for this charge; but, in general, it contains as much spleen and ill-nature as truth.

It would be no easy matter to convey, in a few words, a distinct notion of the extraordinary scene of confusion and uproar which the first appearance of *The Edinburgh Review* occasioned among what is called the "literary circles" of London and Edinburgh. The effects which would follow the firing a horse-pistol among a flock of ducks quietly feeding in a pond, or the alarm produced by the appearance of a mad bull among the crowd at a fair, are something analogous to it. Authors, booksellers, publishers, and critics,—in short, the whole fraternity engaged in the "trade" of literature, were seized with alarm, and thrown into confusion. These were the first feelings,—and that which followed, when they had been able to collect their scattered wits a little, was a burning desire of revenge and retaliation. Accordingly, "Vindications," "Answers," "Replies," "Remarks," &c., &c., issued from the press in shoals, and were showered about the ears of the audacious critics by whole cart-loads. However, the event proved that they had not gone to war without counting the cost,—they had expected all this, and they therefore bore it with great patience. In fact, nobody laughed more heartily at the flutter they had occasioned, than did they themselves. It was the best proof they could wish, that their undertaking would be attended with the desired success.

Setting aside the great celebrity and high authority which this journal very rapidly attained in all matters of literature and taste, as well as in science, metaphysics, and such branches of theology as are connected with public morality, we reckon it of more importance to notice the conspicuous, decided, and influential position which it very soon occupied in the discussion of almost every great political question, whether relating to the foreign or domestic policy of Great Britain. It is well known to have been, from its commencement, the great organ and advocate of Whig principles and politics; and certainly, on many important points, it has carried the peculiar tenets of the Whig creed much farther than they had ever been intended; although it is also true, that the great complaint against it with many of us *now* is, that it did not extend them far enough. But this being a knotty point, we shall let it pass. Its exertions in this department produced very good effects, and eventually led to a result which is not a little curious as an incident, both in the political and literary history of the present century. From time to time, indeed almost in every succeeding number, there appeared luminous, eloquent, and most ably-written disquisitions on the various questions engaging public attention, or which were about to become the subjects of debate between the Whigs and Tories in Parliament. The great mass of important facts, and close, eloquent, and cogent reasoning, which in these essays were condensed into a small space, was then altogether new, and therefore it attracted much attention, and produced no trifling effect. The Whig orators in Parliament, or at least those among them who had least confidence in their own ability and industry, finding such an ample store of excellent materials, ready collected to their hands, and arranged in the best possible order, made no scruple of transferring these to their own speeches,—sometimes with the language and arrangement considerably altered, and at other times with very little change of either. Sometimes, also, they quoted their authority, and on other occasions said nothing about it. But, whether in the one way or the other, the new auxiliary enabled them to produce wonderful effects; for it was not only weapons of one particular kind, or fitted for one particular occasion, which they could draw from this arsenal—they derived more or less assistance from it in almost every contest in which they engaged. For some time the Tories looked on with affected contempt and indifference, or contented themselves

with wondering "where the devil these fellows got so much stuff to spout;"\* but, eventually, when they found themselves attacked on all hands at once, with an overwhelming force of well-arranged facts, and clear and lucid argument, conveyed in a style of reasoning so bold, energetic, and sarcastic, they became sensible that the stability of the great strongholds of their power was seriously endangered; and it began to be evident that, unless they could find out some way of neutralizing the effects of the newly-acquired force wielded by their opponents, it would eventually carry everything before it; for it was not only in the debates within the walls of St. Stephen's, that the arrows drawn from this well-filled quiver were whizzed about their ears,—the writers in the Newspapers, the authors of pamphlets, and the speakers at public meetings—all occasionally drew a supply of winged missiles from the same storehouse, and directed them with skill and effect towards the same objects. They, therefore, became sensible, that, if they meant to repel these incessant attacks *in kind*, they must establish an armoury of their own for the manufacture of weapons, as there was none at that time in existence which could be made to answer their purpose. So, after many consultations among Doctors learned in the Law, dignitaries of the first rank in the Church, and noble Lords and honourable Gentlemen, and much preparation, arrangement, and plotting, among all the underlings of office, forth came the *Quarterly Review*, as the avowed organ and champion of Toryism, orthodoxy, legitimacy, rotten boroughs, places, pensions, and sinecures, and everything else connected with that accursed system of corruption and profligacy, which has loaded us with eight hundred millions of debt, contracted for the purpose of upholding despotism and putting down liberty, and brought us nearly to the brink of political and social destruction.

Whatever could be done for the cause of Toryism by perverted ingenuity and prostituted talent, has been done by the *Quarterly Review*, with an amount of ability, and a degree of zeal and assiduity, well worthy of a better and holier cause. It has, on many occasions, displayed the most bitter party hatred towards all who have shown a disposition to exert themselves for the best interests and the greatest happiness of their fellow-creatures. It has regularly and steadily supported every species of abuse, and everything in the shape of bigotry, intolerance, and oppression—whether at home or abroad; and as regularly opposed every one of those small "dribbling" concessions which the rising spirit and increasing intelligence of the people have, within the last ten or twelve years, wrenched from the reluctant grasp of our Tory rulers. All the perverted reasoning, misapplied logic, and subtle sophistry, which the learned Doctors of Oxford and Cambridge—especially the former—could manufacture, amidst their abundant leisure, was opposed to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, to Catholic Emancipation, to those slender amendments which have been made in our bloody Criminal Laws; and, in short, to all those small reforms, which, as already observed, even the Tories were compelled to grant to keep themselves in power. But to reckon up all its political sins on a grand scale, and set them in array of judgment against it, and its conductors and supporters, would far exceed our limits. The task would not be very agreeable, nor is such "raking up" *now* at all necessary. The *Quarterly Review*, and that system, the very worst parts of which it supports with unblushing effrontery, have "had their day."

That the *Quarterly Review* might render to the Tories the same sort of

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\* In a debate respecting the abolition of the slave trade, in the year 1804, a young Tory Lord, who, like Major Galbraith, had "more brandy than brains" in his head, after listening for some time to an excellent speech, delivered by an "Honourable Member," who aforetime had been noways remarkable for the quality of his oratory, at length exclaimed, "Where the devil did the fellow get so much fine stuff to spout?" It was afterwards found, that the speech that so much attracted the attention of his Lordship and the other Tory members, was, to a great extent, made up from an article in the *Edinburgh Review*.

assistance which we have already represented the Whigs as deriving from its great predecessor and rival, was one of the main reasons for bringing it into existence ; and the expectations entertained from it in this respect, have been pretty well answered. Without affirming that the Tories, as a party, are more deficient in talent and genius than the Whigs, it will readily be granted that the supporters of a bad cause, whose object and interest it is to "make the worse appear the better reason," stand more in need of adventitious aid than those who have truth and justice on their side, which the Whigs generally had when in opposition ; although, on some important points, they have changed their tone not a little *now*, after tasting the sweets of office. Accordingly, it is a fact that the Tories have more frequently, and to a greater extent, availed themselves of the *stilts* (crutches) prepared by their organ, than did ever the Whigs from the *Edinburgh Review*. However, the Tories and the *Quarterly Review* are now fairly put to the wall, and it must be the fault of the people themselves if they be not kept there.

It is not our intention to enter into any comparison of the literary merits of these two rival journals, but we cannot help remarking, that, among a certain class of persons who have not naturally assumed, or who, from particular circumstances, *dare* not assume, sufficient courage to avow themselves Tories, (and this class is very numerous,) it has, for a number of years, been so far fashionable to compliment the *Quarterly Review* as greatly superior to the *Edinburgh*, in point of literary talent and ability, and to say that this superiority is displayed in all its criticisms and discussions regarding classical literature, history, geography, and the *Belles Lettres*. All this sort of stuff is neither more nor less than what we in the west of Scotland call "courting the bairn for the sake of the nurse." It is the political creed of the *Quarterly Review* which these *namby-pamby*, milk-and-water gentlemen would praise if they dared ; for no candid and reasonable man, who is, at the same time, a competent judge, will say that there is, on the part of the *Quarterly*, any superiority in these matters over the *Edinburgh*. We doubt much whether there be even a uniform equality. It may, perhaps, be true, that, on some particular points, it has evinced a greater knowledge of *classical literature*, properly so called ; but there is no very great merit in this, seeing that, as already observed, it has all the learned doctors of Oxford at command, who have made this particular branch of literature the study of their lives, and who have ready access to those immense storehouses, the contents of which can be used in illustration.

For a long period, these two journals divided public attention, and shared public favour between them ; but they have now, as already observed, several powerful rivals, whose competition has greatly eclipsed their fame, and limited their individual influence. Everything base, vile, and profligate in the political creed and system of the Tories, has, for the last fourteen or fifteen years, been defended by *Blackwood's Magazine*, with a degree of zeal so abundant and overflowing, that it has frequently overshot the mark, and defeated its own purpose. In London, *Frazer's Magazine* gives its aid to the same sinking cause, but with more tempered zeal, and greater prudence and decorum. But, to the honour of the "March of Intellect," be it recorded, that the greatest accession, both of numbers and strength, has been on the side of liberty, humanity, and the people.

For the last eight years, that ably-conducted journal, the *Westminster Review*, has been dinning its thunder into the ears of the Boroughmongers, as well as speaking daggers to their hearts ; and the able assistance which has been, and still is, rendered by the *New Monthly*, the *Metropolitan*, and several others, is well "worthy of all acceptance." It would be unpardonable to forget the highly-promising appearance which our good friend, *Tait*, made at the very outset, and has hitherto nobly supported. As for OURSELVES, we are *newly-fledged* ; but—"little said is soon mended."—We will do the best we can.



## WINTER.

THOU art comin', cauld Winter! already thy breath,  
Wi' whaule an' sough gies the presage o' death  
To ilk bonnie wee flower that yet blumes on the plain—  
Sad taiken that sunshine an' simmer are gane!

An' waes me! how mournfu' to see the leaves fa'in  
Frae aff the auld trees set aroun' the kailyard;  
They soop owre the lea wi' ilk skirl that's blawin',  
While, cheepin' an' flichterin', the wee burds leuk scar'd!

Thou art comin', cauld Winter! the cluds wear thy gloom,  
An' forest an' field tine their emerant blume;  
The vera burn routs as it rumbles alang,  
By thee frichten'd out o' its saft simmer sang;  
The hills, too, whaur shortsyne the lammies were skippin',  
Belyve maun aneath thy white mantle be laid,  
While the shepherd, forfoghten, shall fin' thy frosts nippin',  
An' closely draw 'roun him the faulds o' his plaid!

Thou art comin', cauld Winter! but wha wants thee here,  
Thou ghaist o' the simmer, an' wraith o' the year?  
Bide back, thou bauld carle! O, dinna come forth  
Frae thy lawfu' domains i' the far icy north;  
For unwelcome art thou, wi' thy cranreuch a' crunchin',  
An' far mair unwelcome thy croighle an' hoast!—  
How dead feels the saul wi' thy gloomin' an' glunchin'!  
How feckless the frame i' thy fetters o' frost!

Bide back, thou bauld carle! whaur sun ne'er may thow  
The ice-crown that covers thy auld snawy pow!  
Get back to thy kingdom, an' tend the young storms,  
While assumin' the tempest an' hurricane's forms!  
For oh! it is doolfu' to see ilka blossom  
O' Nature decay, an' the dew-drap o' night,  
That glanced i' the moonbeam an' jewell'd her bosom,  
By thee turned an ishoghle—demon o' blight!

Oh! still let her vesture be green, an' the bees  
Court the breast o' the gowan, the baum o' the breeze;  
An' still let us streek oursel's out on the knowe,  
To beek i' the sun, while the bairns roun' us row;  
Or be croodled asleep whaur the primrose is springin',  
'Mang sweet-scented broom, on the banks o' the burn,  
While the laverock aboon us sae blythely is singin',  
That Grief, but to hear't, wad unbend frae her urn!

Auld bickerin' bool! sud sic beauty no tame  
Even thy halstane heart?—base invader, gae hame!  
I grue but to think o' thy blashy snaw-brue,  
While ilka ane's neb's like a partan's red tae,  
An' the young an' the auld roun' the ingle-side hotches,  
Richt blythsome to birsle their tae's i' the awse!  
Auld age downa thole thee—the bairns thy approaches  
Dread mair than the skyte o' the schulemaster's tawse.

Slide aff then, cauld Winter! rowed up in thy wreaths,  
An' let sweet Spring come linkan to flower the brown heaths;  
Let thy dooms darksome carie, an' wind's siccar thuds,  
Gie place to warm sunshine an' silvery cluds;—  
Ance mair let the bare-leggit bairns o' the cottar  
Pu' the flower frae the mead, or the rash frae the gott,  
Or, like deuks, i' the burn let them playfully plouter,  
Eerie carle! while thy ice, gloom, an' gowl are forgot!

## THE LITERARY CHARACTER.

THE literary character! What a depth and sublimity belong to the interest these words excite in the imaginative spirit! They indicate the grand mirror in which the glories of the universe, in their selected and condensed effulgence, are reflected on the human mind. All that is grand and beautiful in external nature,—all that is noble and striking in the achievements of art,—all that is melting, all that is heroic in human passion,—and all that is spirit-stirring in the ever-shifting panorama of human affairs, is magically linked with all our conceptions of the literary character. True, the subject is hackneyed; but a mystery and a glory surround it, which attract admiration and whet curiosity, and which give to it a piquancy and an unfading freshness, which will always secure to it, among readers, not only a favourable, but an eager reception, provided the writer can but rise above the mawkishness of affected sentimentality, and the tameness of absolute common-place.

We pretend not, in the following remarks, to present to the literary public anything essentially new, or anything in the shape of a regular treatise: a few desultory thoughts are all we have to offer. We enter on our task *con amore*; and it is on this circumstance alone, arising from the intrinsic interest of the subject, that we found our hope of being able to accomplish our task without tiring the patience of our readers.

In speaking of the literary character, we include all those who aspire to the distinction of instructing or delighting mankind by their writings. And, in fact, our remarks will apply, with slight modifications, to the whole of that numerous class of active minds, who trust to the exhibition of mental power for that distinction which every man, by some route or other, is ambitious to attain. And we wish not to confine our views to the avowed and successful candidate for literary or scientific honours, or to those merely who have forced their way to some degree of notoriety, and who may be regarded as the regular denizens of the literary republic. We would rather turn our attention to the operation of those habits and tastes and propensities, which qualify and induce a man to write, and which in some measure characterize all cultivated minds; and we would endeavour slightly to trace some of those effects on the character and happiness of individuals, which are the natural result of such a degree of indulgence of these propensities, as commonly impels a man to step out of that class of minds, which we may style *passive*, in reference to this subject—that class whose propensities only prompt them to *read*, with that class of active minds who aspire to *think* and to *write*.

And, *in primo*, we will venture to say, that the literary man is, generally speaking, one of the most unhappy of human beings. We deny not that he has pleasures, and those of a high order, altogether peculiar to himself. But there are privations as well as positive miseries, incident to his character and situation, which render him pre-eminent and peculiar in mental suffering, as he is in mental enjoyment and intellectual power. Let us look at those sources of happiness which are supposed to be the peculiar inheritance of the literary character. His pleasures are either those which are essential and intrinsic, arising from the nature of his occupations; or they are extrinsic and accidental, arising from the reputation he has acquired by his achievements. With regard to the first class of pleasures we have indicated, as connected with authorship, and which, at the risk of making a *bull*, we would designate the *pains* of literary *labour*; we believe the popular estimate of them is egregiously erroneous. The mistaken ideas that prevail on this subject, originate in the common and very natural error of identifying the author with the man,—of taking it for granted that the author's book is an easy, spontaneous emanation and faithful transcript of the common, every-day workings of his mind. Now we have abundance of illustrious examples to prove, that both the intellectual and moral qualities most conspicuously exhibited in the writings of the author, are frequently the direct antipodes of those which are most prominently developed in the life of the man,—that

he whose writings are redolent of joyousness, breathing the very spirit of freshness and beauty, teeming with thought, and bright with the radiance of fancy,—is often known to his intimate friends only as the gloomy, care-worn student, dissatisfied with himself, and disgusted with the world and all which it inherits. Readers are but little aware of the sacrifice of ease, of comfort, and frequently of health itself, at which those volumes, which to them furnish easy instruction and entertainment, are often produced. While they skim lightly and pleasantly along the pages of a well-written book, they carelessly imagine that those varied and beautiful conceptions which the writer so vividly, and with such apparent facility presents, it could not surely have cost him a great deal of labour to excogitate,—forgetting that the very simplicity and directness of style which are characteristic of all good composition, and which betray the reader into this false estimate of the difficulty of writing, it requires the very perfection of art to attain. But it is not to mere labour, even mental labour, in the general acceptance of the term, that we would trace the disquietudes and the miseries which environ the path of the literary aspirant. We know that labour, irksome though it often be, is the price at which all true enjoyment must be purchased; and, even in reference to literary labour, the acute and sagacious Cowper has said, in apparent contradiction to our views—

“ There is a pleasure in poetic pains,  
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,  
Th’ expedients and inventions multiform,  
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms  
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—  
To arrest the fleeting images, that fill  
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,  
And force them sit, till he has pencil’d off  
A faithful likeness of the forms he views;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Are occupations of the poet’s mind  
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought  
With such address, from themes of sad import,” &c., &c.

But it must be borne in mind that Cowper was a gentleman who lived in seclusion from the world; and who, with all the advantages that education and mature experience could give, began, at an advanced period of life, to apply himself to writing,—merely for the amusement of an idle hour: and it must also be recollected, that he laboured under an awful malady of mind, which led him to hail as a relief, whatever might have the effect of abstracting his thoughts from his own situation, and which, in fact, rendered the intensely-absorbing quality of literary avocations, from which many of the inconveniencies and miseries of a literary life will be found to arise, the very circumstance in the character of these studies on which his partiality for them was founded. Byron, and his friend and biographer Moore, concur in representing the labour of literary composition as to them irksome and disagreeable. The former expresses himself thus:—“I feel it as a torture, which I must get rid of; but never as a pleasure: on the contrary, I think composition a great pain.” And the latter, in writing to the former, speaking of a certain Lord, says,—“He has a pleasure in writing, quite inconceivable to a poor hack-scribe like me, who always feel about my art, as the French husband did, when he found a man making love to his (the Frenchman’s) wife—‘Cemment, Monsieur,—Sans y etre obligé.’” A little reflection will convince the intelligent reader that the feelings here expressed by these illustrious individuals are perfectly natural, and such as must be common to all their brethren of the quill.

It has been justly remarked, that the tissue of human life is generally composed of a series of inconsiderable events and circumstances, rather than of such as are grand and striking, and that, on the proper exercise and regulation of our sympathies in regard to these, the true happiness of life depends. Common life does not supply material sufficient to sustain the author in that



excited and heroic state of mind, from which alone can emanate such productions as are capable of acting strongly on the mind of the reader. It follows, therefore, that he who would qualify himself to write effectively, must live habitually in a world of his own, rising in a great degree above those common natural sympathies, the full exercise of which, however favourable to genuine happiness, is altogether incompatible with that lofty spirit of abstraction, which every worthy candidate for literary distinction feels himself irresistibly impelled to cultivate. The labour of literary composition is of a nature so painfully absorbing, as to involve an almost entire sacrifice of the familiar and refreshing joys of domestic society. The devoted student lives in a state of lonely seclusion; and if he be occasionally drawn into society, it is only to encounter a choice of evils; for he feels that he must either remain an awkward and unsocial spectator of the scene, or, in painful opposition to the higher tendencies of his nature, risk the disenchantment of his spirit, by yielding to the enervating influences of the hour. He who would learn to think and to write nobly, must boldly cross the Rubicon, leaving behind him the common, vulgar world, the joys of home and friends, and must press forward to realms where he must labour to discover, and even to create objects worthy of the high sympathies of his awakened spirit. He must pass resolutely through the dark and lonely valley which separates the "warm precincts of the common day" from those colder but brighter regions that lie beyond,—thus following to the light the dim shadowy forms of glorious ideas that surround him, and which would otherwise for ever haunt him, as so many spectres, to upbraid his indolence and baseness of spirit. It thus appears, that if the literary man has joys, they are of a nature different from the joys of other men,—for from these he in a great measure cuts himself off. It will, no doubt, be alleged, that the sublime cogitations of his excursive and penetrating spirit, and the bright creations of his teeming fancy, afford him abundant and glorious compensation for those sacrifices consequent on the abstraction of mind of which we speak. It would argue extreme ignorance or perversity, to deny, that the pride of genius—the high consciousness of intellectual power—is connected with emotions of the most pure and lofty satisfaction; but we think we are warranted to say, that these emotions, generally speaking, exist not in the mind of the professional author, in that sustained and independent manner which would entitle us to class them among those permanent sources of enjoyment which give the stamp of happiness to the character of the individual. The author lives too much in the opinion of the public, to derive solid and abiding satisfaction from the self-sustained reflections of his own mind. His mental resources, it is true, are abundant; but he is so much in the habit of viewing them in a professional light, that they cease to awaken within him those lively emotions with which we falsely suppose them to be inseparably connected,—and, in his laborious efforts to give the last finish to the pictures of his mind, his finest thoughts become at length so hackneyed in his eye, that they fail to come over his spirit with that keen natural relish with which they are contemplated by the mere reader, and the susceptibility of which constitutes the dearest charm of our intellectual being. The professional author may be compared to the inhabitant of those wild and barren, but beautiful spots of the earth, to which the lovers of the picturesque delight to repair. The occasional visitor of these interesting scenes, reasoning from his own excited feelings, may thoughtlessly imagine that their inhabitants enjoy an uninterrupted feast of the imagination; while, alas! they are, in fact, dead to the impression of their grandeur and their beauty, and are acutely alive only to their sterility, and the numerous privations which it entails. The mind of the author resembles the cold and cheerless workshop of the artizan, rather than his warm and comfortable abode. Like the former, it generally exhibits only a confusion of disjointed fragments, which, when they are occasionally worked up into splendid pieces of furniture, speedily disappear, when vacancy or confusion again return. It is totally destitute of that comfortable range

of fixtures with which the latter is accommodated, and on which the accustomed eye delights to repose.

These remarks will apply, in some degree, to the feeling with which the professional author regards the objects of taste generally, as well as the immediate productions of his own genius. Instead of viewing these with the eye of the mere amateur, whose mind is free from the jealousy and the emulation of ambition, he regards them principally with a view to their subserviency to the purposes of his art. In his eagerness to concentrate his attention on those immediate objects of study which he has chosen as vehicles for the manifestation of his own genius, he dares to cast only an occasional glance over the boundless sphere of literary achievement. Were he to yield himself to the full and joyous impulse of admiration, inspired by the countless stores which genius has already accumulated, he would feel how little he could add to the prodigious stock, and would at once abandon his peculiar labours in disgust; and, preferring the contemplation of that which is, to spending his life in doubtful efforts after the realization of vague ideas of possible excellence, would sink the character of author in that of the scholar and the amateur.

As to fame, the second source of enjoyment at which we hinted as a portion of the literary man's inheritance, we know that it has been styled a dream—a bubble—a shadow—a nonentity. We participate not in this vulgar, pseudo-philosophical contempt of fame. We cannot forget that one of Britain's loftiest spirits—the bard of *Paradise Lost*—has sung—

“Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,  
(That last infirmity of noble minds),  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;”

And that an Italian Poet, equally “grand in soul,” has thus beautifully expressed the same thrilling sentiment—

——— “Un desio d’eterna ed alma  
Gloria che a nobil cuor è sienza e sprone.”

But though we regard as something little short of blasphemy against the framer of our spirits, the grovelling sentiment that would represent the instinctive thirst of fame that characterises all noble minds, as an *ignus fatuus*, fitted only to decoy its victims into regions of vacancy and gloom, we are yet inclined to think that the desire of fame, which is, *par excellence*, the infirmity of the literary character, has hitherto been, in the history of the world, a greater source of misery than of happiness. Like every other good, it flatters its eager pursuers with promises which it is unable to perform. In proportion as the aspirant becomes really worthy of applause, he becomes painfully aware of its comparative worthlessness. His feelings are something like those of Alexander of old, when he wept for other worlds to conquer; and he sighs over the weakness of his kind, to think that he should be among their mightiest. He feels that he has only raised himself to a cold and lonely eminence, where the envenomed shafts of envy and malevolence fly thickest, and where the din of those plaudits, the anticipation of which formed the day-dream of his youth, falls but feebly on his heedless ear.

“He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below.  
Though high above the sun of glory glow,  
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,  
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head—  
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.”

Such is the estimate of fame, even in its full fruition, as an ingredient in the cup of human happiness. And it will surely be allowed that the fever-

ish ambition,—the painful, and, for the most part, abortive efforts to obtain it,—and the rankling jealousies and open animosities in the pursuit of it, which generally mark the character and movements of our literati, form no very inviting prelude to such a hapless consummation. But is it possible that an object which has, from age to age, stimulated the noblest exertions of the mightiest spirits, should be, after all, essentially worthless, and furnish absolutely nothing to satisfy the generous longings of the intelligent and the virtuous? Far be it from us to uphold such a doctrine. We maintain, it is true, that the sons of fame are frequently unhappy; but it is in spite of their fame, and not because of it, that they are so. Fame is truly a great and desirable good; but it is not the *summum bonum*. It is possible to purchase it at too dear a rate; and, therefore, its possessor may often be painfully conscious that it forms but a poor compensation for the sacrifices he has made to obtain it. It is the selfishness of ambition which is the worm that preys upon its roots, and turns its fair fruit to rotteness. Dr. Johnson has a remark to the effect, that no man who writes merely for fame, is deserving of it. A gnawing consciousness that his ambition has been selfish, and his fame, therefore, unmerited, may torment even the most successful author, in his most splendid hour of triumph,—while it must infuse tenfold bitterness into the cup of disappointment, wrung out for the unhappy wight, who is doomed to receive only the laugh of derision or the sigh of pity, as the reward of many a long year of trembling anxiety and irksome application. Even the mighty Byron—the leviathan of modern poets, and the idol of the world—seems to have writhed under those agonizing feelings of self-reproach to which we allude. Frequently, indeed, during his latter years, did he express, in direct terms, a kind of contempt of himself, as a being whose pursuits were without dignity, because they were without aim and without utility: and are we not even warranted in regarding the last grand act in the drama of his life—his embarkation in the cause of Greece—in the light of a splendid atonement for the mighty waste, not to say prostitution of talent, of which he had been guilty; and the consciousness of which pressed as an intolerable burden upon his gigantic spirit?

Gloria virtutem tanquam umbra sequitur. Let this be the motto of every aspirant after fame, who would be “chary of his peace.” Instead of pandering to the grovelling and vicious tastes which may haply prevail around him, and thus forsaking the essential source of pure and inward happiness, in his eager pursuit after the mere chance of a visionary existence in the fitful and polluted breath of popular favour, let him rather give himself up to the intense study and the assiduous cultivation of himself,—let him labour to extend and to correct his views—to enlarge, to elevate, and to purify his sympathies,—and then, on the *expression of himself* in his works, let him calmly suspend his hope of future fame,—always, as he addresses himself to the task of composition, breathing the lofty aspiration of Milton—

———“Still govern thou my song,  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.”

It is not the multitude of voices swelling the note of fame, but its reverberation, by the approval of conscience, that makes thrilling music in the ear of virtue. The man of well-regulated mind regards fame as only a supplemental good, which merely gives a new relish to the more essential elements of human happiness; he is, therefore, under no temptation to sacrifice his peace in the pursuit of it: while, on the other hand, the writer who suffers himself to be dazzled by the vague splendours of renown, and who expects to reach them by merely ministering to a morbid craving after intellectual excitement, though he may gain a certain species of applause, finds, by a just retribution, that it rather tends to inflame than to soothe or satisfy his soul,—thus resembling in its effects the unwholesome garbage he provides for his readers, of which it is the worthless but appropriate reward.

Let no one imagine that these remarks are thrown out with a view to narrow the sphere of literary enterprise, or to “damp the intended wing” of



even the most ardent and soaring imagination. We are not absolute utilitarians; or rather, our views of utility are not so circumscribed as to make us exclude from its province everything that has not a direct and obvious bearing on the advancement of morality, or the practical improvement of society. We do indeed think that a strong *substratum* of utility ought to form the basis on which all literary works should be constructed; but, while upon this substratum the substantial and comparatively homely fabrics of a Smith and a Bentham have been obviously reared, we know that the towering and magnificent palaces of a Milton and a Shakspeare are no less immoveably fixed on the same foundation. The highest exercise of the imaginative powers is no less essential to the true dignity and happiness of man, than the most profound exercise of his reasoning faculties; and it is generally through the medium of the imagination that the skilful writer operates most powerfully on the understanding and the heart. Let the mind be pure, healthy, and vigorous, and whatever may be the specific form of its manifestations, their results cannot fail to be beneficial. It is the puerile, the effeminate, the monstrous, and the unnatural, as well as the positively vicious in literature, that we would proscribe as its bane, and which prove as corrupting and debilitating to the writer, as they are ruinous to the reader. Perhaps we are too sanguine; but we think we see reason to believe that an era in literature has commenced, which will be distinguished by an enlightened regard to the genuine principles of a liberal utility. Never, perhaps, was there an age more strongly characterized by the exercise of intellectual power than the present. True, indeed, it has been hitherto but too little under the guidance of sound intelligence and just moral principle. But we trust a brighter day is about to be ushered in. The great practical questions bearing on the social and political condition of our race, which have long agitated the civilized world, have now become the subject of universal investigation. The strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the tide of events, are carrying us rapidly onward on a sea of change. We have no misgivings as to the issue of the voyage. But men feel that they are adrift, and that they are in a crisis where the pilotage of the boldest and the wisest is required. Our literati—what could they less?—have caught the common sympathy, and feel that they too must act; that they must exchange the mere gladiatorship of intellect, the wanton play of fancy, and the pride of speculative inquiry, for the practical exposition and assertion of the principles of liberty and the rights of man. Happy for mankind, and doubly happy for our writers, will it be, if they worthily improve the grand opportunities which the present state of the world affords for rescuing themselves from the charge of frivolity and inconsequence, which has been too long the reproach of the Literary Character.

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## SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

### SKETCH I.—IAGO.

HE was a depraved fellow Iago, otherwise he would have made an excellent artist. There would have been no moral in his pictures: he neither loved nor hated virtue so strongly as to cause him do it good or evil. He would have displayed as much knowledge of nature and character as Hogarth, but he would not be at the trouble, just because the doing so would bring out some trait that might do service to poor humanity.

Iago was a man of genius, and in any situation in life his mind would have been still actively employed. Had he been a highwayman, he would have cut his comrade's throat, and picked his pocket, to give himself an appetite for dinner. He was the most cool dog with his weapon, that ever cried "Stand." He was no trifer neither: tears nor threats could not move him from his purpose. His mind was diseased; mischief, and wickedness, and

bloodshed kept it alive; nothing could cure it. He never thought that he should one day die; but even the fear of death could never incite him to do a good action.

Like Shakspeare himself, Iago knew all qualities and kinds of men, "with a learned spirit of human dealing." Every nook and cranny of the heart, came under the search of his probing fingers. This knowledge of man did him much evil: it made him worse. While he saw silly minds to his in fortunate situations, his stomach soured. Did he see others enjoy happiness? then he set about making them miserable. It is all nonsense to say, that the springs to his conduct are his jealousy of Othello and Cassio with his "Night-cap," and the choice of the latter in preference to him for the lieutenantship. He talks about these matters to himself now and then; but what did he care for Emilia, or what was the office of lieutenant to a man of Iago's mind? His ambition was curish—crawling and slimy. He cared not for power: he was a monarch, and he knew it, over the human heart.

Perhaps, after all, he would not have made a great painter. He might have been too fond of dwelling on the defects of nature, the scars and blotches, the unsightly and unseemly realities of life. His sketches, however, would have been bold, happy things. The design, the grouping, the light and shade, would have been all excellent. He would have been a little after Rembrandt, but more correct and decided. Every face and figure would tell its own story. But he was too restless; he could never have followed out the art. He had patience too, but he would have thought it thrown away on canvas. Besides, he cared not for the beauties about him; and rather than assist in perpetuating them, he would have demolished them with his sacreligious hand. He would have made an admirable actor, however, and his favourite character should have been *Iago*. He could never have bustled through Richard, but his reading of some of the bits in it would have been splendid. We can fancy what he would make of the scene with Lady Anne. No one could pronounce that line so well—"Poor girl! what pains she takes to curse herself:" and we could have hugged him to us for playing that part so exquisitely, where he appears between the churchmen. The dog had humour in him too, but he was sluggish—therefore his *Mercutio* would have been a failure. His Bastard, with a little spurring on, must have told well: the reading of—"Go doff thy lion's hide, and hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs," would have brought down the house,—not a doubt of it.

There was a great deal of sound sense about Iago. He took especial good care never to display his superiority to his dupes *before their faces*. Had he made this display, Othello would never have called him "honest, honest Iago;" nor would Roderigo have given him the command of his purse. No man should force himself on the attention of his neighbours: the moment he does so, let him be snubbed. We frail creatures of clay, cannot avoid feeling a little envious at the success, comfort, or enjoyments of another. Iago had a great share of this envious disposition about him. The fools that came in contact with him, never thought of hiding their joys: they tore the poor wretch's heart unwittingly. Desdemona smiled, and Cassio touched her hand: Iago, lascivious in his guess, says, "he paddles with her palm," and he determines to "set down the pegs that make such music."

Iago on the stage, is not always the Iago of Shakspeare. Although not the most prominent character of the piece, he is the most distinct; but actors sometimes forget that he wore neither hoofs nor horns. There is no mistaking the man—therefore no need for making him look like a blackguard. We see what he is, although Othello does not. He took great pleasure in gulling the love-sick Roderigo. It was a sort of relaxation to him, from his severer labours over Othello. There was villany even in his mirth. He toyed with death and death's weapons as one would with knife and fork at the dinner table.

Had Iago been a statesman, he would have done a great deal of mischief. His talents for intrigue would have been of much service to him. All his

bad deeds he would take good care to have laid at other people's doors. Prating fools, talkers, and all that grumbling portion of the community, which is so apt to find fault with the fine doings of a Government, would, under Iago's system, be quickly weeded out of the nation : he would use the stiletto to save a jailor's fee, and give his colleagues most "excellent reasons" for employing, in preference, a body of braves. He would introduce the secret tribunal, and shed human blood in rivers. The canals would get stagnant with dead bodies. The honest man, the knave, and the fool, would stand equally in terror of secret, sudden death. No man would lay down his head upon his pillow, but in terror that the morrow should see him a strangled man.

Iago would have made a very successful angler ; but his disposition, which was wantonly cruel, must have led him to torture his prey unnecessarily. He gloats over Othello's misery ; leaves him, and returns, again and again, to witness his despair. He says, after pouring the poison into him, "I see this hath a little dashed your spirits:" being assured to the contrary, he repeats his belief, in a style worthy the arch-enemy himself.

Had Iago been a critic, what havoc he would have made among books and authors! What a gratification it would have been to him to blast the prospects of a young writer ; turn his smiles into frowns, his joys into tears! 'Twas such a stab i' the dark—as he could so well give—that blighted the hopes of one of the most original writers and thinkers of this or any other age—withered his heart, and seared his mind, as with burning iron: poor Hazlitt!—and but three friends followed thee to the grave!

There are very few Iago's to be met with in private life. We have many bad-hearted men, but they either want cleverness or cunning. I knew one some years ago ; but he lived too long: he lived till everybody found him out, and at length died—shunned, detested, and in beggary. What a dangerous fellow is your Iago in society! he is a liar, a cheat, and a slanderer. He introduces discord into the bosom of the peaceful family ; sets the husband to war with the wife—the father with the son. He whines about the value of reputation, cuts your throat, and picks your pocket. An everlasting brand should be placed upon his brow ; for, were he known, he would not so easily rob the fool of his purse, and the wise man of his reputation. He was never known to shed a tear, but at his own distresses: he never helped a beggar ; but he has kicked many, and made many. His heart is cold as ice. He hates his kind, he loathes the approaches of love or friendship. Such a wretch stands apart—alone in the world. He looks with contempt on the outbursts of the kindly affections of man : a sneer is ever on his lip. He is a master of dissimulation, flattery, and the other arts that set suspicion asleep, when administered with caution and judgment: he tickles his victim so, that he smiles as he drinks of the poisoned cup.

This character is one of Shakspeare's most gigantic efforts. It will stand a comparison with his Hamlet, his Macbeth, or his Othello. The poet has here got a kindred mind, in strength, to grapple with—and he has overcome him ; he has bent him to his will. There stands Iago on the canvass, as prominent as a monument against the sky in clear noon-day. Every movement of the body has its palpable impulse—every motion of the heart has its little wonderful hinge. There is no jarring here ; not a line is out of joint ; everything is in keeping. The modern bravo dwells in a cavern, wears a grim face, and a ready dagger: Shakspeare's walks among men like one of themselves. The one will do very well to terrify children, the other will make men tremble. The one carries a dagger of lath, with which he makes an empty flourish ; the other wears steel, and uses it with due discretion.





## THE SPECTRE FEAST.

The spectre feast was spread,  
 Beneath the midnight sky;  
 Up rose the patriot dead,  
 And to it fast they hie!

When darkness palled the earth,  
 And sleep had mastered men,  
 From their deep graves came forth  
 Those who had slept till then.

For Britain's Genius called,  
 Of awful form and mein;  
 As oft, by foes appalled,  
 In blood-red battle seen.

From earth to heaven the sound  
 Ascends like trumpet clear;  
 And rings the isles around  
 Till death-cold sleepers hear.

The gallows, grave-yards, teem—  
 Men, from the mould take form;  
 Old skulls look ghastly grim,  
 Where lodged the loathsome worm!

And rattling bone to bone  
 Is joined quite fitly then;  
 Though hand appeared none,  
 To build these spectre men.

And ancient battle-fields,  
 Where freeborn warriors stood  
 With glittering swords and shields,  
 And nobly shed their blood,

What time the tyrant tried  
 To bind these freeborn men;  
 Sternly they fought and died,  
 And 'scaped the slavish chain.

Squadrons of fleshless horse  
 Are champing on the plain;  
 Each bears a shroudless corpse,  
 In phantom life again!

And warlike sounds are heard  
 Deep echoing through the gloom;  
 The clash of shield and sword,  
 And the long rolling drum.

Alarm great Nature feels  
 Through all her mighty frame;  
 Her everlasting wheels  
 No longer move the same.

Unlike earth's puny sons,  
 That court and watch her ways,  
 These ghostly-kingdom ones  
 Command, and she obeys.

Whate'er the climes of earth—  
 Whate'er her caves contain,  
 Are lavishly brought forth  
 And spread upon the plain.

Creatures, the hoary deep,  
 And heaven's unpillared dome,  
 In hidden chambers keep,  
 Self-offered trooping come.

And merry goes the feast,  
 While slumbering despots quake;  
 And many a traitor's rest  
 Dark dreams o'ercloud and shake.

What glorious ghost appears!  
 Wallace! a mighty name,—  
 For half a thousand years  
 The darling son of fame!

As his own mountains mock  
 The thundering tempest's rage,  
 He stood the tyrant's shock—  
 The bulwark of his age.

As in the stormy fight  
 His voice was heard of yore,  
 Th' uprisen Wallace wight  
 Called, and was heard once more.

"Brothers, in life and death,  
 Martyrs and heroes, hail!  
 By many a starry path  
 Met in this midnight vale.

Ye heard yon note, that just  
 Pealed through our native isle,  
 Startling the dead, the dust,  
 To mimic life awhile.

It was the people's cry—  
 Our island-children's prayer  
 Clamb the star-studded sky,  
 To kindred echoes there!

Oppressors, in these lands,  
 Have done them cruel wrongs;  
 And with unholy hands  
 Have bound them, as with thongs.

But there's a spirit speaks  
 In every freeborn breast,  
 And there's a morning breaks  
 To cheer the long-oppressed.

The minions of misrule—  
 The parasites of power,  
 Men's strong contempt shall pull  
 Down in the coming hour!

Wise, just, kind, brave; and free,  
 Then, greatly glorious shall  
 Regenerate Britons be,  
 First of the nations all!"

He said—The unearthly rout  
 Sent up, with wild uproar,  
 One vast applauding shout,  
 And then—were there no more.

## A FLORENTINE TALE OF THE CARNIVAL OF 1831.

(Continued from last Number.)

## PART SECOND.

....."Peace, be still,  
Is human love the growth of human will?"—BYRON.

THE exalted station conferred on Count Risponi, by the members of the political association to which he belonged, brought him into frequent and close intercourse with the family of Malberti of Milan; of which house some introductory notice is necessary.

On the marriage of Signor Malberti with the Countess Picioli, it was stipulated by their respective parents, that he should renounce commercial pursuits, as derogatory to the rank of his wife's family, and invest his capital in the purchase of an estate in Tuscany, by which means he would ennoble his own name. The cavalier, thus freed from his more serious occupations, was disposed to concur, cheerfully, in those schemes of policy which the genius of his wife devised. Madame Malberti, from her first entrance into the world, had evinced a marked contempt for the licentiousness of those women who pervert the married state into a covering and convenience for intrigue. She loved and frequented society, but, in selecting persons to associate with, preferred those distinguished by their talents and liberal principles. Her intercourse with such people, satisfied her judgment of the justness of those feelings which her heart had long cherished for the regeneration of her country. She became a Flora MacIvor among female politicians; a "consciousness of mental superiority, and a gentle pensiveness of eye," giving expression to this sentiment, distinguished both—and perhaps the Italian did not yield to the Celtic damsel even in that patriotism, "prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all." Such a character is little known, and less valued by a people unable to appreciate the beauty and importance of female education, and hence indifferent to promote its cultivation by their applause and estimation. In private life, and among her own *coterie*, she was no less esteemed for urbanity, than, in a larger sphere, and on questions of public interest, she was admired for purity of sentiments and soundness of opinions.

The various, but always sanguinary fortune to which Italy was exposed during twenty years of strife, afforded abundant materials for the cultivation and display of her talents. As she dared not outrage the delicacy of her sex by any unbecoming personal exhibition, she made her husband representative of her principles; and if his talents and enthusiasm did not equal hers, yet the integrity of his character more than supplied this deficiency.

It was thus that the cavalier Malberti became involved in the revolutionary conspiracies of the period, and was brought into confidential relation with the Count Risponi. This intercourse was soon converted into friendly intimacy, by the frequent visits of the latter to the *conversazione* at the *casa* Malberti, when, after the catastrophe of the last endeavour to revolutionize their country, several of the leaders met to condole on their ill-fated plans. No sympathy proved more grateful to the fallen aspirations of the Count, than that of Madame Malberti. Her refined commiseration for the perversity of his strange career, inspired him with confidence in the friendly disposition of her heart; whilst esteem for his character made her disinterestedly studious to merit his good opinion.

They were in this relation to each other, when one day the Count visited her, more than usually dejected, by the melancholy reminiscence of his wayward fate, and disgusted at the unsatisfactory pleasures of the world. "I am wearied," he exclaimed, "of an existence that is becoming daily, not less joyless to me, for to joy I have been long a stranger, but more burdensome in its endurance. I find myself a selfish, regulating being, almost extraneous to creation. To what purpose should I toil to exalt my name, or why torment myself by the chagrin of disappointment? since of what gratification can the

increase of fame prove to me, when its attainment shall not be augmented by other's participation? or what calamity should afflict me, when its weight must descend, unsympathized, on my solitary head? I am resolved to retire from society, wherein my presence is appreciated only according to the advantages it confers on others, and when absence would be remarked by this destitution alone." The lady's condolence failed to produce its customary influence on his reason, and he continued to traverse the apartment with irregular paces, murmuring discontent at his imaginary desolation. At length he sat down, exhausted by the over-excitement of mind. His fair confidant had forborne for a time her endeavours to calm his agitation, and musing on the strangeness of his language, and what might be its real cause, bethought her of naming love and marriage to him. As then he was relaxing in the sternness of his discontent, she smilingly suggested this change of life, as the best means again to wed him to the world and its enjoyments. At the word marriage, a movement and expression of disgust escaped him, and he relapsed into silence—eyeing her with mingled mistrust and aversion, as if apprehensive that her words meant an offensive allusion to events which even at that remote period were remembered with sorrow. But her look did not bear this construction. Confiding on her sincerity and good intentions, he took her hand, and inquired seriously whom she would recommend as the fair partner of a like misanthrope. "My youngest daughter," she replied, "whose mind has been cultivated by the most careful education, and whose hand will be enriched with a dowry suitable to your rank and her father's wealth." "But she still inhabits a convent," he objected, "where her sentiments have been never permitted to expand themselves, and where it is impossible to know if her dispositions could accord with mine, even were I disposed to break through my monastic vow in her favour." "To cultivate," said the mother, "her very tender mind, and develop its feelings and principles to your own pleasure, should become the agreeable occupation of your experience, whilst to her father and me shall belong the grateful duty of obtaining her consent to our disposal of her person." The Count hesitated to give any positive answer on the subject, but expressed, in general terms, himself honoured by the proposal, and promised to acquaint her on the following day with his resolution.

Constantia, the bestowing of whose person and affections formed the subject of this conference, was the third daughter of the family of Malberti. At a very early age she had been placed in a convent, according to the custom formerly prevalent in Italy, by which parents freed themselves of their daughters' surveillance and education, though oftentimes at the sacrifice of all reciprocal sentiments of filial and parental affection.

The kind reception Constantia experienced from the fair inmates of this seclusion on her presentation, relieved her apprehensions of its anticipated loathsomeness,—whilst her loveliness, delicacy of form, and, more than these, goodness of disposition, speedily endeared her to her companions and superiors. To both she became an estimable acquisition. By the former, the sprightliness of her wit, and gaiety of manners, were sought to dissipate the dullness of their retirement; or, her tenderness of heart, to administer comfort in their individual complaints;—and with the latter she became equally a favourite, from her application and proficiency in the common routine of her studies.

The sister, to whose particular charge Constantia was confided, was one more feared by the novices, from the severity of her discipline, than loved for her condescension; and though the justice of her corrections, and the excellence of her instructions, were commonly confessed, yet all thought that the latter would be more profitably valued, if graced by some indulgence in the former. Constantia, however, could oftentimes trace expressions of benevolence in the countenance of Matilda, when directing her own pursuits; and unforbidden, by the opinions of her companions, she sought to cultivate her esteem, if not affection. Nor were these endeavours futile, nor the advantages resulting from them small. Matilda, charmed with the docility and amiability of her pupil, felt herself gratified, with a fondness to which her



heart had been long deadened, and she resolved to bestow on Constantia, in the cultivation of her mind, the most lasting and invaluable pledge of her attachment.

Matilda herself was one of those noble victims, sacrificed by the falseness of man to the entombment of their virtues and talents in the solitude of a convent. Born of a noble family, and reared under the eye of a German mother amidst a profusion of teachers, she united the more serious learning of the male sex, to the accomplishments of her own. It was seldom she resorted to the exercise of the latter, and never without vexation of spirit, on reflecting how worthless these had proved in their incompatibility with the veil, and how bitterly they brought to her memory the scenes of their former display. The poignancy of these feelings was, however, now subdued, by the exalted sentiment that inspired this conquest, and by the pleasure she experienced in recalling these otherwise profitless talents, for the improvement of her favourite pupil.

It was to music that her genius and taste had been directed in former days, and her harp formed the sole companion and comfort of her solitude. Yet her harp would be, for months, unheeded and unstrung, and great was the surprise of the inmates of their secluded walls, when its chords, awakened to sound, were heard, with Matilda's voice, giving utterance to indignation against the cruelties of which she had been the victim,—or imploring from Heaven, in hallowed strain, solace and support to qualify and sustain her soul in its sacred duties. Now, however, the harp became the constant occupant of her chamber. The music of her favourite masters was again selected and practised, that she might recover the delicacy and intricacy of their compositions; and, though sometimes lost in reveries, her fingers touched on themes unwelcome to her thoughts, yet even their tears could relieve and reconcile her mind to the painful task.

Constantia was invited to participate in the benefits of this instruction, which, thus endeared and conferred by her mistress' love, became, "like the quality of mercy, twice blessed."

Thus esteemed by the sisterhood, and beloved by Matilda, Constantia passed her time in uninterrupted happiness. The convent had become to her a sojourn of heartfelt joy and contentment. It did not prove, as anticipated by her, a melancholy abode of people forcing and following an attendance on ordinances of affected devotion. She had been ejected from home before her heart could feel, or reason appreciate, the obligations of kindred and filial love: nor is it, therefore, to be wondered at, that attachment to Matilda was supreme in her affection. She was taught to love and reverence her parents, but this duty was innocently construed by her into a simple obedience to their commands.

Amidst these pursuits and pleasures, Constantia had nearly completed the term of her fourth annual vow. She was indulging in the anticipation of renewing her virgin covenant, whereby she might prolong the enjoyment of her residence, and evince the sincerity of her attachment to her friends, when messages to herself and superiors invited her immediate return home. Amazed and grieved at this unexpected announcement from her parents, she, in replying to it, thanked them for their kind interest in her welfare, and begged them to be assured of her perfect health and happiness in her present abode, and of her cheerfulness to enjoy its advantages another year. This delicate expression of a daughter's wishes was silenced, by referring to the cause of her removal,—her mother adding that she doubted not the importance and pleasure of the projected change, joined to the fascinations of the world, would speedily dissipate any momentary regret at parting with her young friends.

The knowledge of her parents' intentions towards her, only increased her reluctance to quit her abode. "If marriage," she exclaimed, "be servitude, and my person and affections be in bondage to the will of those who gave me birth, let them dispose of me as a slave to whomsoever they select for tyrant; but if it be a spontaneous and sanctified union of persons, mutually chosen, as participators of a common attachment, and dispensers of recipro-

cal bliss, then am I wholly unprepared for this violence done my feelings and judgment. My heart is altogether a stranger to those emotions, the fervency and loveliness of which you, my dear Matilda, have so rapturously sung. No one is dearer to me than yourself. When the absence of a corresponding affection in the bosom of him whom my Matilda adored, forced her to seek these precincts as a refuge for her misery, how can my reluctant heart hope to generate emotions of love in a man indifferent, it may be, to its attachment? And then, my beloved mistress, how different the sources of our consolations! Your pure and too-confiding soul, once outraged by the delusions and falseness of a wretch, retired from farther contamination with a world unworthy of its excellence, and sought and obtained, in repentance for the frailty of humanity, reconciliation with the blessed Virgin: but whither shall I resort for solace, when forced to submit to an inexorable and accursed dictate? Surely not to him who, usurper of affections which, if even bestowed unsought, may be spurned in their possession,—neither to parents, whose love for their daughter has been thus wofully misdirected. No: but to you, my kindest friend, whose example and precepts will enable me to endure the burden of my afflictions.” Exhausted by grief, she sunk her head in the lap of her fond listener, and relieved her bosom by a gush of tears,—the first ever shed for her own distress.

We must now resume the former progress of our narrative. When Count Risponi retired to his apartment from the related conversation with Madame Malberti, and had composed the bewilderment of his disordered mind so far as to reflect calmly on its purport, and anxiously examine its application, he was sensible that the matter came not altogether unwelcome to his consideration. At one time, when a like discourse was intruded on his thoughts, he execrated the suggestion, as impious to the memory of his Catherine; now, however, the subject appeared less hideous to him than ever before contemplated, or rather, he discovered that the proposal of the lady only embodied, in a more tangible form, visions of his own imagination. Whilst the pursuit of glory could excite by hopes of success, and the indulgence in sensuality promised or proffered gratification, the Count had easily proscribed a state uncongenial alike to his dispositions and habits; but with the last defeat of his projects vanished the phantom of ambition, and equally so that cheerfulness which had rendered him a favourite among the courtizans of pleasure. So long as a severe application to his political schemes engrossed much of his time, an occasional relaxation in the enticing trifles of folly was at least endurable; but now, when pleasure was forced on him, as the paramount occupation of his existence, he was soon made to experience how ungrateful was the indulgence, and how unstable the sources of its enjoyment. The Count was, therefore, not unwillingly, forced to consider Madame Malberti's proposal as the most timeous and proper means to relieve the wretchedness of his loneliness, and to recal his best qualities to becoming usefulness.

It was thus he argued his judgment to sanction the propriety and expediency of marriage. Still, a sense of reverence and reserve, due to the memory of his former wife, would betimes obtrude itself on his resolution. But this he sought to subdue by an appeal to her own goodness. “Let not your spirit, my beloved Catherine,” he would musing say, “behold in wrath this dereliction of my vows. She who is now offered as the companion and solace of my wilderness of existence, cannot, and shall not ever, dislodge that influence on my heart which your piously-cherished memory possesses. This ceremony of a second marriage shall never efface, nor estrange, the image of my first plighted faith; and the nuptial song that celebrates these spousals, shall sound to my senses as a requiem over my entombed hopes and joys.”

With these dispositions, the Count assented to the choice of Madame Malberti's daughter. The father, equally pleased and flattered by this family alliance, readily consented to the marriage stipulations asked by the Count; and the mother promised that the brilliancy of the ceremony should testify her approbation.

The preliminaries were advanced to this point, when Madame Malberti acquainted Constantia of the disposal of her person. She never doubted that her daughter would gladly hail the message of her liberty; and as little doubted that, her youth and seclusion having precluded all intercourse with society, she would unhesitatingly profess her devotion to the object of her mother's choice. At her own allotment in marriage, she said, her affections had been alike sparingly consulted, and yet it was not attended by any unusual proportion of the common and necessary discontent of the state. Besides, she trusted to her persuasion and authority to remove any scruples and reluctance on the subject. She went herself to convey her daughter home, that she might, at the same time, instruct her, by that opportunity, in the forms and fashions of her future department.

Madame Malberti's arrival at the convent seemed as if the messenger of death had visited one of its dearest inmates. Constantia's qualities of heart and understanding had endeared her society to all. She had ever been the charm of her young companions, and had long become the chief pride and pleasure of the sisterhood. To Matilda, she was the sole partner of her afflictions, and promoter of her pleasures. The tender effusions of Constantia's sympathy was the sweet which savoured the lips of her cup of daily sorrows; and this tearing asunder the tenderness of the one, and affection of the other, proved the severest trial of the emotions of both. Matilda, for the first time, looked with dissatisfaction and despair on the girdle that withheld her from accompanying her pupil; while Constantia had cheerfully been encircled in its forbidding clasp, to have devoted herself for ever to the happiness of her mistress. It was only by the authoritative persuasion of the latter that she was made to accept, with becoming respect, the expressions of her mother's love and commands. Constantia bade adieu to the convent. Seldom had a recluse left its seclusion with feelings of equal regret; and never had one borne with her, on departure, more sincere prayers for future happiness.

The daughter was too much absorbed in these emotions, to offer any reply to her mother's counsels and persuasion on the journey. Arrived at Milan, she was at once precipitated into occupations that destroyed all power of reflection, even had a moment been permitted for its indulgence. Her actions depended rather on the impulse communicated to them by others, than by her own will. It was amidst the distraction of the felicitations of people, strangers to her, and of the arrangements for the approaching ceremony, that her formal consent was asked, and given, to receive the personal professions of her destined lord. The Count, on his part, after his declaration, felt himself like one engaged in some perilous enterprise, anxious to anticipate the hour of trial, that shall determine his good or ill success. He sought to confirm himself of the reality of the approaching change in his life, by augmenting his establishment, and ordering new arrangements in his domestic economy,—but it was not until he had been invited to meet his bride, that he awoke from his reverie, and recalled his disordered senses to perceive the full extent of his precipitancy. He prepared, however, to go, with ill-concealed feelings, if not of disgust, at least distrust, of his own conduct.

On his announcement and presentation, Constantia became pale. An involuntary shudder agitated her frame, as she advanced to meet him. Perhaps the Count remarked this expression; but whether or not, certainly the violence he did his own feelings, to force them into obedience fitting the occasion, was not unnoticed and unfelt by his affianced. The embarrassment of both was manifest. The forced cheerfulness of the one party and the other, was rightly interpreted by both as the homage of politeness, not of admiration. If the common language and forms of ceremony be not incompatible altogether with the adoration of love, certainly they are uncongenial to this sentiment. Confidence and affection banish the trifles of etiquette, and where these have not possession of the soul, words and fashions of endearment are artificial. This heartlessness was experienced and perceived by the betrothed. As their meeting, under the circumstances described, was more in obedience to the will of others, than a spontaneous and mutual



expression of their own desires, so this interview passed rather as a scene in which they were actors, than an event in life on which their future happiness depended. On the Count's retiring, her friends pressed to hear her opinion of him, and her parents to be gratified with acknowledgments for the excellence of their choice : but in vain she attempted to speak. Agitation of conflicting feelings stifled her utterance. She burst from their presence, to seek tranquillity in loneliness and tears.

The Count was no less affected, though by other reasons and feelings. A moment conscience-stricken, he regarded the emotion of the maiden as a manifestation of her dread to be united to a person, whose behaviour had afflicted a former wife, even to the grave. Distressed at this impression, his first movement was to renounce the proffered hand. Fortunate had it been for both, had he been prompted, even by this false belief, to abandon his marriage ; but pride overbore all other feelings. He should not, he said, by declining to conciliate her antipathy, give to her, and her friends, cause to credit such abuse of his character ; nor would he afford the world an opportunity to laugh his gallantry to scorn, at being thus expelled. At this crisis, he never, for a moment, revived in his mind the considerations by which he had argued himself into the fitness of a matrimonial engagement. He forgot that he had promised to himself solace and assistance, in the companionship of a female ; and that, in uniting himself with one, against whom he already felt prejudiced, and whose attachment he should reasonably mistrust, he was imposing on himself a permanent aggravation of his former grievances. Much less did he reflect that he had distanced by many years the "*mezzo cammin*;" and that she was only in the morning of life : that with this difference of years there must be a like difference of tastes, feelings, and enjoyments ; and, consequently, that he could hardly hope to qualify her pursuits and propensities to his inclinations, even if he succeeded in removing her preconceived dislike.

Their intercourse during the brief interval before marriage, produced very little modification of mutual reluctance. The purity of Constantia's mind, joined to the quality of instruction with which it had been cultivated, hindered her disguising, 'neath guileful words and forms, the real sentiments of her breast ; and she turned with disgust from those who represented marriage, *une affaire de convenance*. The Count saw the little progress he made in conciliating her affections ; and, justly apprehensive of the evils of this aversion, now insisted on the addition of a fresh clause in the marriage contract, by which he should be entitled to the half of her fortune, in the event of her voluntary separation from him. This was the ostensible reason assigned for this unusual demand ; but, perhaps, his secret wish was, that the parents would not consent to this extravagance, and that thereby he should be enabled to cancel his obligation, without any apparent compromise of dignity. But, either matters were already too far advanced to permit them to withdraw, or the honour of the connexion allured them into unbounded confidence. The demand was accordingly granted.

The ceremony was soon after performed. But the brilliancy and revelry of the feast failed to dissipate the sadness of the Count and his bride, and the morning only awoke them to an oppressive sense of their ratified misery. He, not reflecting on his own different temper of mind and altered dispositions, unfairly contrasted the paucity of his present contentment, with the fulness of those blessings heaped on him in his first marriage. Pursuing this ungenerous comparison, he discovered a thousand differences that made him loathe his changed condition ; and he felt in each fresh excitement of his discontent, a repeated indication of actual punishment for his former guilt. Constantia, unpractised in the arts of the world, sought not, and knew not, to assume charms and graces foreign to her nature and uncongenial to her mind. Her heart was not with her consent in these nuptials, and could not bestow, nor participate their joys. She had read and heard of marriage as a state of mutual confidence and happiness, and finding her portion so opposite, she could only grieve at her misfortune, and weep to relieve her affliction.

The Count could not support this unnatural existence. Impatient to behold his wife's increasing melancholy, and despairing ever to recover his own serenity in her presence, he quitted home on the third day of his marriage; and it was not until the second of his absence that she was acquainted of his having joined a shooting party, and would not return for some weeks.

Constantia, thus shamefully abandoned to the ridicule of the world, could not restrain her indignation against parents who had sacrificed her to their selfish aggrandisement; and they were forced to acknowledge the justice of these reproaches. She threatened to seize this manifestation of her husband's contempt of her feelings and honour, as a sufficient reason for her return to her convent, unless they would effect a separation. She rejected with disdain the suggestion of those who wished her to enjoy her acquired rank and appearance in society, alike indifferent and independent of her husband's caprices. "I shall renounce," she said, "his name and house; and let those who made accursed contracts to fetter my inclinations, suffer for their improvidence. For myself, I am resolved to abandon whatever I possess, to be disunited from this unnatural connexion." The parents were now made to repent their former unqualified confidence, and the mother joined in the daughter's resentment at the disgrace done her family. With these hostile feelings no reconciliation was attempted; and the result of consequent protracted negotiations was, that Constantia should be allowed to retire with her parents, on yielding one-third of her dowry to the Count, and giving a bond by which another equal portion should be ceded him, in case of infidelity proven against her.

*(To be concluded in next Number.)*

## THE DYING CONSCRIPT IN EXILE.

SOFTLY—softly smile the glad sunbeams upon the wall,  
Like mirth within a sepulchre upon my brow they fall;  
As brightly through the trailing leaves I mark their glad light shine,  
As though they lit life's morning hours, nor mocked its swift decline.

Mournfully!—oh, mournfully! the linnet's vesper song  
Thrills in my ear, as through the woods it sweeps in mirth along;  
Like angel-messenger it comes, to sing my spirit home,  
Through vineyards sloping to the sun, and rivers clad in foam.

Ill suit the glories of the Spring the madness of my brain,  
The beauties of a passing world, I ne'er may see again—  
Oh! agony it is to think—the earth, when we are gone,  
Will wear as glad a smile, the birds will chaunt as blithe a tone.

My native land! my native land! to thee my spirit turns!  
As warm as when I trod thy shores my deep affection burns!  
Ne'er hath the prisoned forest-bird longed for the greenwood tree  
More fondly, than the Exile's breaking heart has pined for thee.

As in a trance I see my bride, before her cottage door;  
While from her drooping lid, the tear her care-worn cheek runs o'er.  
Among the vines the nightingale hath sung his evening lay:  
She heeded not; in distant lands her thoughts were far away!

Long—long within that solitude with listening ear she'll wait,  
Nor ever, save in night-dreams, hear my summons at the gate.  
Perchance my boy may climb her knee, beside the winter fire,  
To ask her of the sunny shores where roams his warrior sire.

"Long, mother, long my father stays upon a foreign strand:  
Why comes he not to share our feast, and join our vintage band?  
I twined a garland in the Spring, to wreath around his brow;  
Though tended well, the choicest flowers it owned are withered now!"

And longer still, upon the hill, my brave boy, shalt thou watch,  
And wildly deem each arm thy sire's that lifts thy cottage-latch!  
—Hark! deeper, like an anthem-peal, the sobbing night-winds swell!—  
I go! I would not linger here,—dreams of my home, farewell!

## CHARLEMAGNE AND NAPOLEON LE GRAND.

THE history of Charlemagne, published lately by Mr. James, is, in many respects, a very important and highly interesting work; and its interest is not a little enhanced by one circumstance, which has not escaped the acute observation of the author,—viz., the close resemblance that exists between the hero of the middle ages, and the great man of modern times—the late Emperor of the French. “Whether the imitation was intentional or accidental,” says Mr. James, “whether Charlemagne was followed as a prototype, or studied as a master in the art of conquests, a great and ambitious man of modern days has left behind him a strong resemblance in many of his military actions to the Monarch of the middle ages. The custom of immediately amalgamating a conquered nation with the legions of the conqueror, and binding the two nations together by a union of endeavour and community of glory, had been practised before either Charlemagne or Napoleon; but a similarity in many other respects may be traced, by reading the history of each, but with this striking difference, that, in the life of Napoleon, individual ambition was the whole,—in Charlemagne, it was only a part.”

In regard to Napoleon’s “individual ambition,” it may be remarked, that, had he not been possessed of “individual ambition” to a very great degree, it is more than probable that he would never have risen from being an officer of artillery, to be the most powerful monarch of modern times; whereas Charlemagne, although he had possessed no ambition at all, would have figured in the history of Europe as a person of some consequence, from the mere circumstance of his being born a monarch. So that here the resemblance between Charlemagne and Napoleon fails, but certainly not to the disadvantage of the latter, who, though

——— “born no king,  
Made monarchs draw his car.”

“But as for me,” said Napoleon, “this immortality,—why, it is the remembrance left in the memory of men. That idea elevates to great deeds. Better never to have lived, than to leave no traces of one’s existence.” “Yet has Bonaparte affirmed to me,” says Bourrienne, “more than once,—‘A great reputation is but a great noise; the more we make of it, the farther it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations—all perish; but the noise is prolonged, and echoes among other generations.’”

In speaking of the most remarkable points of resemblance which exist between Charlemagne and Napoleon le Grand, we may mention a little in regard to the youth of both. We are well acquainted with the manner in which the youth of Napoleon was spent, but the historian of Charlemagne is unable to give us clear information in this respect regarding his hero. The following passage, however, seems, with very little alteration, quite enough to furnish a very just description of both during the youthful part of their career:—

“Although nothing is known of the minute particulars either of his domestic instruction or his early habits, there was a grander species of education to which he was subject, and of which we have better means of judging: I mean the education of circumstances. It is a common influence of troublous times, not alone to bring forward, but to form great intellect. The familiarity with scenes of danger and excitement—the early exercise of thought upon great and difficult subjects—the habit of supporting, encountering, and vanquishing the very proximity of mighty schemes and mighty changes,—must necessarily give expansion, vigour, and activity to every faculty of the mind, as much as robust exercises and habitual hardships strengthen and improve the body. In the midst of such uncertain and eventful times, and surrounded by such grand and animating circumstances, was passed the youth of Charlemagne; and though we cannot discover whether paternal or maternal care afforded the means of cultivating his intellect or directing his pursuits, to a mind naturally great and comprehensive like his own, the world was a sufficient school—the events by which he was surrounded, sufficient instructors.”



Pepin, who had some time before attained supreme power, assumed the title of king of France in A.D. 750, when Charlemagne, who was his eldest son, was about seven years of age; and thus the consummation of all his ancestors' ambitious glory, by the mighty daring of his own father, might be said to be the first act performed before his eyes: and this instance of the ease with which great deeds are achieved by great minds, was a practical lesson and a powerful incitement. During the time that Charlemagne continued to advance towards manhood, successive wars, the fruits of a barbarous and unsettled state of society, where rights were undetermined, and law was in its infancy, afforded a continual school for the acquisition of that military knowledge, and that corporeal strength, which, in those times, supplied the place of science in government, and talent in command. Early taught by his father all that was then known of warfare as an art, Charlemagne had but too frequent opportunities of gaining practical experience.

Napoleon's youth fell also upon troublous times, fraught with all the fruits of a barbarous and unsettled state of society; but he had no royal father to train him in the art of war. The Military School of Brienne, and the Military College at Paris, from the tenth till the sixteenth year of his age, afforded all the training which the embryo Emperor received before coming properly forward as a soldier. Even there, however, he became a reformer, and dwelt forcibly upon the effects of such a system as would habituate the youths to a life of sobriety, to maintain with steadiness the bearing of a soldier, so that they would at the same time grow up more robust; would be able to brave the inclemencies of seasons; to support with courage the fatigues of war; and inspire the men under their command with respect and devoted attachment. "Thus reasoned Napoleon," says Bourrienne, "at the age of sixteen: time and his subsequent institutions evince that he never departed from these early views of military education. But, thus stirring, a keen observer, and speaking freely what he thought with energy, he remained not long at college. His superiors, tired of so decided a character, hastened the period of his examination, that he might be provided for elsewhere, as second lieutenant, on the first vacancy in a regiment of artillery."

So much for the youth of Charlemagne and Napoleon le Grand. We come now to the first of their independent actings as Generals.

In the year 769, Charlemagne marched into Aquitaine against Duke Hunald, who had called the country to arms, and, working upon the mind of a warlike but inconstant people, easily raised an army, and declared his sovereignty and independence.

"The revolted Duke was at the head of a large and increasing army, and was carried on by the power of a fresh and hitherto successful enthusiasm, in a bold, adventurous, and excited people. The forces of the young monarch, on the contrary, were but scanty in number; and, suddenly deprived of the aid on which he had confidently relied, he was left alone, unknowing alike the extent of his own powers, and of the attachment of his people, to lead the Franks to the field for the first time, against a warlike race and a desperate enemy. He paused not, however, for a moment; but pursued his expedition undaunted; and combining in his own person all the military talents of his ancestors, with high qualities entirely his own, he subdued the revolted provinces with a celerity of movement, and a decision of action, hardly equalled in ancient or in modern times. Notwithstanding the small army which he brought into the field, it would appear that the energetic activity of the young monarch surprised and terrified his opponent. Hunald fled without fighting; and, hard pressed by Charlemagne, only escaped into Gascony by his superior knowledge of the country, the complicated mazes of whose mountains were unknown to those by whom he was pursued. The place of refuge which he chose was the court of his nephew, Lupo, Duke of Gascony, who had joined in the revolt of Aquitaine, although his rebellion had never proceeded to actual warfare with the young monarchs of France.

"The submission and obedience of Lupo, who had been an accessory, if not a participator, in the insurrection, was received as sufficient atonement; and thus the war, which had been boldly undertaken, and vigorously carried on, was terminated both with prudence and humanity."

Such were Charlemagne's first doings as a General, at the age of twenty-six; and these doings were splendid enough, certainly. But what are these

when compared with the performances of Napoleon, at the same age of twenty-six, in his first campaign as a General? We are all well acquainted with the military details of that brilliant campaign, in the course of which he bore the standard of France from the shores of the Gulf of Genoa beyond the Rhætian Alps. "The campaign just finished," says Marmont, "will be celebrated in the annals of history. Is it not glorious, in less than two months, and with less than thirty-thousand men, in want of every thing, to have completely beaten, and in eight separate actions, an army of sixty-four to seventy thousand,—dictated a humiliating peace to the King of Sardinia, and chased the Austrians from Italy? The last victory, of which you are doubtless apprised, that of the passage of the Mincio, has ended our toils. There yet remain the siege of Mantua, and the reduction of the citadel of Milan; but these obstacles cannot detain us long."

This campaign of Charlemagne's, so eloquently described by Mr. James, dwindles into insignificance when compared with that of Napoleon.

We come now to Charlemagne's grand effort, the passage of the Alps, and the reduction of Lombardy; in all of which he was imitated, and, indeed, surpassed by Napoleon.

The following is Mr. James' account of this splendid exploit, as performed by Charlemagne:—

"Desiderius rejected the last hope of peace; and Charlemagne proceeded to force his way into Lombardy, the first, but the most difficult and most important step in the war. The strongest barrier which the hand of nature can pile up to separate rival nations, and mark the true limits of distinct countries, lay before him, in the gigantic masses of the Alps. But war was now decided on; and, undeterred by frowning precipices and everlasting snows, multiplied obstacles, difficulties, and dangers, Charlemagne advanced upon his way; and, separating his army into two divisions, he directed one, under the command of his uncle, the Duke Bernard, to cross the mountains by the Mons Jovis or Mont Joux, while he himself led the other into Italy by the passage over Mont Cenis.

"To conduct a great force, consisting principally of cavalry, through two of the most difficult and precipitous mountain-passes in Europe, was an undertaking which even the mind of Charlemagne, all bold and confident as it was, would not have conceived, had it not been absolutely necessary to conquer such difficulties in the outset, to ensure ultimate success.

"His many attempts to obviate the approaching warfare, and the continual rumour of his military preparations, had put the enemy on his guard, and had given time for every measure of defence. All the easier passes of the mountains were already occupied, and even fortified, by the Lombards; and no way remained of forcing an entrance into Italy, but by unequal and most hazardous battle, or by the long and painful march which he determined to accomplish. It would seem, that on this passage of the Alps, great and extraordinary conquerors have taken a pleasure in trying the extent of their powers. Hannibal, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, have each undertaken, and each succeeded in the enterprise; but of all these, perhaps, the monarch of the Franks had to contend with the greatest difficulties, with the least means of success. The Carthaginian, it is true, was harassed by enemies, and the Corsican was burdened with artillery; but the one could call to his aid all the resources of ancient art, whose miracles of power shame our inferior efforts; and the other could command all the expedients of modern science, to support his own energies, and to smooth the obstacles of his way. Charlemagne stood alone in the midst of a barbarous age, when the knowledge of ancient Europe was extinguished, and the improvements of modern Europe were unknown, upheld solely by his own mighty mind in the accomplishment of an undertaking which he himself had conceived.

"The design, however, was eminently successful. Notwithstanding the difficulty of procuring provisions, and all the dangers attendant upon the march of a large force of cavalry over steep and glaciers, snows and precipices, the army passed in safety, and began to pour down upon Italy. Few troops had been stationed by the Lombards to guard a passage considered almost impracticable; and those few were instantly put to flight, by the first body of Franks who traversed the mountains. The rest of the invading army followed, after a difficult and wearisome march; and the re-union of the two divisions took place at the foot of the descent. From the successful expedition of the Duke Bernard, with one great body of his nephew's troops, the tremendous mountain over which he forced his way received the name, which it retains to the present day, of the Great St. Bernard. It had before borne the appellation of Mons Jovis, from a temple to Jupiter, which ornamented the side of the acclivity; but the name of the Heathen deity was soon forgotten in the exploit of the Christian warrior; nor has the same passage, effected in an after age by another mighty conqueror, been

able to snatch from the uncle of Charlemagne the glory of the great enterprise which he achieved, or to efface his name from the majestic object with which it is inseparably connected."

This description is excellent, and conveys a grand idea of the genius of Charlemagne; but even here Napoleon must be considered, in every respect, his equal.—"At this period," says Bourrienne, "the fecundity of his genius would have wrung praises from the most inveterate enemy. At Dijon, where an army of reserve was to be formed, he created everything where nothing had previously existed. He entered into all, even the most minute details: for instance, while occupied every moment with these vast cares, he sent 24,000 francs (£1000) to the monks of St. Bernard, to purchase refreshments."—"The army to be attacked was numerous, warlike, victorious; ours, with small exceptions, composed of new levies, but officered by chiefs of unequalled ardour. The fate of Bonaparte hung upon the gain or the loss of a battle. He saw the danger, but without being daunted, confiding in himself and the devotion of his soldiers:—'It is true,' he would exclaim, 'I have many conscripts in my army; but are not these conscripts Frenchmen? Four years ago, with a feeble army, did I not chase before me the Austrian and Sardinian hordes, and sweep Italy? We will do the same. The sun which now shines upon us, is the same light that shone at Arcola and at Lodi. I rely on Massena; I hope he will hold out in Genoa: but if he be forced to yield to famine, I will recover Genoa in the plains of Servia. Ah, with what pleasure shall I then revisit *my* beautiful France!'"—"The invasion of Italy, by the pass of the great St. Bernard, was a grand conception, altogether the Consul's own, which has fixed the admiration of the world. A solitary hospital, placed on the summit, between the valleys of Martigny and Aostè, destined for the reception and relief of travellers, attests the danger of those heights—regions of the tempest. But here the question was not of single travellers, who were to pass Mount St. Bernard; but of a whole army; cavalry, baggage, ammunition-waggons, artillery, were to defile along paths so narrow, that the goat-herd there picks his steps with caution. On one side, overhanging snows might every instant overwhelm our squadrons in their avalanches; on the other, a single false step was death. We all passed, men and horse, one by one, along these chamois tracks. The artillery was dismounted; the guns, being enclosed in hollowed trunks of trees, were dragged along with ropes.—I may here note one remark of his while crossing Burgundy, on returning from Marengo. 'Come, come, a few more such events as this campaign, and I shall pass to posterity.' 'It seems to me,' replied I, 'that you have already done enough for men to talk long and everywhere of you.' 'Ah, well said! Enough, quotha! True, I have in two years reduced Cairo, Paris, and Milan. Eh, well, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow, I should probably, ten ages hence, have half a page in a general history.' He was right; in an epitome, a page passes in review the conquests of Alexander or Cæsar; it is scarcely worth while to ravage the world for so petty an affair."

As Napoleon resembled Charlemagne, on this occasion, in his conquest, so did he also in his triumph; with this difference, however, that Charlemagne went to Rome, and Napoleon to Paris.

"Charlemagne set out from Pavia, accompanied by a considerable army, and an immense train of bishops, priests, and nobles; and passing through Tuscany, he advanced by rapid journeys upon Rome. Shouts and songs of triumph greeted him on the way,—towns, castles, and villages poured forth to see him pass,—the serf, the citizen, and the noble joined in acclamations which welcomed the conqueror of the Lombards,—and dead Italy seemed to revive at the glorious aspect of the victor. Thirty miles from the city he was met by all those who could still boast of generous blood in Rome, with ensigns and banners,—and at a mile's distance from the walls, the whole schools came forth to receive him, bearing in their hands branches of the palm and the olive, and singing, in the sweet Roman tongue, the praises and gratulations of their mighty deliverer."

"I shall not attempt to describe," says Bourrienne, "the manifestations of joy and admiration with which Bonaparte's return was hailed in France. At



Lyons, the assembled multitude, with continued acclamations, demanded to see him : he appeared at a balcony, and next day consented to lay the foundation-stone of new public buildings, designed to efface the very remembrance of the revolutionary scenes. At Dijon, the rejoicing of the inhabitants really partook of delirium. I have seldom seen a sight more pleasing or more touching than a procession here of young females, of remarkable beauty and elegance, who, crowned with flowers, attended the carriage of Bonaparte, recalling the triumphs of the Grecian and Roman conquerors."

A remarkable parallelism existed between Charlemagne and Napoleon le Grand in their unfortunate undertakings, not less than in those in which they were successful. Charlemagne, upon rather slight grounds, undertook a war in Spain, in regard to which even the remarkable partiality of the historian does not hinder him from saying—"this remains still the most unjustifiable war in which Charlemagne was ever engaged : " a remark which applies with equal, if not with greater, force to Napoleon's undertaking of the same kind. As the motives of both were in this matter unjustifiable, so it is remarkable that the result proved dreadfully disastrous to both. The soldiers of Charlemagne were, indeed, victorious in Spain ; but in returning through the gorges of the Pyrennees, at Roncesvalles, the Gascons made them pay dear for the conquests they had gained. "The battle," says Mr. James, "must have been fierce and long, and the struggle great, though unequal ; for, during the lapse of many centuries, tradition has hung about the spot, and the memory of Rolando and his companions is consecrated in a thousand shapes throughout the country. Part of his armour has there given name to a flower ; the stroke of his sword is shown upon the mountains ; the tales and superstitions of the district are replete with his exploits and with his fame ; and even had not Ariosto, on the slight basis which history affords, raised up the splendid structure of an immortal poem, and dedicated it to the name of Rolando, that name would still have been repeated through all the valleys of the Pyrennees, and ornamented with all the fictions of a thousand years."

Napoleon's troops had successes in Spain, but "these advantages," says Bourrienne, "were productive only of glory, though flattering to Napoleon's hopes of finally triumphing in the Peninsula. But doubts began to prevail, even at Paris ; for it was pretty well known that the official intelligence was not all gospel. Duroc even confessed his illusions had fled ! He said, "Good news from the Peninsula were little less to be dreaded than bad ones ! At the same time he assured me, that more than once the Emperor had expressed regret at seeing himself engaged in the war ; but, because the English had mingled in it, no consideration could induce him to withdraw from the contest." The war in Spain was thus in the highest degree disastrous to Napoleon ; and contributed in no small measure, indeed, to bring on the ruin which overwhelmed him.

We intended to have noticed many other points of resemblance in the actions and the character of Charlemagne and Napoleon le Grand ; but want of space prevents our dilating upon them. In regard to military genius, rapidity of conquest, extent of dominion, talent for legislation, fondness for fine buildings, and, in personal matters, liking for the bath, as well as in many other more minute particulars, the resemblance between these two eminent individuals is in the highest degree remarkable, and forms an admirable subject of study for the reader of history. Charlemagne, however, was born a monarch, and died one ; Napoleon achieved an empire for himself, but died an exile in captivity. The dominions of Charlemagne were as extensive as the proudest ambition could well desire to possess, or the mightiest genius could pretend to govern. "The whole of France and Belgium, with their natural boundaries of the Alps, the Pyrennees, the Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Rhine, formed no inconsiderable empire. But to these possessions were added, to the south, all that part of Spain comprised between the Ebro and the Pyrennees, and to the north, the whole of Germany, to the banks of the Elbe. Italy, as far as the Lower Calabria, was either governed by his son, or tributary to his crown ; and Dalmatia, Croatia, Liburnia, and Istria,

with the exception of the maritime cities, were joined to the conquered territories of Hungary and Bohemia. As far as the conflux of the Danube, with the Teyss and the Save, the east of Europe acknowledged the power of the Frankish monarch. Most of the Sclavonian tribes, between the Elbe and the Vistula, paid tribute and professed obedience; and Corsica, Sardinia, and the Balearic Isles, were dependent on the Emperor's possessions in Italy and Spain. Such were the dominions of Charlemagne, at the conclusion of the Venetian war in 810; and such were the dominions which he proposed to leave divided amongst his sons."

With the alteration of a thousand years added, this description will be found to mark, also, pretty nearly, the boundaries of the empire of Napoleon. In 1810 he was at the height of his power; and by the birth of a son, in the succeeding year, Fortune seemed to have bestowed upon him everything that was necessary for the consolidation of his empire. "Never had child beheld the light under circumstances promising greater glory. In fact, from the birth of his son to the first of his reverses beyond the Moskwa, the Emperor was in the zenith of his power. The empire, embracing under this denomination all the states possessed by the imperial family, exclusive of the ill-assured throne of Spain, contained fifty-seven millions of inhabitants."

Both CHARLEMAGNE and NAPOLEON LE GRAND, however, as well as their empires, have crumbled into dust; and can now only be mentioned among the things that were. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

## SONNET—AUTUMN.

## I.

FAINTER and fainter, from the fields around,  
The breath of flowers is borne upon the breeze:  
The birds, that filled the air with pleasant sound,  
Are silent now amid the leafless trees;  
And the bright stream that lately wandered on  
Through flowery banks, frequented by the bee,  
Making low music in its path of glee,  
Hath now a darker hue and sterner tone.  
The summer skies, that to the ocean gave  
A glow which lightened up its farthest wave,  
Are shaded by an interposing shroud  
Of vapour, wreathed by many a lowering cloud;  
And the loud wind in ceaseless murmurs grieves,  
Amid the dreary waste of withered leaves!

## II.

Yet, though a dim and deepening shadow falls  
Upon the bosom of the cheerless earth,  
Oh! merrily within the cottage walls  
Glow the warm radiance of the cheerful hearth;  
And where the dance moves on through lighted halls,  
Sweet sounds awake of melody and mirth!  
Oh! 'mid the glitter of the festal room,  
The treasured odour of long-faded flowers—  
The gorgeous wreaths of artificial bloom,  
Tell of the light—the joy of summer hours!  
So, when youth's spring and summer time are fled,  
And the bright hopes youth fondly cherish'd dead,  
Their memories cheer us 'mid a darker doom,  
Even as the breath of flowers recalls their summer bloom!

## "THE MOVEMENT."

THE enemies of the amelioration of our political institutions, have of late affected to designate the friends of civil liberty as the "Men of the Movement," and by this application of a newly-imported Gallic appellation, they seem to think they are affixing a sort of stigma to our British Reformers. But we can assure them that the liberals have no objections whatever to the title. To belong to "the movement party,"—to that party which is avowedly labouring to promote the progressive improvement of man's social condition, is surely more honourable than to be numbered among those whom the French have so aptly denominated "*les Stationnaires*,"—men who vainly and wickedly endeavour to arrest the advance of the human mind, and presume to tell the enlightened spirit of the age, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." It is truly ridiculous in any faction to raise a cry of horror against all "movement," in the face of the numberless discoveries, inventions, and improvements of modern times. Had Sir Isaac Newton possessed this insane dread of "movement," the world would never have known the true system of the universe. Had James Watt feared "the movement," the immense powers of the steam-engine would not yet have lent their agency to all our industrial processes; and that modern prodigy, a steam-ship, would never have rushed, in its cloud of smoke, over the breast of the ocean. But it is needless to adduce examples;—in every art and science, the "movement" has long been, and still is, going on, enlarging our knowledge, correcting our opinions, increasing our comforts, and developing new sources of wealth and enjoyment. The very paper on which the "*Stationnaires*" write their diatribes against "the movement," the printing-press which enables them to publish with almost instantaneous celerity through the whole land their mad hostility to progression, are themselves the beneficial and triumphant results of "the movement" which, at no very distant date, was made in European art and ingenuity. And shall that advancement, which in everything else is boasted of so loudly, be proscribed in politics alone? Shall we cling to the rude and ignorantly-constructed political institutions of our unenlightened progenitors, and refuse to assimilate them to the wants of our own days, while we unhesitatingly apply all our superior experience and knowledge to the amelioration of everything else? Surely not. What if the political "movement" had been arrested at the era of the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, or during the reign of William the Conqueror? In the first case we would have remained to this day a race of ignorant and wretched savages;—in the second, a community consisting but of turbulent and ferocious feudal tyrants, and rude and degraded serfs. Those times have passed away, and their ignorance and barbarism have departed with them. A better and a wiser spirit now pervades the civilized world,—a spirit which, in spite of the interested or bigotted clamour of the illiberal and the unprincipled, shall fearlessly continue to advance in the path of reformation, until every abuse be laid prostrate before it. "The movement" will, and ought to continue; but we would most earnestly call upon all who, from their talents or position in society, have it in their power to guide its onward progress, to beware of its misdirection. It cannot permanently deviate from the right course; but it may, for a time, be retarded by error, and that retardment may, while it lasts, subject society to much suffering. Let our advance, therefore, be cautious, unerring, and steady; and the time shall yet come, when the "*Stationnaires*" themselves will be ashamed of their foolish outcry against "the movement."

The present crisis is one of the deepest interest, not only for Great Britain, but for all Europe, and, we may add, the world. The power of the British Oligarchy has been broken, and the fate of the people has been placed in their own hands. If our countrymen discharge their duty with wisdom and firmness, Britain, enlightened and free, will now assume a prouder position among the nations than she has ever hitherto occupied. The protector of



liberty, and the dread of every despot, her example and encouragement will accelerate, incalculably, the emancipation of other countries from the yoke of the oppressor. Already the trumpet-note of Freedom, that, during the Three Days of 1830, rung from the banks of the Seine, has found an echo in many lands. The Belgian, aroused by its sound, hastened to burst his chains;—the heroic Pole poured out his life-blood in his country's cause;—the Italian, and even the phlegmatic German, have shown that they are not deaf to its spirit-stirring call;—and whether Britain shall now stand forth the protectress of the liberties of mankind, or, by failing to follow up in an enlightened spirit her own great measure of Reform, subject herself to the necessity of encountering another arduous, and perhaps calamitous struggle for her own freedom, the nations of Europe shall never more rest until they have dashed from their limbs the fetters which now degrade them.

But, though "the movement" must and will go on throughout the world, whatever the conduct of Britain may be, it would, as we have already said, be greatly accelerated, were she to place herself at its head. Let our Electors, then, consider what they do. The fate of their own country, and, in some measure, that of Europe, depends upon their conduct at the approaching elections. We trust our countrymen will do their duty. We are sure they wish to do it; but we do fear, from certain symptoms which are already appearing, that they may allow themselves to be misled, by fair professions of liberality, to return those as their representatives in the Reformed Parliament, who, from their party connexions and habitual feelings, will be found very unwilling to carry into effect the many great and sweeping changes that must speedily be made, if the nation be indeed to be saved, and the Reform Bill proven to be a boon worth the receiving.

It is quite evident, that gratitude for the exertions of the Whigs in the cause of Parliamentary Reform, and reliance on the liberal principles which that party found it necessary to profess during their struggle with the Tories for power, is about to induce our Reformers to return, from almost all parts of the country, Whig representatives to the next Parliament. Now, that there are in that party some men sincerely desirous of following up the Reform Act by those important measures of amelioration, to procure which it was alone desired by the country, we have not the smallest doubt. But it seems to us equally indubitable, that the Whigs, *as a party*, are but a few shades more liberal in their political opinions than the Tories. Nor are we surprised that this should be the case. It is quite natural that the Whig, as well as the Tory aristocracy, should be averse, for example, to the desired reforms in the English and Irish Churches, and to sweeping measures of economy and retrenchment in the various national establishments, such as the army, the public offices, the legal dignities, and the interminable list of useless places, and snug pensions and sinecures. If all these are to be subjected to the merciless handling of the Radical Reformers, where are the younger children and the dependants of the great and the noble of the land to look for support? And there are many other questions which, we fear, the people and the Whigs may view in very different lights. There are the Corn Laws, the Bank Charter, the East India Monopoly, the Slave Question, the Irish Poor Laws Question, Triennial Parliaments, the Laws of Entail and Primogeniture, &c., &c. Judging from the conduct of our Whig Ministers, since they have assumed the reins of authority, ought we to presume that they will, unhesitatingly, and in a liberal spirit, take up these various questions? A moment's reflection must make us answer in the negative. The measures they are pursuing with regard to unhappy Ireland,—the way in which they have been lately voting away the public money in retired allowances, &c.,—their eluding the question of the repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge;—in fact, the whole tenor of their administration, if we except their exertions for Parliamentary Reform, is of such a nature as proves that a strong leaven of what used to be denominated, in the days of the Tories, "good, sound, constitutional principles," still exists in the Cabinet of St. James'.

Let us therefore beware of the Whigs. Some of them (being perhaps rather more honest than the rest,) refuse to pledge themselves at all respecting their future Parliamentary conduct. They openly avow, that they will not be guided by the wishes of their constituents, but will vote on every question as they themselves think proper. From such men what have we to expect? And yet, we fear many of our electors, cajoled by sounding declamation, and vague, general professions, are about to entrust the dearest interests of their country into the hands of these scarcely-concealed Conservatists! And though others of the Whig party have accepted the popular pledges, it says but little for the sincere desire of some of them to promote those measures they have thus bound themselves to support, that they have shown so much anxiety to ensure the return of those of their faction who refuse to pledge themselves. It is right that constituents should know precisely the political sentiments of candidates for their suffrages. It is wise and prudent to bind our representatives by solemn promise, to effect those great measures of reformation which we conceive indispensable for the salvation of our suffering country. But it is not enough that a candidate come before us with a fair profession. It is not enough that he even pledge himself to do all that we wish. We ought to know, from his previous character and conduct, that he is sincere in his present declarations. We ought to ascertain that his position in society, and his party connexions, are not such as to indispose him for acting cordially and consistently with the reforming party. Trust not the Whigs, if you are not very sure of your men, even although they should pledge themselves to the teeth. Pledges may be, and *will be* evaded;—it will be easy to find pretexts for doing so;—and the deluded constituents will then be left to gnaw their fingers in helpless rage at their own inexcusable folly and gullibility.

There is one pledge which many of our Reformers seem to think will guarantee the observance of all the rest;—we refer to that by which a Member promises to vacate his seat, if he should be indisposed to act according to the wishes of his constituents. This sounds very well; but we much doubt that, when the period of demanding the fulfilment of such a bargain shall arrive, it will be found that this pledge is even less likely to be generally redeemed than any other. Suppose, for example, that a Bill is brought into the House for the abolition of the Corn Laws. To such a measure we have no doubt that a great majority of the Whigs and all the Tories will be resolutely opposed. The pledged part of the House would, however, be charged by their constituents with dereliction of duty in not redeeming their Anti-Corn-Law pledge, and they would be required to resign their seats according to promise. In such a case they might, and likely would, for the most part, reply, that they had no power to vacate their places at their own pleasure. They would then be reminded of the Chiltern Hundreds; but to this they might reply, and probably with truth, that, by that old accustomed door of egress, they were not now permitted to leave the House, as Ministers, indignant at what they viewed as the unconstitutional and violent conduct of the electors in thus attempting to turn off their Representatives, had refused to permit any Member to accept of that office. Here would be a dead lock! The precious pledge on which so much stress had been laid, would be

"Instant made no worth a louse,  
Just at the bit!"

and the mocked electors, and the people in general, finding that, after all, the Members of what was called a Reformed Parliament were as little their Representatives in reality, as the nominees of the Boroughmongers had been, would, there is too much reason to fear, be goaded on, by such an unlooked-for and severe disappointment of all their sanguine expectations, to acts of insubordination and tumult,—perhaps to Revolution.

But it is not solely on account of the probability of a combination among the Whigs to stop "the movement," that we anticipate disappointment to the Reformers, and danger to the country, from the conduct of the first Reformed

Parliament. In spite of all the outcry that used to be raised against the unjust preponderance of the landed interest in our legislative assemblies, it is obvious that our new electors are about to fill the House of Commons with country gentlemen, not merely to represent the counties, but also the manufacturing and commercial towns! That a Parliament so constituted should heartily set about the repeal of the Corn Laws, and, having thus placed our agricultural and mercantile interests on an equal footing, continue, with the strictest impartiality, to legislate for the common good of all, is hardly to be expected. And, moreover, even assuming, for argument's sake, that our country gentlemen would have no leaning to the landed interest, are they, we would ask, precisely that class of men who, by their habits and information, are best fitted to pilot the storm-tossed vessel of the State, through the rocks and shoals among which she has got entangled, and against which she is in such imminent peril of being dashed and destroyed? With all due respect for the many excellent qualities of our country gentlemen, we must answer this question in the negative. By the constitution of human nature, it is necessity that stimulates to exertion. Those who, being but ill-provided with this world's goods, are obliged to subject their mental powers to long and painful training, in order to win, by their own exertions, that wealth or consideration which they could not otherwise hope to obtain, are far more likely to be found the possessors of correct and extensive information, of vigour and activity of intellect, to grapple with difficulties and ward off dangers, and of that intensity and closeness of application, necessary for comprehending all the bearings of political questions, than men who, born to the inheritance of large estates, are freed from the necessity of mental cultivation, and, being thus, in a manner, sequestered from the anxieties, the toils, and the tumult of the busy world, pass their careless days in wandering over their fair lawns and goodly plantations, or in hunting the fox across the dale. We cannot help, therefore, lamenting, that the task of reforming a political system so exceedingly complicated, and so difficult to understand in all its various relations and operations, should fall almost exclusively to the Squirearchy. Perhaps, however, while we continue to expect the services of *unpaid* representatives, this cannot be, to any considerable extent, avoided; but, even under the present system, surely many of our towns might find gentlemen of fortune, talent, and liberal opinions, who, having no connection with the landed interest, might fitly represent the manufacturing and commercial portions of the community.

But, in order that the talent and wisdom of the country may be, as fully as it ought, at the command of the public, it is absolutely necessary that, like our brethren in the United States of America, we should *pay our representatives*. Were this system adopted, the Great Council of the State would soon include, in the number of its members, the *elite* of the patriotic, and the enlightened of the land. Then would the ties of party be effectually broken; for, dependent on their constituents for their salaries, as well as for their seats in Parliament, the representatives of the people would be so, not only in name, but in very deed;—no faction could ever again endanger the peace of the country, or defy the popular will.

Our utmost exertions ought, therefore, to be directed to the attainment of such a system; and, in the meantime, let our electors seriously reflect upon the heavy responsibility under which they are now placed, and use their newly-acquired rights in such a manner as shall (in as far as may be compatible with the present non-paying system) fill the benches of St. Stephen's with men who, untrammelled by party and unbiassed to any particular interest, will boldly and wisely undertake the difficult task of regenerating our whole system of national polity.

Whatever may happen, there is at least this consolation,—no errors which our electors may at present commit, nor any conservative combination which the Whigs and Tories can form, will be able long to arrest "the movement" towards good government and liberal institutions. They may bring upon us temporary inconvenience and suffering; but, in spite of the intrigues of fac-



tion, we shall reach at last the desired goal, towards which we are pressing onwards. The war of opinion, now waging over the world, must terminate in the triumph of reason, and the amelioration of the lot of man. And it is encouraging to reflect, that in *the Press* we have an auxiliary in the present struggle, which not only ensures us the victory, but guarantees its permanency. Those who do not appreciate the immense potency of this friend of mankind, are ever prophesying that the modern world is destined, sooner or later, to relapse into that night of ignorance and barbarism, which more than once darkened down upon the imperfect civilization of former periods. But no such cheerless times can henceforth return. While the gathered wisdom of centuries was treasured up in a few manuscripts, liable to be lost or destroyed in some of those great convulsions to which society has ever been subject, civilization might indeed suffer shipwreck. But who could now annihilate *one line* which is worth preserving? The manuscript of the ancients has been multiplied into thousands of printed copies by modern art. The treasures of knowledge are not now deposited in the chamber of the philosopher, but in every cottage throughout the land;—they are no longer monopolised by any one people, but diffused over all nations,—enshrined in every language. No truth can therefore now be lost sight of,—no accident can destroy the record of any discovery or invention. Henceforth, far from retrograding, the world shall advance with continually accelerating speed, towards that millennium of happiness which shall yet bless the earth,—the reign of wisdom, liberty, and peace. The days are assuredly coming, when an enlightened world shall laugh at the impotent sceptre of the despot, and the wicked rage of the bigot and the oppressor; when the nations of the earth, no longer regarding one another as *natural enemies*, shall unite in one holy bond of brotherhood; and at length, literally beating their swords into pruning-hooks, shall seek for distinction, not by the shedding of blood, the burning of cities, and the desolation of fair provinces, but by the triumphs of intellect, the achievements of skill and industry, and the general amelioration of society.

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### IT IS NOT LOVE.

It is not love, the gush of tender feeling,  
That stirs within me when I think of thee;  
It cometh not in gusts of passion, thrilling  
My soul with mingled bliss and agony!

It is not love!—yet, with a sweet emotion,  
My bosom ever beats when thou art nigh,  
And kindles with a glow of calm devotion  
My spirit breathes not forth—save in a sigh!

Oh! never in my heart may be relighted,  
Its early hopes of truth and constancy;  
Like flowers which in the spring-time have been blighted,  
They blossom not beneath the summer sky.

My heart's spring flowers!—their incense was presented  
In vows of faith at an ideal shrine;  
I ne'er may love again, yet am contented  
Even to be blessed with *friendship* such as thine.

## POLITICAL AND LITERARY COMMENTARY.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR IN LONDON.

## No. IV.—POLITICAL.

It must be confessed by the warmest partisans of Lord Grey's administration, that in its foreign relations it has been, to say the least of it, singularly unfortunate; and if its claims to popular favour and support, rested on the display of ability and energy shown by it in conducting the foreign affairs of the country, it could scarcely hope to outlive the termination of the coming elections. Fortunately for the stability of the Ministry, the great change which has been effected in our domestic concerns, and the opening which has been made for still farther and most important improvements, have till lately almost exclusively occupied public attention. Every one felt that the misrepresentation of the people was "the root of all evil;" and hence, for the time being, every interest was centred in accomplishing a thorough reformation of what was on all hands confessed to be the source of misery and corruption unparalleled. The magnitude of this question, and the watchfulness called for on the part of the people to baffle the designing and intriguing of the aristocracy, sufficiently account for the little attention shown to other matters. While the Reform measure was in progress, it so happened that that connection with the Continental courts and their concerns, which Canning had the merit of in part breaking off, and which the Whigs, when out of office, had so strongly condemned, was more closely formed. The English Cabinet fell completely into the toils of the Holy Alliance, and, as far as the foreign policy of England was concerned, not even the Duke of Wellington himself, could have more effectually acted up to the principles of the despots. Poland, to the eternal disgrace of this country, was permitted to be sacrificed under circumstances of the most shameful and atrocious character. When struggling against a fearful odds, and displaying a heroism which casts into the shade all the records of previous times, not even a chance was afforded her. The law of nations was in vain invoked for her protection, and the treaty of Vienna in vain appealed to in her favour. Prussia, with the most open and daring disregard of that neutrality which the great Powers promised to be guided by, and under which Poland would have been contented to battle for her liberties, and *would have been triumphant*—Prussia, in the outset, too, professing to act upon that neutrality—yet, nevertheless, by every possible means, did she exhibit her hostility, and, with the exception of appearing actively in the field, did she perform the part of a most deadly enemy. The Whig Ministry of England stood passive, while the butchery of the brave Poles was carried on almost to extermination,—without raising a voice against the shameful conduct of Prussia, or moving a finger to stay the slaughters commanded by the Autocrat, or maintain the rights of the brave and trebly-sacrificed people of Poland, as solemnly guaranteed at the Congress of Vienna. To be sure, *after* the business of destruction was completed—*after* Poland had been desolated—her habitations laid waste, and her sons almost exterminated—when nothing was heard but the voice of wailing and lamentation—Poland "weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not"—*when despotism had done its worst*—then, forsooth, and not till then, did the British Cabinet show any signs of sympathy, by going through the mockery of dispatching an Ambassador Extraordinary to the Barbarian's Court. And it may well be asked, for what purpose? To be laughed at, most assuredly, as the sequel seems to have proved; for, notwithstanding all the bombast and boasting of what mighty things Lord Durham had accomplished, we have yet to learn what one good result has been achieved by his Lordship, either for the advantage of England, or for the benefit of Poland and Belgium, which countries were especially reputed to have gained by his Lordship's mission.

In looking at the foreign policy of the Whig Cabinet of England, it matters not to the people under what auspices this policy has been pursued. Lord Grey called Lord Palmerston to the foreign department with a full knowledge of that nobleman's political career, and in it there was no such manifestation of liberal and enlightened principles as warranted or justified the appointment. In fact, the nomination seemed to have been caused by the mere circumstance of Lord Palmerston being opposed to the Duke of Wellington's ministry—but *opposed, let us remember, for reasons of office merely*; and this is so obviously manifested by the similarity of purpose in his official career, that Lord Aberdeen might as well have presided over the foreign department as Lord Palmerston. Throughout the whole of our foreign policy, the glaring deficiencies in its administration are—the want of foresight and decision. Wherever we have come in contact with the Continental Powers, the Government of England has been made subservient to the infamous designs of the despots. The instance of Belgium will be a lasting monument of the folly of the Grey administration, and of the incapacity of the Foreign Secretary. Since I last adverted to this subject, an important change in it has occurred; and at the moment I write, that war which has been so frequently calculated upon in the consideration of the Dutch and Belgic question, seems approaching with rapid strides. It is truly fearful to contemplate the awful crisis which we appear to have reached. Before these pages pass through the press, it is possible that the beginning of a long and bloody struggle may have commenced, and that sword may be unsheathed which is to decide, for a long period, the question of Continental liberty—for that is the question, to the decision of which this Dutch and Belgian quarrel is the prelude. Those journalists whose duty it is to place the measures of the Cabinet before the public in the most favourable light possible, are now alive to the difficulties in which the Belgic affair has involved this country, though in the time of the protocolling they boldly defied all hinderance and opposition. These gentlemen now demand, what else Ministers could have done? remarking, with apparent simplicity, that Earl Grey *only* adopted the line of conduct begun by the Duke of Wellington!—Was ever such a defence attempted for a set of men, who have been called to office precisely because the foreign and domestic policy of the late Ministry was most inimical to the wishes and interests of the country?—“*Only pursued the policy of the Duke of Wellington!*” Why, what course *could* they have followed so strongly calculated to make them obnoxious to every liberal-minded man? In coalescing with the Continental Powers, the Duke was merely acting up to those principles which throughout governed his administration. He saw the impossibility of stemming the revolutionary torrent which had extended from France to Belgium, by any application of physical force. The Dutch had been driven from point to point, and their own country threatened to be overrun by the victorious Belgians; and when all the force which the King of Holland could bring into the field had failed, there was nothing left to the legitimates, unprepared as they were for the contest, but the employment of those ready tools of diplomacy, of which the despots know well how to avail themselves. They were determined not to recognise the independence of Belgium, if any chance existed of again placing it under the authority of Holland. The Duke of Wellington, and his foreign Minister Aberdeen, were equally desirous of bringing about the contemplated result,—and, therefore, the then Cabinet of England readily made a party in the plot, and connected this country with the great *non-interfering* (!!) Powers of the Conference. Even setting aside the policy which the true interests of England dictate,—namely, a strict avoidance of all interference on our part in the internal concerns of any of the Continental States,—the plain matter of fact, that it was the late Ministry who dragged this country into the unjust and impolitic meddling with Belgic affairs, should have been sufficient to have taught Earl Grey the necessity of pointedly avoiding all concern in the matter. It is really useless to bring Lord Palmerston's name before us, for it is to the Premier that the country will look. He was charged with



the selection of his colleagues; and although it is understood that each Minister takes the direction of his own department, it was, notwithstanding, the duty of Earl Grey to see that the great and leading principles of his Cabinet were fully acted upon, or that the Minister opposed to them should resign office. The stuff which some of the foolish apologists of Ministers have put forth about the King being pledged to the Duke of Wellington's measures, and that, therefore, they were, of necessity, in the case of Belgium, proceeded with by Earl Grey, is of the most contemptible and absurd description. Every day-labourer knows, that a change of Ministers involves a change of measures to *some extent*,—for if the latter were not called for, why should the former take place? And no man can believe, either that the King would seek to impose such terms as the adoption of the Duke of Wellington's foreign policy on Earl Grey, or that the Noble Earl would listen to the proposition for an instant. The only way in which we can reconcile the conduct of Ministers in the Belgic affair is, by supposing that a prospect was dexterously held out to them that the differences would be more speedily adjusted by England continuing to be a member of the Conference; that all manner of dreadful things were prognosticated, should the withdrawal of England interrupt the protocol proceedings; and, as a matter of course, that a general war would be the least of the evils. One can imagine that Ministers were in this way humbugged into an acquiescence with the long and protracted proceedings of these representatives of the "Great Powers." But granting that an anxiety to avert so horrible a calamity as a general war, induced the Grey Cabinet to acquiesce with the Conference in the first instance, what opinion are we to form of men who could see every well-meant endeavour on their part, and that of the French Minister, thwarted by the intriguing of their very colleagues in the Conference?—for thwart those endeavours they did, and the English Ministers must be blinder than bats not to have known it,—for the King of Prussia says, in his recently-published declaration on the invasion of Holland, that he has *all along* dissented from the application of force with the King of Holland. I am not of opinion that any of the Powers of the Conference had a right to use force either against Holland or Belgium; but as the Conference had thought proper to impose their terms upon Belgium, it ought to have been quite enough for Earl Grey, when he saw a very different doctrine set up with reference to Holland. It was then high time for the Premier to cry *quits*, and leave the contending parties to themselves. He would have been justified at that time in so doing. Belgium, the aggrieved party, would have thanked his resolution, and the country would have applauded his wisdom; and if, by any chance, a war ensued, England would have been free to have preserved her neutrality, and acted as the necessity and the justice of the case required. But a different policy prevailed; and, at this moment, we have the unfortunate prospect of being dragged into an expensive and bloody struggle about an affair, with which, first or last, we had no concern. It ought especially to be remembered, that the "Holy Alliance" did not step in with their hypocritical mediation, till it appeared clear, beyond all dispute, that Holland was unable to maintain the contest; and there remains now no doubt whatever, that their object in so interfering, was, not to preserve Europe from the chances of a war, but to postpone the time when that war should be made to a more fitting opportunity—when Belgium could, with more ease, be sacrificed, and the resources of the despots would be more adequate to the magnitude and vastness of their designs against the liberty of Europe. If, in the outset, doubts existed on this subject—if there were people who gave the Continental trio credit for sincerity, and implicitly relied upon the oft-repeated assurances of the French and English Ministerial Press, that there was a complete understanding among the Powers of the Conference—a perfect unity of purpose,—the late declaration of the King of Prussia in the Berlin Gazette must show them, that they have hitherto believed in most erroneous and unfounded statements. Happen what may, the King of Prussia has, at all events, distinctly expressed his disapproval of the

proceedings of France and England. He disavows all participation in their hostile designs, and lets it be plainly known, that, to the employment of force against Holland, *he was always opposed*. What will the Ministers and their supporters say to this?—For, if the Prussian declaration speaks truth, it is evident to every one that the English Ministers should, long since, have given up all participation in the ridiculous and absurd displays of protocols. If Prussia has been, throughout, opposed to the use of forcible means with Holland, we may feel perfectly satisfied that so, also, were Austria and Russia; and, under such circumstances, it became imperatively the duty of England to withdraw at once from giving countenance to proceedings which had the annihilation of Belgium, as an independent State, for their object. Knowing, as every one does, the character of the Continental Courts, (and referring only to the events of the present day), the conduct of Russia and Prussia towards Poland during the last year, and that of Austria towards Italy—leaving numerous other instances quite out of view,—I could not, I confess, for a moment believe, that either of the Powers named had anything but the advancement of despotism in view, nor persuade myself that the business would conclude in any other way than we have so far witnessed it, and that is still farther threatened. Speculations in this stage of affairs, would be an idle waste of time, as every day promises to put us in possession of the determination of Prussia, in the crisis which has at length arrived. That determination will seemingly be such as I have thought myself warranted in frequently surmising. The publication in the Berlin Gazette, already alluded to, says a great deal, and the concentrating of large bodies of troops in important points, though professedly as precautionary measures, are symptoms of the most dangerous character. When the French and Prussian armies are brought almost into personal contact, and upon that soil so identified with recollections of the defeat of the former under their idolized Emperor, he would be a bold man who would presume to calculate with certainty upon the continuance of peace for a single hour. The imprudence of any one of the meanest in the ranks of either armies, may produce that collision, which, by many, is so much dreaded, and which, if it once begin, may possibly end in changes which would startle some of the European Powers to contemplate. It is not disguised that the soldiers of France to this day burn with indignation at the mention of their defeat at Waterloo, which the timely arrival of the Prussians greatly contributed to effect; and that the French ardently long for an opportunity of revenging that disaster upon the heads of their old enemies, the Prussians. There is enough, and far too much of jealousy and ill blood between them, for the safety of the peace of Europe.

Happily for the interests of humanity, while the Continent presents an aspect so full of troubles, the most important portion of the Peninsula has most unexpectedly burst forth, in a comparative sense, “regenerated and disenthralled,” and to many distant lands has sent out tidings that have filled the hearts of numerous pining and care-worn exiles with hope and joy. Spain, of all other countries, seemed sunk almost beyond redemption for ages, and despotism appeared to have gained such a footing, as would for a long time have bid defiance to the most persevering efforts. Short-sighted mortals that we are! That expected event—the death of Ferdinand—which seemed likely to make Spain worse, if possible, under the rule of Don Carlos, (who would to a certainty have ascended the throne), has proved to be the salvation of the country. Each succeeding account is more and more satisfactory. The Queen is opening the seminaries of learning, and is assembling around her men of patriotism and talent; and hopes are entertained, and with good reason, that the amnesty lately published will be made, what it ought at once to have been, full and unconditional. How singular it is, and how flattering to the pride of the sex, that, both in Spain and in Portugal, the chosen and distinguished liberators of these lands are females! for though Donna Maria be not of an age to act or to advise, her name is still the talisman which animates the hearts and hands of the thousands who fight for Portuguese freedom.

And yet, where is the wonder that to woman should be allotted such high destinies? Are they not ministering angels to mankind? and who so fit to release the captive, to comfort the afflicted, and bind up the broken in heart?

Alas! how melancholy to turn from such a subject, so full of hope and consolation, to that which daily meets our eyes in the records of the sad events hourly occurring in unhappy Ireland! If ever a Ministry merited the detestation of every liberal-minded and humane man, it is the present Whig Ministry of England, for their conduct towards a most valuable, but most ill-used portion of the United Kingdom. I feel that the state of Ireland is not a topic to commence upon at the conclusion of my article, but, in a political commentary, it is at least essential to direct public attention to the fact, that the Whigs have, in a sense, instead of diminishing, *increased* the sufferings of that country. The passing of the Emancipation Bill, which the Whigs advocated, opened the door (for it could do little more) for those essential Reforms which Ireland required, and which these same Whigs, when out of office, *admitted* she required. Yet what has the Grey Cabinet done for her under the administration of Secretary Stanley, of whom, in a former article, I gave an unqualified opinion? What, but raised hopes to be disappointed; and, under the pretext of relieving the starving people from the infamous tax of tithe, passed measures which have only increased the heart-burning, and almost in every corner led to the massacre, of the unarmed and justly-exasperated peasantry? The representatives of England and Scotland are loudly called upon to put an end to this shameful state of things, and, above all, to see that an effectual termination be given to the wanton sacrifice of the suffering people of Ireland. It is scarcely possible that any Irishman, looking at the condition of his country, can advocate the continuance of the unjust and ill-assorted union of Ireland with England.

### NO. III.—LITERARY.

The sensation which the lamented death of the great magician produced in the literary world, has far from subsided; and the alacrity and spirit which has been manifested in so many distant places to do honour to his gigantic talents and his memory, speak in language that cannot be misunderstood,—the universal character of that feeling of sympathy and regret which pervades all ranks and degrees of men. It was peculiar to the talents of Sir Walter Scott, to render his productions equally acceptable to the cottage as to the palace, and to make his name as familiar to the peasant as to the wealthy and the educated. It was still more the peculiar good fortune of this extraordinary genius, to find the world not ungrateful while he lived, nor in any degree unwilling to estimate, at a goodly price, the intellectual amusement and the instruction which he afforded. And to the present generation there cannot be a higher source of pride, or a trait in their history, that more strikingly contrasts with the records of former times. There cannot be anything more painful to a generous mind, than to read of the unmerited suffering and neglect of which numbers of the brightest ornaments of English literature have been the victims; or anything more humiliating to the national pride of England, than to see the monuments of men proudly reared in our public places, who, when living, frequently knew not where to lay their heads, or where a crust was to be obtained to satisfy the cravings of their hunger! Often, when I have thought of the fate of such men, and of the honours paid to their inanimate dust, the beautiful and expressive lines of Moore, in his monody on the death of Sheridan, has occurred to me—

“And bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,  
Whose pall may be held up by nobles to-morrow!”

We know that the poetic license is of a very comprehensive kind; but, unfortunately, the truth of these lines has, in too many cases, been verified to the letter. When a man of genius is no more, the sums expended in gaudy



decoration and show at his funeral—*not out of respect to the dead, but to feed the vanity of the living*—would have been usefully employed in banishing the poverty which had possibly assailed him in his latter days: but this act would not be associated with the pomp and parade in which the donors are to bear so prominent a part before the gaping world. In the case of Sir Walter Scott, a feeling of this kind cannot intrude; but regret, deep and sincere, must be entertained, that misfortunes should have pressed so heavily upon him in his declining years, and that his great powers should have been pressed to those severe exertions under which his robust frame eventually sunk. Yet the cause for which those exertions were made, and the high spirit of personal independence and worth which they evinced, render his name still dearer to the world, and his memory the object of more sacred veneration. Of all the propositions, I most admire that which has in view the securing of Abbotsford to his family. For, besides that it is a spot, most of all others, associated with his name and his productions, all the world is aware that one of the greatest objects of Sir Walter's ambition was, to look upon that favoured residence as being all his own—and to be enabled to transmit its unencumbered possession to his children. Of all the monuments which will be erected to his memory, none can excite our sympathy so powerfully, as that one which was reared under his own eye—as that Abbotsford, which he himself inhabited.

It is not out of place here to allude to the “Masque,” which has been written in honour of the illustrious deceased, by Sheridan Knowles, and represented, as it still is, at Covent Garden theatre. The production was written in haste,—it is the emanation of the moment; but it is a highly-fanciful and affecting composition,—and it is one of those things which can be so correctly represented in our large theatres, that it is impossible to witness it without feeling the finest sensibilities of our nature awakened; and the compliment to the power of the once “Great Unknown,” is most happily conceived at the conclusion, where, though years upon years have passed away, and Abbotsford itself is mouldering under the finger of time, we behold the creations of his magic pen as fresh and full of life as at the first instant of their birth.

I think it was in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, that, in speaking of the Tory principles professed by Sir Walter Scott, the writer of the article makes the deduction, that almost all men of eminent genius have been distinguished by holding similar political opinions. I do not give the words; but such is the sum of the writer's conclusion—a conclusion which I conceive to be most erroneously drawn. I should say, that our experience tells us that the very reverse is the fact,—and that men, distinguished by talent, and especially of a poetical kind, are, generally speaking, apt to hold opinions in the very opposite extreme. They are more prone to be Republicans, than the ultra worshippers of Royalty—and the simple reason for this, I should suppose, is, that there is something in intellectual superiority, that rises above the given opinions of the multitude—that asserts its native supremacy, and spurns the conventional arrangement, which elevates an individual without any pretensions, *save the accident of birth*, in supreme authority over the industrious and useful millions. There is quite enough in the connexions and education of Sir Walter Scott, to account for his political bias; and any such deduction as I have alluded to, is not only uncalled for, but is calculated to lead to farther erroneous inferences.

The Annuals have burst upon us in full bloom, and have ushered in the publishing season. The outlay upon these fanciful and very elegant publications, is, in some instances, to a very considerable amount; and, I believe, for the last year or two, the trade has been far from being a profitable one—a circumstance partly to be attributed to the great competition that has lately arisen, and partly, also, to the rage for filling up the volumes with scraps headed by honourable and right honourable names, without caring one fig as to the value of the contributions furnished. Still there is much in these very elegant little books to admire; and one cannot help wishing that those

who embark property in them, should be fairly remunerated. The number of Works announced, and in progress of publication, will dissipate the dullness which has prevailed for some months in the book trade.

### BLACKLAW MILL.

LET Nature's face be sad or gay,  
In musing mood I love to stray,  
Where I, unknowing care or crime,  
Of youth's sweet morning spent the prime.  
I pass'd my happy early days  
Where Espedair meandering strays,  
And where the plantin' crowns the hill  
That rises near the Blacklaw Mill.

My old companions now are gone,—  
I wander o'er the fields alone:  
Alas! I know not where they be,  
Or if they still remember me.  
Sure some must yet remember how  
We gamboll'd o'er the broomy knowe;  
How jocundly we sung at will  
Among the fields of Blacklaw Mill.

The harmless cattle are no more  
I tended there in days of yore,—  
Since I beheld them grazing last,  
How many lingering years have pass'd!  
Hawkie no more the gate can leap,  
Who knew so well when I would sleep;  
Nor Crummie's heavy lowing fill  
The silent vale of Blacklaw Mill.

Though now the stones are lying loose,  
That once composed my little house,—  
The hawthorn gone, whose bushy form  
Oft screen'd me from the bursting storm;  
Yet, still unchanged, flows on the burn,  
That used my little mill to turn,  
And, as it wont, it murmurs still  
Beneath the brae at Blacklaw Mill.

I often pause beside the pool  
Wherein my limbs I used to cool,—  
That oft my little vessels bore,—  
And think on days that are no more.  
There everything to me is dear,—  
The flowers I see,—the birds I hear,—  
The very breeze, though cold and chill,  
Is dear to me at Blacklaw Mill.

But yet, with a regardless eye,  
May others see, when passing by,  
The woods and streams so dear to me,  
The fields I'll ever love to see.  
Though I have seen them o'er and o'er,  
'Twas but to love them more and more.  
Until my bosom cease to thrill,  
I'll love to muse o'er Blacklaw Mill.

# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THAT the merry times of Christmas are fast approaching, is now intimated to us, not only by the breath of Boreas becoming more snell, and the "cranreuch" ornaments with which our windows are bedizzened, but also by the more pleasant accompaniments of the season, which are now making their appearance in the shape of "Annals," "Offerings," &c. These charming visitors are rather fewer in number this season than usual; and we have no doubt that this is entirely owing to the great depression of trade, which, from many "untoward events," has of late very generally prevailed. The political hurricane, and the pestilential simoom, which during the present year have afflicted us—the one with long-protracted turbulence, and the other with feebleness and death, have caused the total loss of many a fine adventure on the sea of speculation; so that it is not to be wondered at that there are only a few of the fair fabrics left, which, like the relics of *Æneas's* fleet,—

"Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

Amongst the most beautiful of these charmers which yet remain, the "Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath"\* presents the first claim to our attention, and solicits it in the following style:—

"The 'Annual' Christmas Fleet (to adopt the commercial style) having sustained very considerable damage in the late heavy gales, from which 'The Trade' has suffered so severely, it is a matter of no slight satisfaction to the Owners of the 'Friendship's Offering, of London,' to be enabled to announce to their correspondents at home and abroad, that their good sea-worthy vessel (F. O.) has not only accomplished her last voyage in perfect safety, while so many others of superior tonnage or pretensions have either actually foundered at sea, or sprung most perilous leaks, but that she now clears out for another trip under very auspicious circumstances; having, with a view to encounter still more securely whatever weather may blow, taken on board a capital supply of naval stores and materials (sails, chain-cables, blocks, spars, anchors, fastage, and so forth,) formerly belonging to 'The Winter's Wreath,' of London and Liverpool, a new-built and well-formed brig, recently purchased by the present owners (S. E. and Co.); and the most active and steady hands from the late crew of said vessel (W. W.) having been also engaged for F. O., in addition to her ordinary complement of superior seamen," &c. &c.

The present specimen of this interesting publication is, in every respect, delightful. The mechanical part is executed in the first style of excellence; and the literary

contents are all of them good, and many of them admirable. Indeed, when we mention that there are excellent productions in it, by such authors as James B. Fraser, Leitch Ritchie, Derwent Conway, Thomas Pringle, and Allan Cunningham, we think scarcely any other guarantee is necessary to ensure it a favourable reception with the public. There is a delightful prose article, entitled "Old Maids," and a fine piece in verse, called "The Tornado," by Pringle, together with a "Sonnet," by Alfred Tennyson, here given;—"all originally inserted in the 'Englishman's Magazine' for August, 1831,—a clever periodical, which, amidst the 'chance and change' of the times and 'the trade,' was consigned, after the publication of a few numbers, to premature extinction." "The Fisherman of the Calabrese Lake," and "Notes of a Journey to Richmond," are also excellent articles each in its own way. As a specimen of the prose, we select the following short piece, from an article entitled "Stray Leaves:—"

"Hope!—alas! by what fatality have I once more found myself in a society, and listening to whispers, ever so fatal for me? By a retribution which has never failed me, the fault bore with itself its own punishment; the death of hope has been the price which I was destined to pay for the weakness of having permitted its birth! How many harps have been tuned in honour of hope; and yet, what, on this dim earth, is it worth,—save only to make us long for that better country where it has no existence, because its place is occupied by certainty! It is the source of many sorrows,—the beautiful parent of deformed and mourning children. For myself, I have never wept, but because I had hoped. For me, the bud has ever perished ere it could blow to a flower! And yet I cannot resist the voice of the charmer, who charmeth not wisely, but too well! I cannot but feed the golden-plumaged bird that comes singing to my window, though I know that he will use his bright plumage but to leave me. Hope—eternal hope!—ever departing and ever returning,—the heart's unresting tide—ever ebbing, but to flow again—overflowing, only that it may ebb—the true Proteus, filling a thousand shapes—the veritable Metempsychosis, perishing in one form, but to be reproduced in another—undying and eternal in its essence—most mortal and mutable in its combinations!"

Of the articles in verse, we give "The Tornado." An African Sketch. By Thos. Pringle.

Doest thou love to list the rushing  
Of the tempest in its might?  
Dost thou joy to see the gushing  
Of the torrent at its height?  
Hasten forth ere yet the gloaming  
Waneth wildly into night,  
While the troubled sea is foaming  
With a strange phosphoric light.

\* Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath: A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1833. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 65, Cornhill.



Lo, the sea-fowl, loudly screaming,  
 Seeks the shelter of the land;  
 And a signal light is gleaming  
 Where yon vessel nears the strand:  
 Just at sun-set she was lying  
 All-becalmed upon the main;  
 Now, with sails in tatters flying,  
 She to sea-ward beats—in vain!

Hark! the long-unopened fountains  
 Of the clouds have burst at last;  
 And the echoes of the mountains  
 Lift their wailing voices fast:  
 Now a thousand rills are pouring  
 Their far-sounding waterfalls;  
 And the wrathful stream is roaring  
 High above its rocky walls.

Now the forest-trees are shaking,  
 Like bullrushes in the gale;  
 And the folded flocks are quaking  
 'Neath the pelting of the hail.  
 From the jungle-cumbered river  
 Comes a growl along the ground;  
 And the cattle start and shiver,  
 For they know full well the sound.

'Tis the lion, gaunt with hunger,  
 Glaring down the darkening glen;  
 But a fiercer Power and stronger  
 Drives him back into his den:  
 For the fiend TORNADO rideth  
 Forth with FEAR, his maniac bride,  
 Who by shipwrecked shores abideth,  
 With the she-wolf by her side.

Heard ye not the Demon flapping  
 His exulting wings aloud?  
 And his mate her wild hands clapping  
 From yon scowling thunder cloud?  
 By the fireflaucht's gleamy flashing  
 The doomed vessel ye may spy,  
 With the billows o'er her dashing—  
 Hark (O God!) that fearful cry!

Seven hundred human voices  
 In that shriek came on the blast!  
 Ha! the Tempest-Fiend rejoices—  
 For all earthly aid is past!  
 White as smoke the surge is showering  
 O'er the cliffs that sea-ward frown,  
 While the greedy gulf, devouring,  
 Like a dragon sucks them down.

The last "Offering" professed to deal both in "smiles and tears." The present one \* intends that we should discard the last item entirely, and shed no tears unless they be caused by laughter. "Of the three Comic Annuals which started at the same time, the Comic Offering alone remains;"—and it is, therefore, another specimen of the "rari nontes in gurgite vasto." We must say that the *fair* editor of the "Comic Offering" appears to have studied Dean Swift's seventy-nine rules of *Punning* to some purpose. Indeed, the volume might well be denominated "Punning made Easy," as there is scarcely anything else in the whole book. As was said of Hudibras,—

For rhetoric, he could not ope  
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope;

so may be said of Miss Louisa Henrietta Sheridan in regard to *Puns*. Her namesake, and, perhaps, ancestor, Dr. Sheridan, of facetious memory, has given us the following lines on this subject:—

Once on a time, in merry mood,  
 Jove made a PUN of flesh and blood;

A double, *two-faced* living creature,  
*Androgynos*, of twofold nature,  
 For back to back with single skin  
 He bound the male and female in;  
 So much alike, so near the same,  
 They stuck as closely as their name.  
 Whatever words the male exprest,  
 The female turn'd them to a jest;  
 Whatever words the female spoke,  
 The male converted to a joke:  
 So, in this form of man and wife,  
 They led a merry PUNNING life.

"Punning," says Swift, "is an art of harmonious jingling upon words, which, passing in at the ears, and falling upon the diaphragma, excites a titillary motion in those parts; and this being conveyed by the animal spirits into the muscles of the face, raises the cockles of the heart."—"The great and singular advantages of PUNNING," observes the same author, "and the lustre it gives to conversation, are commonly so little known in the world, that scarce one man of learning in fifty, to their shame be it spoken, appears to have the least tincture of it in his discourse. Let critics say what they will, I will venture to affirm, that punning, of all arts and sciences, is the most extraordinary: for all others are circumscribed by certain bounds; but this alone is found to have no limits, because to excel therein requires a more extensive knowledge of all things."

Now, in strict accordance with all these observations, it will be found that, in the present volume, almost all the words in common use in the English language are made to dance in pairs, like couples at a country wedding, to the great amusement of the on-lookers. The work will, therefore, be thought a high treat by those who like harmless fun, and have a true taste for fanciful illustrations. Many of the illustrations are extremely clever, and others of them rather far-fetched. John *Knox* is a good example in both particulars, as it is cleverly executed, but rather far-fetched in the application. The following is the piece of wit with which it is connected:—

#### ULYSSES AND POLYPHEMUS.

ULYSSES was a tough old Greek,  
 And cunning as a fox;  
 And little cared for thumps and blows  
 As catholics for—Knox.

For ten long years, 'fore Troy so stout,  
 He 'd battled without stopping;  
 And now he long'd for Ithaca,  
 Quite tired grown of 'wapping.'

*Pencil* pc, his loving queen,  
 (The chastest wife of any),  
 His absence mourn'd—and Ulysses  
 Sigh'd for his *crown* and *Penny*!

A fleet of ships he mann'd for sea,  
 Wherein his spoils were stored,  
 "A great deal sick, I'm sure to be,"  
 Cried he, "When I'm a-board!"

"Brothers in arms! and loving friends!"  
 He said, with air discreet;  
 "I owe ye more than I can pay—  
 I'm going to the *Fleet*!"

He weigh'd his anchor, *hankering*  
 To reach his royal home;  
 Nor (bound for Ithaca) once thought  
 He'd driven be to *roam*!

\* The Comic Offering; or Ladies' Melange of Literary Mirth, for 1833. Edited by Louisa Henrietta Sheridan. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

But oh! the winds were high, and o'er  
His bark the waters break;  
His fleet was seen—but in his sleep,  
It was not in his wake!

Abreast the Isle of Sicily  
He found himself at last;  
And as his crew were starving all,  
He made his anchor fast.

The giant Polyphemus there,  
One-eyed and full of wrinkles,  
Six of his crew ate up—as we  
Eat shrimps and periwinkles!

Ulysses spoke—(though in a fright)  
His speech a life deserved:  
Though ne'er before so eloquent,  
Ulysses was—*reserved!*

A cask of smuggled Hollands he  
Then ordered from the ship,  
And soon old Polyphemus made  
Right *flippant* with good *flip*.

"The can!—The can!—you *canny* dog!"  
Drunk Polypheme demanded;  
And sly Ulysses saw with joy  
The can did make him *candid!*

At length his single peeper closed,  
At length, altho he roll'd!  
"That bowl hath *bowl'd* him out I trow,  
And, eke, hath made me *bold!*"

Ulysses said, and seized a brand  
Right quick in his right hand did;  
"Thy brain, old boy, is *groggy*, and  
Thine eye shall now be *branded!*"

He gave one poke—the next one did  
The sturdy giant kill:  
And when his spirit "wing'd its flight,"  
He lay a giant—*still!*

Joy filled all hearts—the prospect late  
So *heavy*, turned out brighter;  
All went (albeit in a *ship*)  
On board a *little tighter!*

After this *tule*, we give the following as  
a *tail-piece*:—

Going to the *Opera* is a dreadful *operation*: to be boxed up in small cribs looking like the berths in a steam-packet, and hearing the musical sorrows of queer-named people,—the Greasy, Tosey, Chinty, Tambour-in-eye, Rose-in-eye, Marry-an-eye, Jubilee, Sunday, Pussey, Lazy-say, Angel-in-eye, and 'others too numerous to mention;' the only one with whom I sympathise being Herr *Hate-singer!* A nice name that man has! In the orchestra we find *Dragon-etti* and *Spaniel-etti* playing together, like the animals in the golden age (the present time is the golden era for fiddlers!): *Dragon-etti* has made a *piece* for St. George's day, and likewise a *Chasse* after *Wolfe*. *Spanieletti* makes good *points*, as a *setter* of music, and is likewise clever at a *Bark-arole*; but I cannot fancy why the *fiddlers* should be led by him, unless they are *blind!* Then *Mori*, with his deathlike name, is thought the life of all concerts, and tires me with *light* variations to the '*Maid of Loamy*,' with the original *burthen* to each. These you will say are all *nominal* grievances of mine, but I thought I might take the liberty of *naming* my sorrows, and hope, in penning them, you will think I *do write*. I would have sketched them *vivà voce*, but a *vocal* sketch seems rather a *sing-ular* idea. Apropos of singing: when voiceless musicians have devoted eight hours per diem to the practice of some instrument, and (fancying themselves perfect St. Cecilia's or Paganini's), they favour the world by playing 365 pages of a sonata—how pleasant it must be, after they finish, instead of a thunder of applause, to hear on all sides the question, "Well, but don't you *sing?*"

What, another *ANNUAL* yet!—The *ELGIN ANNUAL!*\* This is bold work!—

"Whatever may be the merits of the *ELGIN ANNUAL*, it will be allowed on all hands that it is something new under the sun, even to *attempt* to get up a volume in the style of the *Annuals*, in such a place as *Elgin*—containing, as it does, no more than 5000 inhabitants, and being 600 miles distant from the metropolis. So far as the Editor is aware, there is only one other instance on record of an *Annual* being got up in a provincial town, and that in one of the largest cities in the kingdom."

We suppose Mr. Grant here refers to that curious production of Nature's 'plastic hand,' yeapt '*The Chameleon*,' which exhibited its many changing hues before the eyes of 'a discerning public' in our city some time ago. The Editor of the present volume seems inclined to demonstrate, by Cocker's Arithmetic, that an *ELGIN ANNUAL* has one claim to the attention of the public more than a London one, viz., that *Elgin* contains fewer inhabitants than London does. Thus, London contains 1,300,000 inhabitants, and *Elgin* contains 5,000—*argal*, an *Elgin Annual* is exactly 260 times more of a curiosity than a London one is. Q. e. d. Mr. Grant, the Editor of the present volume, and Author of the prose articles which it contains, is known to be a writer of character, talent, and attainments; and is conductor of a very respectable provincial newspaper, the *Elgin Courier*.—"The *ELGIN ANNUAL*," he tells us, "is pre-eminently a work of home manufacture. The graphic embellishments were drawn, the prose written, the whole printed, the volume bound, and now ready to be sold, in the same premises, namely, the *ELGIN COURIER OFFICE*." Why, this looks very like a monopoly; and we almost think that a charter would need to be taken out for the purpose.—At all events, we think Mr. Grant is deserving of great praise for having done so much; and we sincerely hope that he will meet with such encouragement from the public as shall bring a good remuneration for his labours. We must confess, however, that we do not find anything very attractive in the prose articles; and, in giving a specimen of the work, we shall, therefore, take it from the poetry. Here it is:—

#### A COUNTRY-TOWN ROUT.

How social and pleasant to meet in a room!  
Just 14 by 12, twenty-three of one's friends!  
Dos-à-dos, vis-à-vis, nodding ringlet and plume,  
With question and answer which no one attends.  
"How d'ye do?" and "Good bye." "What a fright!" "What a beauty!"  
"That man is a nine-pin!" "That woman a bore!"  
"What are trumps?" "How she squalls!" "It is surely a duty  
If people *will* sing." "Pray attend to your score!"

"What a heat!" "Suffocation!" "Do look at Miss Languish!"  
"That man has undone me!" "O when did he die?"

\* The *Elgin Annual*, for 1833. Edited by James Grant of the *Elgin Courier*. *Elgin*: J. & J. Grant.

"Have you heard Master Aspull?" "Just think of my anguish!"

"I cannot just now!" "Let me give you some pie!"

Say not that such soirées pass *idly* away!

That they squander our talents, our time, and our pence:

No scenes half so busy, no revels so gay,  
Were ever made bright at such *trifling* expense.

Amongst other things, some people are of opinion that Parliaments ought to be *ANNUALS*, so that it is certainly an easy matter to pass from what we have been just discussing, to the consideration of the *ELECTIVE FRANCHISE*.\* Mr. Dunlop is one of your bit-and-bit men. He is not for giving too much of a good thing at once; and even what he does give, is by no means given with a good grace. He puts one in mind of the chimney-sweep in Joe Miller, who held out a piece of bread and butter to a dog, and when he snapped at it, he hit him on the nose with his brush. In like manner does our Author treat us in regard to the *Elective Franchise*.—*Exempla gratia*.

"The principles of liberty, and the rights which flow from its diffusion, have, in every age and country, refined the feelings, exalted the character, and ennobled the actions of mankind. They have been the means of cultivating the most powerful faculties of the mind, and awakened the best sympathies of the heart. They have fostered knowledge, thought, and industry; stimulated science, and promoted art. They have developed what is pure in principle, profound in science, useful in art, and beautiful in taste. They have dignified the labours, and chastened the pleasures of mankind. They have extended the range of human intellect, invigorated its conceptions, and aided its discoveries. They have enlarged the dominion of moral principle, and imposed upon mankind duties to their country, in addition to those which family relations and social connections prescribed. They may have multiplied the cares, but they have lessened the sufferings, and increased the pleasures of existence. Liberty, then, produces incalculable good. If the existence of its principles, in a given community, thus elevates man in the scale of his being, it may be reasonably inferred, that the more extended diffusion of that most important immunity—the right of voting at elections among those classes of society already designated, will bring into action principles and feelings eminently calculated to benefit and improve the character of its possessors."

Now, this is the bread and butter, and here comes, immediately, the hit with the brush:—

"But if conferred upon the dependant, it will proportionably degrade. The poor man, excluded from the exercise of the franchise, is neither corrupted by a bribe, nor bullied by a threat. He has the gratification, at least, of entertaining his own honest opinion, as relates to the management of public affairs, undisturbed by the suggestions of interest or of fear. But once qualified to vote, the consciousness of enjoying his independent opinion, and expressing it to all, and the lofty feelings which it awakens, might be exchanged for the badge of servitude, and the degradation it imparts. In the one case, he is not lowered in his own estimation; in the other,

by forfeiting independence, he is degraded in his own esteem. The poor man is not qualified by law to vote, but he is eligible, as a citizen, by the law, when the necessary qualification is once obtained. This is within the reach of all; and hope, the universal passion, will prompt every man to expect with confidence its ultimate enjoyment. He is branded by no mark of helotism, as the Irish Catholic was. No stigma is attached to his condition on account of his belief. He is only excluded, in common with every other man in his own condition, from exercising the right of voting till his own exertions have secured its possession. The want of the money qualification does not degrade. The possession of a dependent vote inevitably would. The want of it stimulates his industry: having it, loses for him the sense of self-esteem. His moral character would proportionably fall; for the man who esteems not himself, would soon, from the habits he would form, and the acts he would commit, fall in the estimation of others."

All this, we have no doubt, is thought by Mr. Dunlop to be excessively *deep*, but, in our opinion, it is only remarkably *drumty*. "The poor man, excluded from the exercise of the franchise, is neither corrupted by a bribe, nor bullied by a threat." Why, neither would he be if he were deprived of his head; but it does not follow that it is, therefore, a good thing to deprive a poor man either of his head or of the elective franchise. "The poor man is not qualified by law to vote, but he is eligible, as a citizen, by the law, when the necessary qualification is once obtained. This is within the reach of all." We have heard it said, that if "wishes were horses, beggars might ride;" but Mr. D. tells us very plainly here, that it is in the power of every poor man to become rich, but how they are to become so, he does not exactly say. He adds, however, that "the want of the money qualification does not degrade." We think this is a great mistake; for nothing can be more certain, than that the want of any *qualification* whatever, and more especially a *money* one, degrades a man very much, if not in his own eyes, at least in the eyes of many of those who happen to be more fortunate in respect to those matters than he is. In justice to Mr. D., however, we shall quote his concluding paragraph on this subject, which shows him to be at least a man of caution, if not of extensive liberality.

"All men of enlightened principles and generous sentiments would wish every class of their countrymen to participate in the enjoyment of the constitutional immunities which they themselves exercise: but this laudable feeling must be held in subordination to the calm decisions of the judgment—and before extending generally such privileges, the consequences to which their possession would inevitably tend, in affecting the safety and interests of all, must, in the first place, as far as possible, be accurately ascertained."

Mr. Dunlop's ideas on the subject of *Primogeniture* happen not to square with ours, any more than those on the *Elective Franchise*; but on this we cannot enter at present. He says in his preface, that "he will be gratified to learn that, in some instances, he is wrong;"—and "he is anxious, too, that his opinions on the law of *primogeniture* should prove erro-

\* Thoughts on the Extension of the *Elective Franchise*, and on the *Republican Institutions*. By Alexander Dunlop, Esq., Advocate. Glasgow; 1832.



neous." We have done what we can to gratify him in both these respects; but we must say, at the same time, that although we differ from him in some things, yet we consider his pamphlet, upon the whole, rather a clever performance, and that he shows himself capable of much greater things.

The study of the English tongue must be to every learner a matter of great difficulty.\* Lewis Holberg, a Danish writer, says, "It has been said that the Devil once threw all the ancient and modern languages into a brass pot, and that, when the pot began to boil, he made the English language out of the scum." Since it is a study of difficult attainment, we are certainly much indebted to every one who uses means for clearing the way to us; and we think the present performance is much calculated for doing away with many of the difficulties. Mr. Hunter is already well known as a successful labourer in this department, by his methodical Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon tongue; and his accurate knowledge of these matters is of considerable use to him in the development of the principles which he has laid down in the present work. We have compared this performance with those of Louth, Lindley Murray, Cobbett, Lennie, Milne, &c., on the same subject; and we have no hesitation in saying, that Mr. Hunter's is a very meritorious work, and highly deserving the attention of every one who wishes to understand aright the principles of the English language. Mr. H. gives the following example of equivocation in page 109: "They were both more ancient among the Persians than Zoroaster or Zerdusht;" which he corrects thus—"either Zoroaster or Zendusht." This is a mistake. Zoroaster and Zerdusht mean one and the same person. In the original language his name is ZERDUSHT, which, by some means or other, has been transformed by Europeans into ZOROASTER. As this happens to be a foreign word, however, there is a good excuse for Mr. Hunter falling into a mistake regarding it; and, indeed, he is perhaps inclined to stick entirely by the old adage—

"Let all the foreign tongues alone,  
Till you can read and spell your own."

Amongst the foreign tongues the Greek is, certainly, one of the most difficult, as is known to many a poor school-boy by woful experience. Those who wish to escape the drudgery of learning Greek, and are desirous to skim the surface of classical literature, will find a rich treat presented to them in the Family Classical Library, of which we have now the XXXV. number before us.† This forms the se-

cond and middle volume of Euripides, translated into English by Mr. Potter. The 'gentle' Euripides appears to have been so very ungallant, as to have ultimately achieved for himself the unamiable cognomen of *μισογυνος*, "The woman-hater." He lived 75 years, and is said to have written 75 plays. Amongst these, the one entitled 'Hercules,' which is contained in this volume, is one of the most interesting and complete. From it we quote the following beautiful choral song, giving an account of the Twelve Labours of Hercules, in which both the Greek bard and the English translator have put forth their strength to good purpose.

#### STROPHE I.

Their meed of fame, when virtue's works require  
Sublimar measures, Phœbus brings,  
Smites with a bolder hand his golden lyre,  
And gives to glory all its sounding strings.  
'Tis mine to bid the numbers flow,  
The hero's glorious deeds to crown,  
Who to the dreary realms below  
Dared with bold step the dangerous path to tread,  
If him Amphitryon's son I name,  
Or Jove his offspring deigns to own;  
The generous virtues claim this meed of fame,  
This honour to the illustrious dead;  
The sacred forest saw his first of toils  
Peace to its frightened glades restore,  
And grateful echoed with applause,  
When o'er his manly limbs the victor wore  
The tawny lion's shaggy spoils,  
Terrific with its yawning jaws.

#### ANTISTROPHE I.

With many a shaft wing'd from his fatal bow,  
The savage Centaurs' mountain band  
He quell'd, and laid the bleeding monsters low,  
In Pholoe gored by his victorious hand;  
Peneus, witness to his might,  
In triumph roll'd his beauteous tide;  
Witness was each uncultured height,  
The woods of Pelion nodding to the gale,  
And neighbouring Omole's deep caves;  
Descending down whose rugged side  
Each Centaur in his hand a pine-tree waves,  
And, thundering o'er Thessalia's vale,  
With fierce incursions shook the country round,  
The spotted hind, that rear'd with pride  
The golden honours of its head,  
And wasted Cene's sylvan coverts wide,  
Untired he chased, he seized, he bound,  
A trophy to the huntress maid.

#### STROPHE II.

He yoked the fiery coursers to the car,  
Entering the Thracian tyrant's walls,  
And taught their mouths the iron curb to bear:  
Unrein'd, and pawing in their gore-dew'd stalls,  
Greedy of human flesh they stood,  
Furious the mangled bodies tore,  
And drank with savage joy their blood:  
These steeds, the silver-flowing Hebrus pass'd,  
He drove its farther bank beside,  
Drove them along Thessalia's shore,  
Where to the ocean wave, with headlong haste,  
Anaurus rolls his foaming pride;  
Then to Mycenæ's monarch bore the prize.  
The cruel Cycnus felt his might,  
Who slew with ruthless hand each guest,  
Proud dweller of Amphanæ's rugged height:  
Pierced by his shafts, in blood he lies,  
And gives the avenged stranger rest.

#### ANTISTROPHE II.

To the rich gardens nigh the Hesperian main,  
Burnish'd with summer's brightest glow,  
Where still the tuneful sisters pour the strain  
In all the melting melody of wo,  
He came; avow'd his purpose bold  
To pluck the ambrosial fruit, that grew  
Irradiate on the boughs of gold.  
In vain the watchful dragon wreathed around  
His spires voluminous and vast;

\* The Principles of English Grammar. By William Hunter, Professor of Logic, Moral Philosophy, and Rhetoric, Andersonian University. Glasgow: Atkinson & Co. 1832.

† Family Classical Library. No. XXXV. Euripides. Vol. II. London: A. J. Valpy, M. A. 1832.

The fiery-scaled guard he slew,  
To the wide ocean's foaming gulfs he pass'd,  
And on the earth's last western bound,  
Memorials of his toils, his pillars rears.  
Beneath the centre of the skies,  
Whose weight the labouring Atlas loads,  
Friendly relief his matchless strength supplies,  
And on his patient shoulders bears  
The starry mansions of the gods.

## STROPHE III.

O'er the black Euxine's hoarse-resounding wave  
He sought the Amazonian host,  
Who on their fiery steeds the battle brave,  
In martial ranks arranged along the coast,  
Where frequent streams their silver tide  
To swell the dull Mæotis roll.  
Who of his friends, their country's pride,  
Did not in arms, to attend their chief, arise?  
The warlike Virgin's fatal zone,  
And the rich texture of her stole,  
Where radiant gold on glowing purple shone,  
He sought; and Greece received the prize,  
The illustrious spoils of the barbaric maid,  
With triumph in Mycenæ held.  
The horrid Hydra's hundred heads,  
Hell-hound of Lerna, arm'd with flames, he  
quell'd.  
His shafts the triple tyrant laid  
Bleeding on Erythea's meads.

## ANTISTROPHE III.

To other toils he roused his matchless might,  
And glorious conquest crown'd his brow;  
But now, his last of toils, from heaven's fair light  
Venturous he sail'd to Pluto's realms below;  
Unhappy, from that mournful shore,  
Never, ah! never to return;  
He sees the light of life no more.  
Far from his house each faithless friend is fled;  
The Stygian boat his sons awaits,  
Who now their absent father mourn;  
Then o'er the hateful stream the unrighteous  
Fates  
The irremediable way shall lead,  
And all their present aid thy feeble age.  
Could I with youthful vigour stand,  
And firmly grasp the thundering spear,  
Girt with my brave compeers, this daring hand  
Should guard them from the tyrant's rage:  
But youth and strength are withered here.

The 'Sweet Swan of Avon' did not sing  
in Greek. Shakspeare's 'sweetest Shakspeare, Nature's child'—'had but little Latin and no Greek,' yet no one needs to be informed that, in his 36 plays,

"Each change of many-coloured life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

Although the Works of Shakspeare have, no doubt, already appeared before the world in such a multitude of forms, as seems to have embraced almost every ima-

ginable variety, yet the present handsome, portable edition,\* which is to be comprised in fifteen monthly volumes, is by no means a work of supererogation. "Numerous and varied," says the Editor, "as are the forms in which the Works of SHAKSPEARE have appeared, it will be readily acknowledged that an improved edition, printed in the same form as the most popular productions of the present day, is still a desideratum. The text of Malone, as published in 1821, in twenty-one volumes, is scrupulously followed; and a brief Historical Sketch and Argument are prefixed to each play. Dr. Johnson has observed, in his excellent Preface, that notes are often necessary, but a necessary evil: such only are inserted as may serve to elucidate obscure passages, or to explain obsolete words and phrases; by which the Editor hopes to obtain for his work the appellation of 'a legible edition of Shakspeare,' uniform with the most popular productions of the present day, and suited to the taste of the age. The Illustrations are drawn from the one hundred and seventy plates in Bondell's Edition, and executed on steel in the first style of outline engraving." Upon the whole, from the specimen before us, we think Mr. Valpy is quite justified in saying, that "the number and quality of the illustrations, the convenience and portability of the form adopted, and the general execution of the whole work, will, it is hoped, merit the approbation of the public, as the most useful, ornamental, and economical edition of Shakspeare." This volume rivals the ANNUALS in the elegance of its outward appearance. SHAKSPEARE, however, is not merely an ANNUAL; he is a PERENNIAL, an EVERGREEN; and is, no doubt, fated to "flourish in immortal youth," even until

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all who in it inherit, shall dissolve."

\* The Plays and Poems of Shakspeare. Edited by A. J. Valpy, M.A. In 15 Vols. London: A. J. Valpy. 1832.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

## SCOTLAND.

BURGH REFORM.—It is now certain that Ministers intend to bring forward a general Burgh Reform Bill, in the first session of the new Parliament. Annual rent of ten pounds is to constitute the qualification of electors in Edinburgh and other large towns; five pounds in smaller burghs. A good deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed at the principle of the proposed bill, and with apparent justice, as it seems to be the general opinion that every householder ought to have the privilege of voting at the nomination of civic rulers. The

existing abuses call loudly for speedy redress; and it will tend not a little to keep up the popularity of the present Ministry, if they set about this delicate subject with "promptitude, prudence, and sound judgment."

ELECTIONEERING.—The near approach of the elections is creating a general bustle in every part of the country. As the day advances, the contest becomes more and more arduous. Few Tories will have the honour of a seat for Scotland; and even the Whigs of the western coalition will find it difficult to secure their return. The

Liberals are everywhere the favourites, for it is to them the country looks for deliverance from misrule and oppression. May their efforts be crowned with success! In general, the Scotch candidates seem rather averse to pledges, and, from the addresses of not a few who style themselves Liberals, it is difficult to discover in what respects they differ from the Tories. They either have not considered many of the most important questions, or they express their opinions with so much reservation, that it is impossible to conjecture how they will act when called upon to vote in Parliament. This is perfect trifling, and ought not to be allowed to pass. Electors should insist upon plain and positive information, before they intrust into their hands business of such vital importance. As the law now stands, voters for the counties are composed, generally speaking, of four classes of persons:—1st, The landed proprietors; 2d, the tenants on life-rents, or long leases, having a £10 or £50 interest on their farms; 3d, those paying a rent of £50 a-year; though without any lease; 4th, the feuars or owners of houses worth £10 a-year, in the towns and villages within its bounds. The last two classes are so extremely numerous in general, in comparison with the first and second, that the contest for the representation lies mainly between them. According as the county is agricultural or manufacturing, the return is likely to be influenced by one or other of those bodies of men; but, in either case, the minority are totally unrepresented. This is the necessary consequence of blending together, for one Member, two different classes of men, who not only have no interest in common, but whose interests are, or are supposed to be, adverse to each other. It is impossible to suppose that the Member who is elected by one of these classes, in opposition to the utmost efforts of the other, is to retain any warm sympathy for their wishes or interests; or that he is to attend to the desires of the minority, who strove to reject, instead of the majority, who secured his election.

## ENGLAND.

**CHURCH REFORM.**—It is reported that some important reforms in the Church will be brought before Parliament, with the sanction of the principal Bishops.—Such a reform as they would be disposed to grant, will be very gentle indeed. On the contrary, unless it meet with the opposition of the majority of that body, it will not be worth having. The first thing in reforming the Church, will be to put it out of the power of the Bishops to thwart the intended reform, by their opposition in the House of Lords. Upon the authority of the *Standard*, we are informed that Mr. Pelham has told the electors of Lincoln that the Church Reform Bill is drawn up, and by the hands of the Rev. Sydney Smith! the first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, the most constant and inveterate

enemy of his order. All reform, however, short of exempting the Protestant Dissenters and Roman Catholics from the payment of ecclesiastical dues, will merely have the effect of prolonging the controversy which the people are now waging with the Church, and of hastening the arrival of the period, which must come sooner or later, when the union between the Church and State shall be for ever severed. In a word, while the opponents of the Church aim not at wresting from the Establishment the property which may justly belong to it, nor endeavour to vault into the seat of earthly power which it now occupies, they demand at the hands of the Legislature, that they shall not be taxed to support a gorgeous but corrupt and inefficient Church Establishment. To this it must come at last, before the people of England will be satisfied; and one of the first measures which should be adopted, is to exclude all persons in holy orders from seats in the House of Lords. It is injurious to religion that clergymen should be engaged in political turmoils; and their recent conduct on the Reform Bills shows that they are disposed to exercise their power, not for the welfare of the people, but for the benefit of those to whom they are indebted for their elevation, or from whom they expect further promotion. The tithe system must also be extinguished, for tithes will not be much longer submitted to by the English; and unless some alteration is speedily made, we shall soon see the same scenes in England which Ireland now presents.

## IRELAND.

**MORE TITHE DOINGS.**—Stanley is enforcing the collection of tithes with all rigour, and obtaining convictions against persons for having attended tithe meetings. All, however, will be of no avail. The Irish are determined never to submit to the odious impost. A month's imprisonment, and a fine of a few pounds, they consider as no punishment at all. Five millions of men are ready to pay the fines, and to hail those who have been convicted as martyrs to the glorious cause. England and Scotland will not long be silent; they are not unconcerned spectators of the cruel oppression. We have had melancholy evidence of the tyrannical character of the law proceedings in which the Government has been engaged, says the *Northern Whig*. Severity has been pushed to its extent in defence of tithes; whilst the leniency with which General Bingham was treated, affords to the people slight reason to expect adequate protection against any trooper who may choose to cut him down, in defence of the Church.—“Some Parson Magistrates had got intelligence that an Anti-tithe meeting was to be held, and General Sir George Bingham and his Lancers were immediately on the alert. They pushed gallantly forward towards the place of meeting, and on their way encountered Mr. Hodnett. This gen-



tleman had made himself active in opposing tithes, but was not aware that any meeting was to take place on the day in question. He was riding in company with a Catholic curate, when he met Sir George and his troop of Lancers. After addressing a few taunting words to Mr. Hodnett, the General turned about, and said to the Lancers,—“There he is—the head of the rebels—cut him down! cut him down!—ride him down! ride him down!” Mr. Hodnett was instantly borne down; his horse received *five* wounds, and his hat was cut through by a sabre. In consequence of this illegal and savage treatment, Mr. Hodnett brought an action for assault and false imprisonment. The Jury returned a verdict of *guilty*, and the General was sentenced to pay a fine to the King of *Sixpence*, on each count in the indictment. Contrast this with the trial of Mr. J. K. O'Dwyer, at the Clonmel Assizes, for attending an Anti-tithe meeting! At the meeting there was only one flag, with the inscription—“No tithes! no taxes instead of them! our hatred to tithes shall be as everlasting as our love of justice!” The multitude dispersed when ordered by the Magistrates, yet Mr. O'Dwyer was found guilty, and, instead of a fine of Sixpence, as in the case of the General, he was sentenced to be imprisoned for *five months*, and to pay a fine of £100! People of Ireland, what think you of such law? We forbear from characterizing such conduct as we feel inclined; but the public will not hesitate to designate it PETTY FRANNY!”

#### EUROPEAN POLITICS.

Domestic affliction, which has for some time abridged the necessary quantity of leisure, obliges us to be very brief upon this head, and simply to mention generalities.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.—The question of peace or war, at the date at which we write, (17th,) is still undecided, although there can be no doubt that, before this time, a great part of the French army, which has been increased to 60,000 men, has entered Belgium, and commenced an attack upon Antwerp. The French Government has followed the example of the English, in imposing an embargo on vessels from Holland. Only two ships have been detained at Liverpool, and at sea there have been no captures that we have heard of. The Duke of Orleans and the Duke de Nemours have left Paris for the head-quarters of Marshal Gerard. The immediate compliance of the Dutch Government with the requisitions of the French and English Courts, or a general Continental war, must be the end of all this bustle.

FRANCE.—Louis Phillippe has been hissed at the Opera. On his entry no one rose, and not a cry was heard of “Vive le Roi.” On perceiving this want of respect, M. Vatout, one of the King's aides-de-camp, made a sign for applauding, when, from all parts of the house, arose cries of

“Chuts! chuts!” which being interpreted, is “Hush! hush!” Paris is in a state of great agitation, in consequence of the meeting of the Chambers, which is just at hand.

The Duchess de Berri was apprehended at Nantes on the 7th. She was taken to the Castle of Nantes with all due honour, on her apprehension, where the Governor's apartments were assigned to her; but she has since been conducted to the Chateau de Blaye, near Bourdeaux, where she will be treated according to her rank. All the sufferings of the Vendéans will be forgotten, because the Duchess is of the BLOOD ROYAL. If she escape the punishment of death, she will owe her safety solely to the generosity of the French people. “The slightest punishment which ought to be inflicted is, imprisonment until the affairs of Europe be in a more settled state, with confiscation of her whole property in France, that it may be applied, as far as it will go, in reparation of the injuries she has occasioned.”

PORTUGAL.—Accounts are still satisfactory. The following description of Don Pedro, from an officer of rank in the Portuguese army, will be read with satisfaction:—“A fine-looking man, and the promptitude of his decision, coupled with his high bearing, reminded me of what I had read of the like in Napoleon's time. He is a man whose character is worn upon his brow, and his demeanour generally of that high, not haughty, bearing, that must command from every one both admiration and esteem. I declare I could give him the last drop of my heart's blood; and for energy, decision, and indefatigable exertions, he is a second Napoleon.” We are very strong here: Miguel might as well attempt to take high heaven as Oporto. Deserters daily arriving—our troops all enthusiastic—remarkably well together—and, to a man, devoted to the cause of liberty and his Imperial Majesty. Upwards of 300 French came in yesterday—500 English the day before—800 more daily expected, besides cavalry.—Affairs must certainly be soon brought to a favourable termination; and then Viva Donna Maria shall be our war-cry over a bottle of champagne. The threatened attack to have been made upon Oporto, under the eye of the Usurper himself, has not been attempted. Miguel is reported to have been compelled to return to Lisbon, which he had left to join his army; meanwhile hopes are confidently entertained, that Don Pedro will soon be in a situation to act on the offensive, and march towards the capital.

#### TURKEY.

The armaments of the Porte still continue. The report that the Viceroy of Egypt had entered into negotiations with the Capitan Pacha, which were likely to issue in a favourable result, had created great joy. Ibrahim Pacha has raised in Syria 30,000 recruits, whose organization

is considerably advanced. He has, however, made no farther progress in his march, but still remains beyond the Taurus. A report of the death of Mehemmed Ali, Pacha of Egypt, prevailed at Constantinople; but it is suspected that the wish was father to the thought; and, even if the rumour were true, the Sultan has but small reason to expect that the son will become, in any respect, a more tractable subject of the Sublime Porte than the father has been. He has too often proved its weakness in battle and in victory, and been too long accustomed to consider the highest prize of human ambition as within his reach, ever to subside into the grade of an ordinary Pacha of three tails, to take the law submissively from the Divan, or to tremble at a firman from Constantinople.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES.

Intelligence has been received, that while the Caledonia, a merchant brig, was lying at Moreton Bay, it was boarded by eleven convicts, who sent all the crew on shore, except the Captain, whom they compelled to accompany them to sea.—They ordered him to steer for one of the South Sea Islands, frequented by English

vessels, that they might obtain a passage home, threatening at the same time to murder him, if he did not comply. He accordingly steered off to the south. Soon after six of the convicts entered into a conspiracy to murder the other five, which they carried into effect. Four were quickly despatched; but the fifth made every effort to escape, until, with much difficulty, he too was secured, and consigned to a watery grave. His end was truly tragical. The Captain run the vessel on shore on one of the small islands on his track, where he was treated with great kindness by the natives. Having discovered that the infamous crew intended to murder him also, he threw himself on the protection of the chief of the island, in order to preserve his life. The ruffians then broke up the vessel, being unable to take charge of it, and the Captain refused again to embark with them. An English whaler soon after made its appearance, into which the Captain was taken, from which he subsequently went on board the Milo, an American vessel, and arrived at Sydney on the 14th of May. The murderers had all fled inland, and were not afterwards heard of.

### AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

Upon this subject we are compelled to be silent for a month, but the circumstance we have mentioned, and the season of the year, we hope, will plead our excuse.—Cattle markets have improved since last

report. The prices of grain, and the state of the foreign markets, will be found in the Commercial Register.

19th November, 1832.

### COMMERCE, MARKETS, AND MANUFACTURES.

NOVEMBER 23, 1832.

THE commercial, along with the political, horizon of this country, has assumed a much more stern aspect than that which it wore even but a month ago. Whether it prove merely the gloom of a passing cloud, or the portentous fore-shadowing of a dire and lengthened storm, that may blight the remaining blossoms on the branches of our domestic industry and foreign enterprise, depends much upon the line of conduct that may yet be pursued by our political Prosperos, and not less upon the mood of mind in which Continental sovereigns, one and all, may view the eventful steps presently taking by Great Britain and France in the affairs of Holland and Belgium. The internal prosperity of the country, as yet, may be said to have suffered triflingly in consequence of the position we have taken up, and our manufactures, especially in the great English districts, have, for the most part, enjoyed an excellent flow of business throughout the last month; and the state of the Revenue, since the favourable termination of the previous quarter, has been a progressive increase; but our general export

trade, especially to the Continent, has been materially operated upon, and appears likely to suffer much restraint, of which, in all conscience, we already have had enough, by the policy of our Government. An embargo having been laid by us on Dutch vessels, the trade is at present suspended; and commerce will be greatly agitated should downright earnest hostilities take place. British property, to a very large amount, we understand, is lodged in the public warehouses of Holland, and much uneasiness exists for its security; there are, likewise, large quantities of goods lying in our own warehouses, commissioned for Amsterdam and Rotterdam, but no craft can be prevailed on to carry them across. It appears, however, to be the opinion of well-informed men, that the Dutch Government does not intend to detain British vessels. So late as the 13th, permits to discharge and load were granted at the Rotterdam custom-house, to a vessel from London, after several other English craft had left the port in ballast, afraid of being detained. The stubborn Dutch are indeed awaiting the

events to come with a calm confidence, amounting almost to indifference. The money market of Amsterdam has scarcely been affected by our convention with France; neither has any colonial article suffered the least decrease in price. The reason of this mercantile tranquillity is said to be owing to the somewhat curious circumstance, that almost the total of the Dutch merchantmen presently at sea, have been insured in London. In capturing them, therefore, we will feel the force of the Dutch proverb,—“It’s ill to break other people’s windows with your own three-guilder pieces.” A late arbitrary proceeding on the part of the King of Holland is greatly to be regretted, on account of our Glasgow manufacturers, and those of Lancashire: a royal decree altogether repeals that of 1831, in virtue of which British and other foreign goods were imported into Java at a duty, reduced from 25 per cent. *ad valorem*, to 12½ per cent. Regular shipments, to a considerable amount, the above places have been in the habit of making to Batavia in Dutch vessels, and from Dutch ports, according with the decree referred to, which must now cease and determine. The channels of our trade with the Continent and its connections, were already choked with sufficient difficulties, and we know that a change from peace to war (bad as our system of free trade is) will not in the least tend to ameliorate its condition. It is certainly right that Great Britain should maintain her political power among the nations of Europe; but we must remember that the domestic policy of our country just now calls for the chief attention of its Government, which little needs the distraction of a state of war. Commercial men consider the crisis at which we are arrived as most momentous to the interests of Britain: the result of an infraction of peaceable measures it is impossible to speculate on. Several Dutch and English houses continue to write confidently, that the present exciting state of affairs will yet terminate without open hostility, and have transmitted orders for manufactured goods and colonial produce; but insurances at Lloyd’s, on policies to Holland, rose the other week from 10s. to five guineas.

There has been considerable fluctuation in the money market since our last report, both as regards Home and Foreign Securities. They have been acted upon principally, if not altogether, by the changeable shades in the nature of circumstances exhibited in reference to the Dutch question. Several very large sales of Consols have been effected; among others, one amounting to nearly £100,000, alleged to be for the Commercial Bank of Scotland.—The heavy British Stocks have latterly become scarce, from the amount of business that has been done in them.—Exchequer Bills, which had risen to 34 pm. since last report, about the 12th instant suddenly fell 10

pm., but are again rather improved.—India bonds have risen—stock has been nearly stationary, while that of the Bank has declined. About the 17th all the public securities gave way fully 1 per cent., with every appearance of a tardy recovery. The sensation experienced by Parisian securities has been nearly similar to that of our own: some revival was felt by them on it being reported that a convention had been formed with this country; but latterly they have been rather dull. Dutch has hitherto remained pretty firm, but offers to decline; Belgian, Russian, and Prussian, have been considerably depreciated, the latter more especially. Regency Scrip has of late been improving; and Spanish bonds are favourably dealt in both with us and in Paris. In general, however, all securities have an appearance of declining: with scarce an exception all the Foreign fell 1 per cent. last week,—and if hostilities commence, it is questionable if any of the Continental securities be marketable but at a very great reduction in price. In reporting the latest features of the money market, we have to state that British funds have, in some degree, revived from the depreciation previously experienced; and the North of Europe securities have likewise improved, in consequence of the Consol market being more favourable. Money in London, within these few days, is not so plenty as it has been; the exchanges, too, are not so favourable; and the rate of interest for temporary accommodation has advanced. Last week, one house in Liverpool transmitted to London upwards of 11 tons of dollars, brought by recent arrivals from South America. From Mexico 80,000 dollars on merchants’ account had been received by the last packet, but nothing on account of the payment of the dividends on the loan.

It is asserted that Ministers have at last been obliged to give up all the Orders in Council respecting the disturbed Colonies, with the exception of the slave protectors!—the regulations as to the hours of labour, provisions and clothing, are not to be enforced. The West India Packet conveys the welcome intelligence to Demerara, Trinidad, and St. Lucia. This will likely have the effect of restoring some degree of calm to these valuable, but misgoverned Islands.—The late accounts from Demerara mentioned the continuance of differences between the governor and the colonists; the supplies of the year had been refused, the salaries of the functionaries unpaid, the weather was dry, the crops tardy, and business far from evincing any activity.—The weather at Barbadoes has been extremely favourable, and every prospect appears of abundant crops. A rumour has been prevalent there of a complete alteration being about to be effected in the West India Governments.—The white inhabitants of St. Christopher’s have petitioned the Legislature to grant to



the free coloured and free blacks of the island all their civil and political rights, which it is supposed would be acceded to. Mr. Jeremie, who had returned to England, is again about to embark for the Mauritius; and the governor who succeeds Sir C. Colville has instructions to see that the most complete obedience be yielded in his case. Mr. Jeremie, with a line-of-battle ship, and accompanied with the 9th regiment, returns to have his wounded feelings assuaged, with the appointment of Attorney-General. At date of last letters the colony was tranquil; but the point of Mr. J.'s return to the island was looked upon as the forerunner of general confusion; and the colonists recommend to their correspondents, in such event, on no account to make shipments for the Mauritius.—Ship-letters from Madras state that the markets are glutted with British manufactured goods, and commercial affairs, in consequence, completely stagnant.—An insurrectionary movement existed amongst the Malays, and measures were about being taken to quell those semi-barbarous tribes. The Orders in Council have been published at the Cape of Good Hope; but their provisions being made to suit the circumstances of the colony, have produced no such unpleasant sensation as at the Mauritius. Some excitement had been produced by an American whaler having commenced operations in Simon's Bay, a privilege which it was not known they possessed, though such is the fact.—Accounts from Madagascar state that the Government of that island indicated a return to its former barbarous state. Education was no longer encouraged by the Queen; and the people refused to sell provisions or produce to foreigners of any nation, but for arms or ammunition.—A destructive fire occurred at Surinam, on the 3d September, by which many mercantile establishments suffered; amongst others that of Van West and De Hort.—A desolating revolution has taken place in China. Several of the provinces had declared in favour of the rebels; which intelligence has caused great alarm among the Canton merchants.—A free trade in Germany is strongly talked of as about to be effected, under the auspices of Prussia, and upon the system already pursued by her; its chief principles are freedom of internal trade, abolition of inland duties, admission of foreign products at a moderate impost, facilitating their importation by means of commercial treaties on the basis of reciprocity, and levying the duties with the option of payment at the place of destination. Conventions have already been made by several German States on this system, and experience has given them great confidence in its success. Our trade with the great corn marts on the Continent, and with the produce markets in Portugal, is very dispiriting. The commercial aspect of Spain is, as we promised in our last, daily brightening up; and if the same line of enlightened policy is pur-

sued as has lately been, it may soon once more become an enviable country. From Barcelona very favourable reports are given of the olive crops; there will be great abundance of oil, but notwithstanding the fall menaced, holders by no means press sales. In consequence of the excellent vintage this year, the prices of both wines and spirits have declined.—Dr. Bowring has written to our Treasury from Paris, that he is hopeful of effecting a greater degree of reciprocity in affairs of commerce between the two countries than negotiation had yet effected. At Guadaloupe a dreadful hurricane has done considerable damage to the coffee and sugar plantations, and also to the shipping. Port-au-Prince papers announce that, by the Tariff Bill, vessels bound from Hayti to the United States, after 3d March next, will not be liable to pay a single cent of duty either for vessels or cargo.—From Rio Janeiro we learn that an additional puty of 1 per cent. has been laid on imports to Brazil; but as merchants complain, it is hoped this will be rescinded. The markets are well supplied with hides, sugar, and coffee,—a decline in the latter was anticipated. The supply of tea was very abundant; and Mediterranean cargoes were very limited, barely supplying the market. An excess of bills and scarcity of money prevailed. The Government of Rio Janeiro is at present lying under great financial difficulties: unless our Government interfere, the British claimants for indemnity for illegal captures made during the war with Buenos Ayres, are likely to sustain considerable loss, as the Finance Minister has submitted a proposition to the House of Representatives, for a loan, or rather for leave to issue bonds for 3 millions of dollars, for the specific purpose of liquidating these claims, and this measure, if adopted, would run down the price of the bonds to about 30. But whatever the difference of the marketable value of the bonds, and the price at which issued, a loss will be sustained to the amount of that difference on the adjudicated claims, without some effective interference.—The treaty of peace between Bolivia and Peru has been finally ratified, and several articles of their commercial treaty amended for mutual benefit.—Santa Anna has opened the port of Tampico free of duties. He has likewise suspended the restrictions relative to the export of specie, and it is expected the shipments will be more regular in future; several conductas, laden with money, the accounts state, were on their way from the interior to the coast.—Philadelphia papers mention the discovery, by a Capt. Coval, in lat. 4. 30. N., long. 163. 40. E., of a group of fourteen islands, not laid down in any chart. He called them the Coval group. They were all inhabited, and the natives spoke the Spanish language.—Private letters from New-York state that there has been much greater activity in commercial affairs, in all the principal

towns of the Union, although the prices obtained for European goods were still below the cost of production. Considerable orders have been transacted for that class of goods likely to be most sought after, when the new duties come into operation on the 1st March next, up to which all goods are allowed to remain in bond without being subjected to the present rates. Amongst other articles, several kinds of woollen goods have been ordered to a considerable extent. The imports of British manufactured goods paying  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. duty, for the quarter ending 10th of last month, has increased in value over the corresponding one of last year upwards of £20,527. The United States have concluded a treaty of commerce with Portugal, and great advantages are anticipated from it. The Ohio canal has at length been finished, which will give great facilities to the commerce of the new world. Mercantile accounts from Canada state that trade was very active, and commercial transactions on a large scale. The importation of manufactured goods into the Canadas from Britain, had, since the commencement of the season, been extremely large; notwithstanding the prevalence of cholera in both provinces, it was expected the accounts of imports and exports for the year would show a considerable increase.—A universal famine has extended throughout the Cape de Verd Islands, in consequence of the land becoming parched through excessive exposure, three years having elapsed since they had been visited with rains. At every part the utmost misery existed among all classes, and young and old, dead and dying, were to be met with on every side. The United States have most benevolently raised subscriptions and sent provisions for their temporary relief. The islanders amount to upwards of 70,000 souls, and without aid of this description must become exterminated. So conflicting are the accounts of the Swan River Settlement lately received, it is impossible to pronounce upon the state of that colony with any degree of correctness. The agricultural prosperity of New South Wales appears most gratifying, and the general products, both in quantity and quality, had seldom been equalled. Some descriptions of manufactured goods were selling at rates below those of the London market. The scarcity of labourers, and high price of labour, was the great complaint; and, what is quite the converse of the evils in this country, the labourer could command too many both of the necessities and comforts of life.—We are happy to perceive that, at the late Frankfurt Michaelmas fair, British manufactured goods kept the lead of all foreign productions. Germany consumes the greatest quantity of our manufactures, notwithstanding that the native manufacturers are aided by the low import duties. Frankfurt was well supplied with British goods

all the summer, yet the importers from this country did not complain. Still we must allow that the demand for English woollen cloths, which had revived these last two years, has materially slackened. Other woollen textures and stuffs, however, were 5 per cent. above the prices of last autumn. The French did much business in silks, ribbands, velvets, &c. Wool, in general, brought from 10 to 15 per cent. more than at the Easter Fair. Black good middle wool found the readiest sale—ordinary sorts would not take.—A number of Jews attended the last Leipsic Fair, as shawl manufacturers, from Li Bucharia. They speak in Thibet the Hindoo language, are circumcised idolaters, but believe in the Messiah and their restoration to Jerusalem—consist of 10 millions, and are verily supposed to be the lost 10 tribes of the Ancient People.

We have not observed any material alteration in the state of our home manufactures since the end of last month, until within these few days. Much activity has been maintained in the various English districts, and the trade appeared to be of a healthy description, promising cheering things of our merchants' Spring operations. The manufactures of woollens and stuffs in the West Riding of Yorkshire, have been for a long time very active, and meeting with an excellent demand. The cloth-halls of Leeds and Huddersfield had been so emptied for the winter, that doubts were entertained of an ability to answer the requirements of Spring, especially in the lower descriptions of woollen broad cloth. At Bradford an equal modicum of business was doing; and at Rochdale, Halifax, and Heckmondwicke, the operatives were well employed, and the markets exceedingly brisk in the low descriptions of goods, which were well bought. Fancy goods have in general been flat. The flannel and blanket trades have been in a flourishing condition; and most descriptions of wool have risen considerably in price. Broke, noils, and low skin wools, have been in great request. The hosiery business of Leicester is now better than it has been for years past. The woollen, fustian, coarse cotton goods, and silk trades of Manchester, were all thriving, and finding the market with facility: indeed the last-mentioned trade would seem to flourish in spite of hindrance. The Americans have come into the market early this season for Spring goods, and although they are not pressing orders, yet their spirit augurs a good trade. Taking all things into view, it was never more to be regretted that there comes the din of war at this period, when the commerce of the country, after suffering much derangement, had got into a good channel, from which it was hoped its former steadiness would be restored. Already, as was to be expected, the gloom of a serious dulness seems to pervade many of our commercial departments, and business begins to slacken in the manufac-

turing districts, although their sufferings, it is to be feared, are but yet in embryo.

Business has been pretty brisk in Paisley since our last notice, especially among the harnish weavers, who work at a trifling advance. Plain work has not done so well. A few Thibets are still selling, but the Autumn trade may be reckoned at a close. Preparations are extensively being made for the Spring trade, and the flower-drawers are throng at work. Canton crapes are making by a few houses, but a brisk trade in this description of manufactures is not anticipated. The light silk gauze houses are dull. Shawl dresses have sold well hitherto, but are expected not to stand long. In Glasgow, and around it, the power-loom continues an excellent business. With the exception, however, of a few harnishes, all descriptions of hand-loom weaving are as miserably ill-paid as hitherto. The weavers are presently endeavouring to get the manufacturers to agree to a table of prices similar to the Paisley one, for the protection both of manufacturers and men; but whether they will be successful or not is unknown, as the scroll submitted for the approbation of manufacturers has not been pronounced on. The manufacture of tartan shawls is, and has been for a long time, on the increase in Glasgow; the weavers are earning high wages, and the demand for the various patterns of the goods extends all over the kingdom, especially to London and Dublin. When they have found their

way into the foreign market, large orders are anticipated from the Continent.

The West India produce markets of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, have during the month exhibited much similarity both in nature and extent of business, and fluctuation in prices. Sugar, in the first week, experienced a rise in value, which has been maintained, although the demand has somewhat abated. Considerable business has been done in molasses at an improvement in price, but stocks being scarce, limited the sales. Rum, both Jamaica and Leewards, has been in good request, at steady or rather advancing prices. Coffee has in general been of fair sale, without alteration. Cotton wool has for some time been giving way in favour of purchasers. Both ashes and tallow have been advancing, and are likely to experience a still further rise. The Irish Provision trade is rather flat, the present state of political affairs not giving any stimulus to speculative operations. Butter has recently fallen in value from 1s. to 2s. per cwt. Bacon, bladder lard, beef, pork, &c., are nominally the same for these several weeks past.

The grain markets generally have been much in the same state as at last report, till within these two weeks, when, throughout Scotland especially, prices have been more favourable to sellers. Cattle have again improved in value; and a brisk demand for our northern staple, black cattle, is expected in the spring.

## DEATHS OF DISTINGUISHED INDIVIDUALS.

### PROFESSOR SIR JOHN LESLIE.

THE death of this profoundly-accomplished person, took place suddenly at Coates, his country residence in Fife, at 12 o'clock, on the night of Saturday the 3d November. The disease that terminated the career of so much eminence in science and philosophy, was erysipelas in the leg, which from its commencement, three days previous to his death, had assumed a serious aspect, and threatened the fatal result.

Mr. Leslie was born in April, 1766, and destined, we believe, by his parents, to follow the humble though respectable occupations connected with a small farm and mill. But before he reached his twelfth year, he had attracted considerable notice by his proneness to calculation, and geometrical exercises; and he was, in consequence, early mentioned to the late Professor John Robison, and by him to Professors Playfair and Stewart. They saw him, we think, in his boyhood, and were much struck by the extraordinary powers which he then displayed. After some previous education, his parents were induced, in consequence of strong recommendations, and of obtaining for him the patronage of the late Earl of Kinnoull, to enter him a student at the University of St. Andrew's. Having passed some time in that ancient seminary, he removed to Edinburgh, in company with another youth, destined like himself to obtain a high niche in the Temple of Scientific Fame—James Ivory. Whilst a student in the Edinburgh University, he was introduced to, and employed by Dr. Adam Smith, to assist the duties of his nephew, Mr. Douglas, afterwards Lord Reston. Disliking the Church, for which, we believe, he had been intended by his parents, he proceeded to London, after completing the usual course of study in Edinburgh. He carried with him some recommendatory letters from Dr. Smith; and we recollect to have heard him mention, that one

of the most pressing injunctions with which he was honoured by this illustrious philosopher, was to be sure, if the person to whom he was to present himself was an author, to read his book before approaching him, so as to be able to speak of it, if there should be a fit opportunity. His earliest employment in the capital, as a literary adventurer, was derived from the late Dr. William Thomson, the author of many and various works, all of which, with the exception of his *Life of Philip the Third*, have fallen into oblivion. Dr. Thomson's ready pen was often used for others who took or got the merit of his labours; and if we recollect rightly, he employed Mr. Leslie in writing or correcting Notes, for an edition of the Bible with Notes, then publishing in Numbers, under some popular theological name. But Mr. Leslie's first important undertaking was a Translation of Buffon's "*Natural History of Birds*," which was published in 1793, in nine octavo volumes. The sum he received for it, laid the foundation of that pecuniary independence which, unlike many other men of genius, his prudent habits fortunately enabled him early to attain. The preface to this work, which was published anonymously, is characterised by all the peculiarities of his latter style; but it also bespeaks a mind of great native vigour and lofty conceptions, strongly touched with admiration for the sublime and the grand in nature and science. Some time afterwards he proceeded to the United States of America, as a tutor to one of the distinguished family of the Randolphs; and after his return to Britain, he engaged with the late Mr. Thomas Wedgwood to accompany him to the Continent, various parts of which he visited with that accomplished person, whose early death he ever lamented as a loss to science and to his country.

At what period Mr. Leslie first struck into that brilliant field of inquiry, where he became so



conspicuous for his masterly experiments and striking discoveries regarding radiant heat, and the connection between light and heat, we are unable to say. But his Differential Thermometer—one of the most beautiful and delicate instruments that inductive genius ever contrived as a help to experimental inquiry, and which rewarded its author by its happy ministry to the success of some of his finest experiments—must have been invented before the year 1800; as it was described, we think, in Nicholson's Philosophical Journal some time during that year. The results of those fine inquiries, in which he was so much aided by this exquisite instrument, were published to the world in 1804, in his celebrated "Essay on the Nature and Propagation of Heat." The experimental devices and remarkable discoveries which distinguish this publication, far more than atone for its great defects of method, its very questionable theories, and its transgressions against that simplicity of style which its aspiring author rather spurned, than was unable to exemplify; but which must be allowed to be a quality peculiarly indispensable to the communication of scientific knowledge. The work was honoured, in the following year, by the unanimous adjudication to its author, by the Council of the Royal Society, of the Rumford Medals, appropriated to reward discoveries in that province, whose nature and limits he had so much illustrated and extended.

The year just alluded to (1805) must, on other accounts, be ever viewed as memorable in the history of Mr. Leslie's life, and we fear we must add, in the history of ecclesiastical persecution of the followers of science. It was in this year that he was elected to the Mathematical Chair in the Edinburgh University, and that our Church Courts were disturbed by an unwarrantable attempt to annul that election. But we gladly pass from this humiliating exhibition, to pursue the more grateful theme furnished by that course of experimental discovery, by which Mr. Leslie conferred new lustre on that celebrated seminary, from which some misguided sons of the Church would have cast him forth as an unworthy intruder. It was in 1810, we think, that he arrived, through the assistance of another of his ingenious contrivances—his Hygrometer—at the discovery of that singularly beautiful process of Artificial Congelation, which enabled him to convert water and mercury into ice.

Mr. Leslie was removed to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in 1819, on the death of Professor

Playfair. He had previously published his "Elements of Geometry," and an "Account of Experiments and Instruments depending on the relations of Air to Heat and Moisture." Of his "Elements of Natural Philosophy," afterwards compiled for the use of his class, only one volume has been published. He wrote, besides the works mentioned, some admirable articles in the Edinburgh Review, and several very valuable treatises on different branches of Physics, in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. His last, and certainly one of his best and most interesting compositions, was a "Discourse on the History of Mathematical and Physical Science," during the eighteenth century, prefixed to the seventh edition, now publishing, of that National Encyclopædia. He received the honour of knighthood, in the present year, on the suggestion, we believe, of the Lord Chancellor.

It would be impossible, we think, for any intelligent and well-constituted mind, to review the labours of this distinguished man, without a strong feeling of admiration for his inventive genius and vigorous powers, and of respect for that extensive knowledge, which his active curiosity, his various reading, and his happy memory, had enabled him to attain.

Our readers will have perceived, that, much as we admire the genius and talents of the subject of this hasty sketch, we are not writing an indiscriminate eulogy upon his mind and character. His memory requires nothing such to ensure due concern for his loss, or to assuage the feelings of surviving friends. He had faults, no doubt, as all "of woman born" have: and we have heard enough of them in our time, from some who, it may be, have more. He had prejudices, of which it would have been better to be rid: he was not over-charitable in his views of human virtue; and he was not quite so ready, on all occasions, to do justice to kindred merit as was to be expected in so ardent a worshipper of genius. But his faults were far more than compensated by his many good qualities;—by his constant equanimity, his cheerfulness, his simplicity of character, almost infantine, his straightforwardness, his perfect freedom from affectation, and, above all, his unconquerable good-nature. He was, indeed, one of the most placable of human beings; and if, as has been thought, he generally had a steady eye, in his worldly course, to his own interest, it cannot be denied that he was, notwithstanding, a warm and good friend, and a relation on whose affectionate assistance a firm reliance could ever be placed.

## BANKRUPTS.

### SCOTCH.

October 31.

M'Donald, Son, and Company, Turkey-red dyers, printers, and merchants in Glasgow, and J. M'Donald, W. M'Donald, A. M'Donald, and J. Matheson, Turkey-red dyers, printers, and merchants there, partners of said Company, and as individuals.

November 2.

Milne and Company, fleshers and cattle-dealers

in Dundee, as a Company, and A. Milne, cattle-dealer, J. Milne, fisher there, and T. Muckarsie, residing in Edinburgh, as individual partners.

November 3.

J. Kay, bookseller, Blenheim Place, Edinburgh.

November 20.

J. Mabon, wright in Glasgow.

### ENGLISH.

J. Fenton, of No. 307, High Holborn, Middlesex, glass and china-dealer.

R. Taylor the younger, of Liverpool, Lancaster, bookseller.

N. Lumsden, of Swansea, Glamorgan, and also of Waterford, Ireland, merchant and commission-agent.

J. Lupton and J. Hudson, of Wakefield, York, commission wool-agents.

J. Lindsay the younger, late of Warnford Court, London, merchant.

W. T. Godfrey, of Wolverton Mill, Wolverton, Buckingham, miller.

P. Smith, of Bexhill, Sussex, wine and spirit merchant and innkeeper.

H. Carter, of Hastings, Sussex, chemist and druggist.

T. M. Mason, late of Duke Street, Manchester Square, Middlesex, and of the Haymarket, now of Baker Street, Portman Square, Middlesex, bookseller and publisher.

T. Gibbs, of Bishopgate Street, London, ship-owner.

M. U. Sears, of No. 29, Charter-House-Square, Middlesex, engraver, printer, and publisher.

J. Boucaut, late of Falmouth, Cornwall, but now of the Albany Road, Camberwell, Surrey, merchant and commission-agent.

J. P. Oldfield, of Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant.

B. G. Sloper, of Chester, manufacturing chemist.

A. Wildeboer, of No. 8, Crutched Friars, London, merchant.

W. Parmeter, of Gosport, Southampton, ship-builder.

# BENNET'S GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

No. VII.—JANUARY, 1833.

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## CONTENTS.

|                                                           | Page       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| LAW REFORM .....                                          | 345        |
| A FLORENTINE TALE OF THE CARNIVAL OF 1831—CONCLUDED ..... | 353        |
| ODE TO LIBERTY .....                                      | 362        |
| MANUFACTURING AND COMMERCIAL GAMBLING.....                | 363        |
| SONNET .....                                              | 369        |
| HABBIE THE HUNTSMAN.....                                  | 370        |
| SONNETS.....                                              | 372        |
| THE CHARACTER OF SOCRATES .....                           | <i>ib.</i> |
| THE REDBREAST.....                                        | 376        |
| FORTUNE-HUNTING .....                                     | <i>ib.</i> |
| POLITICAL AND LITERARY COMMENTARY .....                   | 379        |
| MONTHLY REGISTER.....                                     | 385—400    |

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JANUARY, 1833.





# BENNET'S

## GLASGOW MAGAZINE.

### LAW REFORM.

BY A LAWYER.

“ This is not the cause of faction or of party, or of any individual, but the common interest of every man in Britain.”—JUNIUS.

THE Electors of Scotland, in the exercise of their newly-acquired franchises, display a laudable desire for Reform of all descriptions; but perhaps the objects they aim at are rather numerous, their notions in some respects not well defined, and their ideas in some instances unattainable. Among a reflecting population, such as the people of Scotland, however, the very discussion of such topics cannot fail to bring forth good fruits, and while they relinquish the pursuit of what is beyond their reach, they will, ere long, strain all their energies to realize what is practicable and necessary. Of the favourite subjects of Reform, there is none, perhaps, so necessary and so easy of attainment, and yet so little discussed, as *Law Reform*; and it therefore behoves those who understand the matter, to endeavour to lead the public mind into the contemplation of what is really practicable, and would be beneficial in altering the law.

The improvement of the law of Scotland, has been miserably neglected since the Union. Previous to that era, it underwent a process of gradual amelioration, suited to the state of civilization and the circumstances of the country: but since then, although *the mode of administering* it may have changed, and the Courts have been turned upside down, the law itself has remained almost *in statu quo*. The law of bankruptcy, it is true, has forced itself into notice; and although in that department there have been great and manifest improvements, still it has not, we think, kept pace with the growing intelligence of the age.

One great cause of the backward state of legislation, as applied to *the law* of Scotland, was, that since the Union, few Scotch lawyers have had the honour of sitting in Parliament. There has always been one, it is true—the Lord Advocate for the time,—but he was more engaged in party politics, than in the nobler task of improving the institutions of his country. There was seldom any other lawyers; and our country gentlemen, till lately, we fear, knew about as much of the law of Crim Tartary, as of that of Scotland.

A better order of things, it is hoped, is about to dawn; and in the canvass now brought to a close, two or three lawyers have aspired to the honour of representing their fellow-citizens. It is highly desirable that this should continue, and that more lawyers—if *honest men*—and men of active business habits, should be sent to Parliament. We are not so outrageously enamoured of lawyers, as to wish to see a Parliament composed of them; but two or three men of the profession, with the assistance of the merchants and men of business habits, who are likely to be sent to Reformed Parliaments, ought to do more good in a single Session, than all the legislators Scotland has had for the last century. It is much to be feared, however, that few lawyers will volunteer their services in such a field: few of them, indeed, are so independent in point of fortune, as to be able to bear the expenses of a residence in London. The law is now studied more as a profession, than as an accomplishment; and while men are busy in the pursuit of practice, it is hardly to

be expected they will sacrifice their time for the title of a legislator. Besides, it is only men of great experience who are qualified for the task; and of those the habits are fixed, and "the wine of life upon the lees," before they could aspire to the dignity of sitting in Parliament. How different is the case in England! To the barristers there, to get into Parliament is the first step towards fame and fortune, and accordingly it is their highest ambition. If the English law has not been improved in consequence of this difference between the two countries, the cause must be looked for somewhere else, than in the scarcity of representatives of the legal profession. It is melancholy to reflect, that, for upwards of a century, Scotland has been deprived of the services of those so well qualified to improve and simplify her jurisprudence. There are some exceptions to this remark, one of recent date—that of Mr. Home Drummond, a gentleman who did much to improve the law of Scotland, and who, had he remained in Parliament, would have been one of the greatest benefactors Scotland ever possessed. It is much to be regretted, that his principles, in other respects, keep Mr. Drummond out of the House of Commons, since his course as a law reformer was so commendable. We sincerely trust, that the present Lord Advocate will devote himself to the improvement of the law of his native country, and thus earn for himself a brighter name as a legislator, than he has yet attained as a critic and a lawyer, great and unrivalled as his fame is in both respects.

With these few general remarks, we proceed to expose, under separate heads, a few of the most glaring and least defensible abuses of the present system of our laws; and we entreat the attention of the public to this all-important subject, as one in which it is deeply interested. We shall begin with the Stamp Laws, as intimately connected with the subject, and then proceed to consider the state of *the law*, properly so called.

#### STAMP LAWS.

These laws call loudly for amendment. They are most partial in their application; most confused and complicated in their details; difficult, if not impossible, to comprehend; and create more lawsuits and petty quibblings, and are the means of more oppression, than any other laws at present in existence. It would require a pamphlet as long as the stamp acts themselves to expose all their defects, and the full measure of their iniquity; but a few particulars may be alluded to, or shortly discussed.

##### 1. *Receipt Stamps.*

The regulations as to receipt stamps have been long and justly complained of, as difficult to comply with, especially in country places, and as exposing the most upright part of the community to the revengeful acts of knaves and informers. This duty produces little revenue, and is evaded in a hundred instances for one it is complied with. If the whole duty cannot be repealed, at least let the smaller stamps be taken off—say those under 2s. 6d., and the country will be contented.

##### 2. *Attorney Tax.*

Next follows the attorney tax,—a yearly duty of £12 in the capital, and £8 in the rest of Scotland, upon all law agents, advocates being excepted. Now, why, it may be asked, are lawyers *alone*, of all the learned professions, exposed to such a grinding tax? Is it that they may be classed with pedlars and hawkers, and such like disreputable characters? And is it not quite evident, if they are taxed so severely, that their clients, the country, must ultimately pay for it; and that thus a tax, and a severe one, is laid on the administration of justice? Lawyers are at a great cost in their education; and the yearly expense of keeping them in books alone, is considerable. They pay very heavy duties to Government upon their admission to practice,—£85 in Edinburgh, and £55 in the country, and £20 in addition as notaries public; and they must be saddled with £12 and £8 a-year in addition, while the members of every other profession are left free and unfettered. But this cruel law operates far greater injustice, than merely laying a tax on a single profession. It is nothing to the great monopolist of Edinburgh, who realizes £4000 or £5000 a year, by a business which is managed by a fag-partner, to pay £12, while it is the grossest oppression on the poor pale-faced country

practitioner, who starves in some village, because there is no lawyer there but himself, to pay £8 per annum. The law thus operates most unequally; and while it is a protection to the wealthy, it blights and represses "modest merit's silent claims,"—a virtue to be found even among lawyers. This odious tax must surely now be wiped out of the statute-book.

### 3. *Probate or Inventory, and Legacy Residue Duties.*

These duties are most bitterly and universally complained of. They are all excessively high, and grossly oppressive and partial in their operation. When a father dies, and when his trade or profession is annihilated with him, and when his children are thrown on the wide world, helpless and friendless, then the officers of stamps step in and deal the inheritance with the family, exacting an enormous sum—first, for an inventory, and then for legacy or residue duty. These, be it observed, are demanded at the very time the necessities of the family are the greatest; when they have been deprived—to use a homely Scotch phrase—of their "bread-winner." Then an appraisement must be taken of all the father's goods and gear, from his household furniture to his old slippers; and afterwards an inventory of his personal property must be exhibited, written upon a stamp corresponding in price to the value of his estate. Not contented with this, the officers of stamps step in again, and levy another contribution, in name of legacy or residue duty. The probate or inventory duty, is paid without allowing deduction of debts; so that, if a person dies leaving funds to the amount of £5000, and engagements to the extent of £3000, the inventory stamp is charged £150 upon the former sum, instead of £75 upon the difference between the one and the other, viz. £2000, which is the real amount of the personal estate, after deducting the debts. It is true, that provision is made for returning the difference; but the trouble and expense attending the application is so great, that people seldom attempt to obtain the drawback. The legacy and residue duties are reckoned upon the funds, after deducting debts, but still these are very heavy.

These are a few of the bad features of the stamp laws, but the worst is yet to come;—their gross, glaring, and disgraceful partiality to the rich, at the expense of the poor, and those of middle fortune. This serious charge we shall take leave to subject to the most unerring of all tests, that of figures, and we leave our readers to say, if they ever witnessed anything so barefaced and despicable, as this imposition by the rich law-makers upon a patient and long-enduring people. We annex, then, a table of the probate inventory duty, upon testate and intestate succession, contrasting the amount paid upon small, with that charged upon large, personal estates.

*Table showing the partial operation of Stamp Laws.*

| Amount of Estates, and Duties payable therefor, under the Stamp Act, 55 Geo. III., cap. 148. |    |    |                 |    | Sums the Rich should pay, if they paid in the same proportion with the Poor & Middle Ranks. |         | Preference given to the Rich. Sums they pocket in consequence of the partiality of the Law. |    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|----|-----------------|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| (1.) TESTATE SUCCESSION.                                                                     |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             |         |                                                                                             |    |
| Small and Moderate Estate.                                                                   |    |    | Duties payable. |    | Large & Valuable Estates.                                                                   |         | Duties payable by the Rich.                                                                 |    |
| £                                                                                            | s. | d. | £               | s. | d.                                                                                          | £       | s.                                                                                          | d. |
| 20                                                                                           | 0  | 0  | 0               | 10 | 0                                                                                           | 1000000 | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 300                                                                                          | 0  | 0  | 8               | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 600000  | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 1000                                                                                         | 0  | 0  | 30              | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 300000  | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 5000                                                                                         | 0  | 0  | 100             | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 140000  | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 10000                                                                                        | 0  | 0  | 200             | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 70000   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 1000                                                                                         | 0  | 0  | 30              | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 500000  | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 600                                                                                          | 0  | 0  | 15              | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 500000  | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| (2.) INTETATE SUCCESSION.                                                                    |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             |         |                                                                                             |    |
| 20                                                                                           | 0  | 0  | 0               | 10 | 0                                                                                           | 1000000 | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 300                                                                                          | 0  | 0  | 11              | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 600000  | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 1000                                                                                         | 0  | 0  | 45              | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 300000  | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 5000                                                                                         | 0  | 0  | 150             | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 140000  | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 10000                                                                                        | 0  | 0  | 300             | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 70000   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 600                                                                                          | 0  | 0  | 22              | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 70000   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 1000                                                                                         | 0  | 0  | 45              | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 500000  | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 600                                                                                          | 0  | 0  | 22              | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 500000  | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 300                                                                                          | 0  | 0  | 8               | 0  | 0                                                                                           | 70000   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 20                                                                                           | 0  | 0  |                 |    |                                                                                             | 22500   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 300                                                                                          | 0  | 0  |                 |    |                                                                                             | 13500   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 1000                                                                                         | 0  | 0  |                 |    |                                                                                             | 6750    | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 5000                                                                                         | 0  | 0  |                 |    |                                                                                             | 3150    | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 10000                                                                                        | 0  | 0  |                 |    |                                                                                             | 1575    | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 600                                                                                          | 0  | 0  |                 |    |                                                                                             | 1575    | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 1000                                                                                         | 0  | 0  |                 |    |                                                                                             | 11230   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 600                                                                                          | 0  | 0  |                 |    |                                                                                             | 11230   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
| 300                                                                                          | 0  | 0  |                 |    |                                                                                             | 1575    | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 25000   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 22000   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 15000   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 10890   | 4                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 2100    | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 2566    | 13                                                                                          | 4  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 22500   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 18333   | 4                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 1866    | 13                                                                                          | 1  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 2500    | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 8500    | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 6750    | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 6740    | 4                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 525     | 0                                                                                           | 9  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 991     | 13                                                                                          | 4  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 10250   | 0                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 6073    | 4                                                                                           | 0  |
|                                                                                              |    |    |                 |    |                                                                                             | 291     | 13                                                                                          | 1  |



It thus appears, that in *every* instance the duty is decreased, as the value of the estate increases. In other words, the duty, contrary to all principle of taxation and justice, is laid heavily upon the poor and industrious classes, and lightly upon the rich. Is this the equal and paternal law we boast of, that the people of middle fortune are to pay in a far greater proportion to the Government than the rich? Have we not always been told, that the latter bear the greater share of the public burdens, even in proportion to their wealth? The rich scout the idea of a property tax bearing lightly upon small fortunes, and gradually increasing upon large ones; but will they defend the rule when it is reversed? The enormous sums in the last column of the above table, we do not hesitate to say, are pocketed by the rich at the expense of the middle ranks. The family of a man, who, by a life of persevering industry and frugality, has gathered together £600, to support him in old age, or to leave to his children, pays £22; and the family of the rich man who leaves £70,000, pays only £1,575, while they should pay, if the tax were borne equally, the sum of £2,566 13s. 4d., thus realizing a premium of £996 13s. 4d. upon their vast riches. Let any man try the above table in other views, and he will bring out results still more startling and abominable—always, be it remarked, however, to the advantage of the rich, at the expense of the middle class of society.

But why, if personal estates are to be subjected to this most grinding and oppressive tax—why, in the name of justice, are landed estates exempted?—"Aye, there's the rub."—Because, simple, good people, simply and solely because the landed gentlemen made the law, and you were not consulted! They were too wise in their generation to tax themselves. Tax themselves! Who ever heard of such disinterested conduct? No, no; they will eat with you, and drink with you; but they will not pay taxes with you. The family of an industrious tradesman, who, by the sweat of his brow, has, in the course of long years, scraped together £600, has to pay £22 of inventory duty, while the heirs of the rich landholders, wallowing in wealth upon an estate of £6000, or £50,000, or £100,000 a year, pay not one single farthing! Blush, blush, ye gentlemen and nobles of Britain, at such gross injustice.

#### 4. Conveyance Stamps.

The great proprietors are sometimes obliged to dispose of their estates; and here they have taken care to protect themselves also, as we will now show.

*Table showing the partial operation of the Conveyance Duties.*

| Conveyance Duties under the Stamp Act.                 |                 |                                                 |                      | Duties the Rich should pay, if they were charged in proportion with the Poor and Middle Classes. | Preference given to the Rich. Sums they pocket at the expense of the Industrious Classes. |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------------------------|----------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Price of subjects sold by the Poor and Middle Classes. | Duties thereon. | Price of Estates sold by the great Proprietors. | Duties thereon only. |                                                                                                  |                                                                                           |
| £ s. d.                                                | £ s. d.         | £ s. d.                                         | £ s. d.              | £ s. d.                                                                                          | £ s. d.                                                                                   |
| 20 0 0                                                 | 1 0 0           | 50000 0 0                                       | 550 0 0              | 2500 0 0                                                                                         | 1950 0 0                                                                                  |
| 300 0 0                                                | 3 0 0           | 50000 0 0                                       | 550 0 0              | 750 0 0                                                                                          | 200 0 0                                                                                   |
| 500 0 0                                                | 6 0 0           | 40000 0 0                                       | 450 0 0              | 480 0 0                                                                                          | 30 0 0                                                                                    |
| 20 0 0                                                 | 1 0 0           | 40000 0 0                                       | 450 0 0              | 2000 0 0                                                                                         | 1550 0 0                                                                                  |

#### 5. Mortgage Stamps.

All this is very bad, and none will perhaps be fool-hardy enough to defend it. But the worst, we think, is yet to come; for

"In the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour us, opens wide."

In all ranks of life, although parties be possessed of considerable heritable property, they are frequently under the necessity of raising money, and of mortgaging their lands in security. As the great proprietors are not exempted from this hard necessity, they have taken precious good care to protect themselves from the burdensome nature of the stamp laws, and thus the matter is ordered at the expense of the middle classes of society.

Table showing the partial operation of the Mortgage Duties.

| Mortgage Duties exigible under the Stamp Act,<br>55 Geo. III. cap. 148. |                    |                                   |                           | Duties the rich<br>should pay, if<br>they paid in<br>proportion<br>with the poor<br>& mid. classes. |         | Preference given<br>to the rich. Sums<br>they pocket at the<br>expense of the in-<br>dustrious classes. |         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Small sums<br>borrowed by<br>the poor & mid-<br>dle classes.            | Duties<br>thereon. | Loans of the<br>Rich Proprietors. | Duties there-<br>on only. |                                                                                                     |         |                                                                                                         |         |
| £ s. d.                                                                 | £ s. d.            | £ s. d.                           | £ s. d.                   | £ s. d.                                                                                             | £ s. d. | £ s. d.                                                                                                 | £ s. d. |
| 50 0 0                                                                  | 1 10 0             | 20000 0 0                         | 25 0 0                    | 600 0 0                                                                                             | 575 0 0 |                                                                                                         |         |
| 50 0 0                                                                  | 1 10 0             | 15000 0 0                         | 20 0 0                    | 450 0 0                                                                                             | 430 0 0 |                                                                                                         |         |
| 100 0 0                                                                 | 2 0 0              | 10000 0 0                         | 15 0 0                    | 200 0 0                                                                                             | 175 0 0 |                                                                                                         |         |
| 200 0 0                                                                 | 4 0 0              | 5000 0 0                          | 12 0 0                    | 133 6 8                                                                                             | 121 6 8 |                                                                                                         |         |
| 500 0 0                                                                 | 5 0 0              | 1000 0 0                          | 6 0 0                     | 10 0 0                                                                                              | 4 0 0   |                                                                                                         |         |
| 500 0 0                                                                 | 5 0 0              | 20000 0 0                         | 25 0 0                    | 200 0 0                                                                                             | 175 0 0 |                                                                                                         |         |

This, then, is another precious instance of our *equal* laws. Well, indeed, may the poor, the industrious classes, and the middle ranks of society, complain. Well may they be discontented, and cry aloud for change; for those must be bad laws indeed that can make their condition worse. "Have they not suffered ills to be forgiven," and have they not borne the yoke patiently? In pity upon the landed proprietor, who desires to borrow £20,000, he is only charged with a duty of £25; whereas, if he were like the poor citizen who borrows £50 upon his thatched cottage, he would pay £600—thus coolly pocketing the trifling sum of £575, at the expense of the poor, of justice, and of his country! Do not these things cry aloud for redress? And will they remain longer to disgrace the statute-book? Surely not! Surely, in very shame, the rich will come forward, and voluntarily relinquish their unholy *savings* to the necessities of the state, and to the relief of those who have so long and so patiently endured such partial regulations.

With regard to the probate duties, it may be said that we have selected instances that seldom occur. The number of large personal estates is not, however, so few as might be imagined; and wherever they do exist, it has been shown that the parties who succeed, obtain a manifest advantage over the middle classes. With respect to the conveyance and mortgage duties, however, the same remark does not apply. Sales and loans, to a very great extent,—to the amount of even the largest of the sums stated,—are effected daily, and daily therefore do the great landholders obtain an enormous advantage over the middle classes, to the extent of the sums specified in the last column of the tables. But this is not a solitary instance of the partial operation of our laws. In charging the assessed taxes, it appears, the same thing occurs. The house worth £10 a year, is rated at its utmost value, while the mansion or the palace of the noble, worth perhaps £5000 or £6000 a year, is only charged at £100 or £200. Will the country bear this any longer?—*Nous verrons*.

In its details, as has been seen, the mortgage duty is the grossest injustice; but even on principle it is highly objectionable, in so far as it compels a man to pay a large sum to Government, at the very time he can least afford to do so,—when he is actually borrowing money to pay his debts. The law takes hold of him in his "extremest need," and forces him to borrow more than he would otherwise do, to satisfy its rapacious cravings. But the middle ranks will not complain of this, if the law is made to operate *equally*—if the duty be uniformly proportioned to the sum. Had the stamp laws been originally founded on this principle, and had the rich been taxed in the same degree with the industrious classes, it is no exaggeration to say, that the half of the national debt might have been paid already, or that, if that principle be even yet adopted, almost every other direct tax may be abolished.

The stamp laws must be revised, and that right speedily. A single Session cannot be permitted to pass; and, in addition to amending what is so grossly absurd, burdensome, and partial, the law should be consolidated, and a schedule made appropriate for Scotland, that we may know the duties we have to pay, in that reference to the names of English deeds, which, as the schedule stands, creates much confusion and difficulty.

PROCESSES OF CESSIO BONORUM, AND SEQUESTRATION OF BANKRUPT ESTATES, REDUCTION AND DECLARATION OF ALL KINDS, AND ALL QUESTIONS REGARDING HERITABLE PROPERTY.

At present, all suits of the description now mentioned, must be conducted in the Court of Session, and the Sheriff has no power to interfere. It is highly desirable, however, that jurisdiction, in these cases, should be conferred upon him; and the country, as it appreciates the proper, speedy, and cheap administration of justice, should not rest satisfied till the object is attained.

A process of cessio is one by which an unfortunate debtor obtains liberation from prison, upon delivering up all his effects for the benefit of his creditors. The evidences in the Court of Session, which are, of course, considerable, are paid by the unfortunate man, when he cannot liquidate his just debts. In many cases the costs are borne by some friend of the party, in order to obtain his release from prison. Were the process conducted before the Sheriff, it might be done at a third of the present expense, in a more satisfactory manner, and much more expeditiously. Should the Court of Session not happen to be sitting—and for seven months in the year this is the case,—the unfortunate debtor must remain in jail; whereas, in the Sheriff Court, where the vacations are short, the same delay would never occur. The expense would be materially lessened, were the creditors to be cited by summonses sent through the post-office, instead of requiring each to be cited by a messenger,—a cause which creates much cost and delay, where the creditors are numerous, and reside at great distances from each other.\*

It is a grievous hardship, again, where a sequestration becomes necessary, that the business should be conducted in Edinburgh. When a man becomes bankrupt, there exists the greatest necessity for an economical management of his estate, so that it may be turned to the best advantage for the benefit of the unfortunate creditors; but instead of this being attended to, as matters are now ordered, the affairs are thrown into the hands of lawyers, who have no sympathy with the creditors in general; and the consequence is, that the estate is often wasted in fruitless and absurd litigation, so that instead of affording a dividend, a contribution is sometimes levied upon the creditors, in addition to the loss of their debts, to defray the expenses. This would not certainly be the result, were the business—when it became necessary to apply to a Court of law—conducted on the spot by a lawyer under the control of the parties interested. The Sheriff Court would at least possess these advantages over the Court of Session, of being two-thirds cheaper, and much more expeditious.

As to reductions and questions regarding heritage, much of the same reasoning applies. At present, the expense is so enormous, that rather than have a lawsuit, parties forego their rights altogether. This is particularly the case with regard to properties of small value; and the injustice thus silently borne, is much more considerable than might be supposed.

It may be said, that there are questions that it has always been the peculiar province of the Court of Session to decide, and that they are of much too great importance for Sheriffs. In answer to this, we would say, that it is time to deprive that Court of its peculiar provinces, when the expense is so great as to operate as a denial of justice; and we deny that the cases are of

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\* The number of fraudulent bankrupts, especially among trades people and small dealers, is, we fear, daily increasing; and no man of any experience in business but must have witnessed many cases of this description, and beheld with horror the means resorted to by the parties to bolster up and support their disgraceful proceedings. False swearing is not uncommon with men who have once formed a scheme of fraud. It is greatly to be desired that the law against fraudulent debtors should be rendered more efficacious, simple, and summary. It is a fact also much to be deplored, that these rogues are generally tutored in their nefarious schemes by low lawyers; and we almost despair of seeing the evil remedied, till it be felt as a disgrace to advise rogues how they may best cheat their creditors.



too great importance to be intrusted to the Sheriffs, or that these Judges are not qualified to deal with them. Sheriffs are allowed to decide cases upon the most intricate contracts to *any* amount, and are they not equally well qualified to decide as to the rights to heritable property? Is there such a mystery about it, that none but men who reside in the Modern Athens can see through the difficulties involved in questions with regard to it? What training have the Judges in Edinburgh received, which they of the inferior Courts want? Or rather, have not the latter the advantage of the former, from the great *practical* skill which the one must have, but which the other often wants? It is derogatory to the Sheriffs, to suppose, for an instant, that they are not eminently qualified for fulfilling the duties proposed to be conferred on them. The saving of expense would be enormous—particularly in regard to the facilities afforded of examining witnesses upon the spot. In order, however, to quiet the alarm of the Edinburgh lawyers, we would propose to limit the Sheriff's jurisdiction in these cases, to particular sums, and to subjects of a definite value. For instance, in cessios, the limit should be £500, in sequestrations £3000, and in questions of reduction, and with regard to heritage, £1000. Whenever the value exceeded these sums, the case should go to the Court of Session, and there let the parties and the Edinburgh lawyers have the luxury of the discussion—the one of paying monstrosously high for justice, and the other of seeing that the unadulterated article should be bestowed upon their clients, “for a *consideration*.” It would be remarkably easy to ascertain the value at the outset of the action. In cessios and sequestrations, there would indeed be no difficulty; and in the other cases, let the *party* fix the value himself, and allow the defender at any time an option of purchasing the right or subject in dispute, at the estimation put on it by his opponent. This would surely be a sufficient check. Something of the kind is recognized in practice by various acts: 20 Geo. II. cap. 43, sec. 38; 6 Geo. IV. cap. 120, sec. 40; 1 Wm. IV. cap. 69, sec. 22; and act of sederunt, 11th July, 1828—which last, makes a solemn declaration as to value sufficient. We venture to assert, that, were what is now proposed carried into effect, it would afford universal satisfaction to the country.

#### INHIBITIONS AND ADJUDICATIONS.

These are parts of the monopoly of the Society of Writers to the Signet, and pretty valuable ones they are. There is no reason whatever for giving that body the exclusive right of framing these documents, nor for limiting the power of granting them to the Court of Session. The Sheriff, in his county, should have a power of issuing inhibitions, and of judging in adjudications, in all cases. The one is granted in the Court of Session as a matter of course; and the other is so encumbered with formality, and attended with so much expense, as to render some change absolutely necessary. The general charges, and special charges, and general special charges, should all be abolished, as only maintained to create cost, and a plain and simple rule prescribed for attaching heritage. It is only because these things are not understood by the people in general, that they are submitted to so long. They are told by their agents, that “this thing is necessary, and that other is indispensable, and the expense is, we regret to see, very great, but it was unavoidable.” Now all this is true, but the proceedings are only necessary, because the law is defective. Prescribe new and cheap forms, and the necessity will cease.

#### LETTERS OF SUPPLEMENT—MODE OF SUMMONING PARTIES INTO COURT.

The law on this head is very defective. Suppose it becomes necessary to cite a party into the Sheriff Court of Dumfries, who resides in Ayrshire, the Judge of neither of these counties can give a warrant to do this legally. Letters of supplement must be got through the intervention of a writer to the signet in Edinburgh, and the party must be cited by a messenger-at-arms. This creates a great expense, which might be saved by a simple enough device—by obtaining the original summons or warrant endorsed by the Sheriff of the county where the party resided, and declaring this to be sufficient au-

thority for summoning him. Such a rule, we are glad to say, has already been recognized by the legislature, in the act 1 Wm. IV. cap. 69, sec. 21, by which maritime jurisdiction is conferred on the Sheriff; and the same rule should be extended to all cases. See also act 1 Wm. IV. cap. 37, sec. 8.

The act of sederunt, 8th July, 1831, made some very judicious regulations regarding citations, and we only wish it had gone a step or two farther. The absurd practice of citing parties at the pier and shore of Leith, has been abolished; but we suspect a more expensive system has been established in its stead. The practice still continues, however, of citing parties, and denouncing hornings, at the market cross of the head burgh of the shire, where their lands lie, or their residence, or that of their constituent, is situated. A more unmeaning and absurd mode cannot be figured,—to summon or denounce parties at a market cross—the very place where they are certain not to be found, where they never were, and never will be! If the object be to certiorate the parties of the proceedings, would it not be better to publish the citation or denunciation in the newspapers; or, if the intention be to conceal what is going forward, why publish at the market cross at all? In summoning parties into our Courts, we think advantage might, in many instances, be taken of the facilities afforded by the post-office, by transmitting the citation through that channel, instead of requiring it to be delivered by an officer of Court; but if the latter mode is to be persevered in, we would strongly recommend that in all cases the officers, or at most the officer with one witness, should be held as sufficient. This rule has been recognized, to a certain extent, by the act 1 Wm. IV. cap. 37, sec. 7, which, indeed, goes the length of dispensing with witnesses altogether; and we can see no solid objection to extend it to every case. In poindings, the witnesses should be dispensed with, the officer and two appraisers being a sufficient party, in all conscience. The office of Sheriff's officer should be put upon a better footing; and they should be bound to find caution, so as to ensure the faithful discharge of their important duties. At present these officials are, to say nothing ill of them, no better than they should be.

#### LAW OF ENTAIL.

A great deal has been said and written lately upon this subject, and it is, therefore, unnecessary to enter very deeply into the discussion here. It may be remarked generally, however, that this law has been productive of great evils to Scotland. It has retarded the improvement of the country, particularly in regard to agriculture, plantation, and road-making. It has produced great injustice to entailed proprietors themselves, to their families, and to the country at large. Upon the credit of their apparent wealth, entailed proprietors have incurred debts which they were unable to pay, and thus the interests of the industrious classes are sacrificed to maintain an odious law, alike repugnant to the interests of a commercial country, and prejudicial to the improvement of the soil. It has been the cause of more knavery than it would be prudent to describe: making men, who would otherwise have been honest, commit something like wholesale robbery upon the other classes of the community, by throwing the greatest possible temptation in their way; and it is now no extraordinary thing to find men, calling themselves gentlemen, refuse to pay debts incurred by their predecessors, which every principle of honour and justice called upon them to liquidate. Men of the greatest affluence do things, under the cloak of this law, which the meanest peasant of Scotland would never think of attempting; for it is the pride of the lower classes of this country—"an honest pride, and let it be their praise"—to maintain their decayed relatives decently, and to disdain the idea of their dying in debt, or defrauding any one. And, besides all this, the law of entail has created more expensive, ruinous, and disgraceful lawsuits, than perhaps any other in existence. On all these accounts, it cannot continue longer to disgrace the statute-book; and one of the few improvements we would borrow from England, would be to assimilate ours with the law of that country in regard to entails.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## A FLORENTINE TALE OF THE CARNIVAL OF 1831.

*(Concluded from last Number.)*

## PART THIRD.

“ O God, that we had met in time,  
 Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free,  
 When thou hadst loved without a crime,  
 And I been less unworthy thee.”—BYRON.

MADAME MALBERTI now retired to Florence, on the invitation of her daughters married there. Constantia had promised herself relief, in this retirement, from the distractions to which she had been violently exposed. This desire was soon thwarted, by the crowds who frequented her house,—some from curiosity, others from commiseration for her misfortune; whilst not a few presented themselves as her professed admirers, to captivate her senses from the vexation of the past. But distrust of the world's sincerity, and disrelish of its professed enjoyments, were still too mournfully implanted on her thoughts, to permit her to accept the sympathy of the one, or flattery of the other; and she could ill support her complacency, when her heart was unmoved to feel and believe. Neither did the persuasions of her friends, nor pride of her mother, permit more tranquillity. Both urged the fitness of mingling in society, as well to gladden her melancholy, as to show her contempt of the insult offered her.

The influence of gaiety gradually cheered, if it did not dissipate, the sombre aspect of her contemplations. Her young mind became susceptible of impressions, perhaps even of emotions, which hitherto she had suppressed and banished. He who proved the first successful aspirant to this preference, was Natalis. His father was a Fanariote Greek, established in commerce at Leghorn, where he had married, and become reputable for his character and wealth. He himself was associated to an eminent banking-house at Florence, and through this connection had been introduced to the family of Malberti. However pure the motives that interested Natalis in the history of Constantia, and however innocent her acceptance of his first advances to her esteem, still her danger from this confiding intercourse was no less imminent. Perhaps no passion more predisposes the female breast to amatory condolence, than the sense of its affections having been once despised. In proportion as the disposal of their feelings has been reluctant, and the sacrifice great, so is their pride indignant, their remorse inextinguishable, and “ their revenge is as the tiger's spring.”

Constantia listened with satisfaction to Natalis's effusions of condolence at the perverseness of her fate, whilst his bursts of indignation at the heartless man who knew not to estimate aright the excellent qualities of her soul, provoked in her bosom a forbidden contrast betwixt him who thus felt her sorrows and valued her goodness, and him who had recklessly outraged both. It would be ungrateful, perhaps, to our fair readers, to inquire how far this judgment, however warranted, was influenced by the common frailty of the sex;—the complainant was young and inexperienced,—the consoler estimable for elegance and rank.

Natalis, on his part, could not feel indifferent to the pity he expressed, and praises he bestowed. Sympathy proved its sincerity, by assuaging her troubles; admiration of her accomplishments and virtues, generated the passion to participate their excellence; and he declared himself her impassioned friend and admirer.

Constantia yielded to his persuasions; but her consent was rather a feeling of gratitude to a benefactor, than a spontaneous and pleasurable emotion of love. Let us not judge too harshly of her conduct. We do not wish to qualify a like *liaison* by any modified term of criminality, yet, neither ought it to be examined by the standard, nor condemned by the reproach, of our more rigid, and thence more happy, principles of society. The education,



manners, and morality of the south, permit there a latitude to the social connexions of life, that elsewhere is execrated as its greatest bane. A fashionable name and celebrity are accorded to the gallant of successful intrigue, whilst a like levity extenuates the compromise of the fair. For ever may our fair visitors of Italy escape the obnoxious contamination, to which they are too dangerously exposed for security; and may they preserve unsullied that bright fame, which makes them the proudest honour of Englishmen.

Thus sanctioned by society, the fidelity of a connexion of this sort, in Italy, is esteemed, for the most part, more worthy of observance than that of marriage. By our parties, their attachment, though not adorned by priestly rites—the necessity of which marks, more than any other institution, the dangerous depravity of human nature—was assuredly believed, on that account, of no less moral obligation. The elegant charms and amiable qualities of Constantia, fascinated Natalis to her most undivided adoration; and her esteem for him was the pleasing homage of friendship, if not the fervent offering of love.

This attachment, which began soon after Madame Malberti's residence at Florence, was continued for several years. He, oftener than once, proved his faith pledged to her, in the rejection of enviable offers of marriage; and she rewarded his sincerity by her devotion to him. Excepting this *liaison*, her deportment, indeed, was most exemplary. Though oftentimes courted by the gay and elegant, who thronged her house, attracted there by her grace and urbanity of manners, as her mother's liberal political sentiments did the more grave portion of her *conversazione*, yet her firmness sustained her against these captivations, and she thus enhanced and made conspicuous the purity of her mind. Her reputation was thus untainted in the world's estimation, and equally untouched by any indecent outrage on the part of Count Risponi. Suspicions of calumny and crime, it is true, were sometimes whispered to his jealous watchfulness, by disappointed admirers or despicable emissaries; but these were never proclaimed in a voice so loud, as to awaken his wrath to action. Whenever a more serious surmise of Natalis was intruded on his thoughts, his sister—a widow, an inmate of his house, and constant counsellor in these matters—satisfied his doubts, by the assurance of her intelligence with Florence. Perhaps this worthy lady was moved to this deception by a reluctance to involve her brother in fresh annoyances, and expose him again to the ridicule of the world; but the chronicles of gallantry of those times opined, that the dame's liberality was not so much delicacy towards her brother, as regard for Natalis himself, from the reminiscences of her youthful days, when the wealthy old Greek was the obsequious slave of her own charms at the baths of Lucca.

The intercourse, thus constituted and circumstanced, existed in unabated contentment, until the Carnival of 1831. Constantia's abandonment of pleasure and its pursuits, to gratify her lover, has been noticed. One or two appearances at Borgheses and at the Court, a *veglione*, and an occasional evening at the parties of her sisters, formed the whole of her enjoyments, even at the gay season of the Carnival, when melancholy is chid as mockery, and gravity is laughed to ridicule. But happier had it been for her, had she refused herself even these restricted diversions. The crisis of her hard fate might have been averted, and her tranquillity prolonged to a period when she might have cast a gracious retrospect on the blessings of the past, not hideous imprecations on its griefs.

Constantia yielded, one evening, to the request of an English lady, to be introduced to her indulgent friend, Madame Fenzi. Her name and house need only be mentioned, to obtain a tribute of just praise from all who have frequented her *conversazione*,—where all, eminent for learning or rank, or distinguished by beauty and accomplishment, resort, to discuss, as their fancy leads, the more serious topics of the day, or dissipate its cares, by song and dance, amid the gay revelry of the young.

There was present, that evening, a stranger, recently from England, who

had been presented a few evenings preceding. His appearance and accomplishments had elicited from the fair assembled, frequent expressions of admiration. Constantia did not refuse her meed of applause; and, in admiring his figure in the dance, and his ease and elegance in conversation, she looked with unwonted interest on the young Englishman. Oftener than once, her dark expressive eyes encountered his in her musings, and sank abashed from the observation. Fatigued with the waltz, which afforded him no pleasure beyond the excitement of its movements, the youth sat down to gossip with Madame Fenzi on the company. His notice was soon more especially directed to Constantia, as she was listlessly reclining on a sofa, as if unamused by the dance, and inattentive to those around. The beauty of her form and features did not more entice the stranger's observation, than did an air of seriousness, if not melancholy, in her tone and deportment, when all was mirth and movement. An inquiry as to her name and quality led to an offer of introduction, and the stranger was presented to Constantia as Mr. B. from England.

If the Englishman's attention was first attracted to Constantia's external endowments, his admiration was no less excited by her superior qualities of understanding. Their conversation quickly passed, from the frivolous *bagatelle* of the *boudoir*, to a disquisition on the merits and beauties of their respective languages and poets. His education had led him to a critical perusal of Italian writers; and she, after having drank deep from the sources of her Tuscan bards, turned to those of other countries,—and, captivated by the impassioned strains and scenery of Byron, even though only partially felt through the medium of translation, had laboured to taste their purity by studying the original. They descanted on the qualities and manifestations of love, as depicted in the characters of Gulnare and Parisina of Byron,—of the Laura of Petrarch,—and Anienta of Tasso. Their sentiments on these, were, perhaps, no more than the expression of their own feelings. He pitied the pains of the unhappy Florentine, sighing—

“O giorno, o ora, o ultimo momento,  
O stelle congiurate a'mpoverirme!  
O fido sguardo, or che volei tu dirme,  
Partend'io per non esser mai contento?”

while yet he praised the virtues of his relentless mistress, of whom he sung—

“Dolci durezza, e placide repulse;  
Piene di casto amore e di pietate;  
Leggiadri sdegni, che le mie infiammate  
Voglio tempraro ('or me n'accorgo) e'nulse.”

She spoke in raptures of the heart,—

——— “whose all upon that die is cast,  
And if its lost, life hath no more to bring.”

Their discourse, which began in words of insignificant import, ended in thoughts that engendered emotions of heartfelt tenderness; and, when their separation was announced, each felt and expressed the desire of renewed intercourse.

Constantia gladly sought the privacy of rest, to indulge her soul in sensations to which it had been hitherto a stranger, and ponder over hopes and fears, whose forbidden utterance she dared not acknowledge, and could not suppress. Her mind was agitated by the loathsome retrospect of the past, the bewilderment of the present, and the dangerous uncertainty of the future.

Her partner enjoyed more pleasurable cogitations. He was delighted to have made the acquaintance of a female, whose wit and talent were, to him, more seductive charms, than the theatre or *salon*; and he resolved to prolong his stay at Florence, for the enjoyment of this gratification.

It was in vain she resolved to recover her past serenity, by requesting his withdrawal from Florence, and alike futile were her efforts to preserve distant

civility in his presence. However strongly her judgment urged the peril and guilt of her new-born dreams, her partial heart pled a respite from its dictates: whatever scruples she entertained on the tendency of her reveries, and whatever reserve she promised herself to enforce on her conversation, were enfeebled by the too-fondly-cherished propensities of her wishes; and, if any lingering tones of doubt or mistrust still echoed around her dispositions, these were silenced on his gladly, though fatally, anticipated appearance.

Equally impatient was the foreigner to satisfy himself of the fallacy or truth of his awakened hopes. He paid his respects at Madame Malberti's on the second evening, and was received most graciously. An eye, less acute than a lover's, must have perceived, at the first glance, the ill-subdued embarrassment and agitation of Constantia. He relieved her feelings and his own from the struggle, by withdrawing his observation, and mingling in the general conversation. She felt and acknowledged this delicacy, and sought to distract her thoughts by like means. But the mutual attraction was too powerful to permit them to remain asunder, whilst the opportunities for this intercourse were abundantly offered by the fashion of Madame Malberti's parties. Her society, like that of most Italian houses, was a most heterogeneous composition of foreigner and native, high and low rank, wealth and poverty, talent and imbecility, wisdom and folly,—aggregated, some to applaud the revolutionary movements of the period, others to gamble, and the majority to discuss recent scandal, and, by prosecuting intrigue there, furnish new matter for its lash. Natalis, though not an inmate of the house, presided, in some sort, over this department of its affairs. Constantia and her admirer were thus permitted to indulge, unheeded, their amorous conversation; nor did even Natalis withdraw from his cards more than a passing glance at their intercourse.

The tale of southern love has been too often told, to ask a fresh delineation of its character. It beams on the lovely brunette of those climes with the effulgence of their noon-day sun, destroying every obstacle, and dissipating every cloud, that might obstruct or obscure its progress. Constantia's passion burst the bonds that had hitherto controlled the ardour of her soul; whilst he, before whom their shreds were scattered, accepted the offering with all the enthusiasm of first love. Both felt this commotion, but neither dared give utterance to its vehemence;—she, from a warning sense of the danger of this fateful crisis, and he, fearful to outrage her delicacy by a like sudden protestation of his vows. But their faltering voices, and tear-suffused eyes, spoke the secret of their bosoms with more convincing meaning, than the eloquence of the most impassioned accents; and each felt and acknowledged the appeal which the other vainly strove to withhold.

They parted for the evening, each alike grateful for the repose of night, to calm their disturbed spirits, and ponder over their precipitancy. He was ignorant of her history. The few broken sentences she sighed of her unhappiness and helplessness, only tended to excite more the romance of this adventure. Her name (for she had dropped that of Count Risponi) showed she was unmarried; and yet her gloomy reserve, when he touched on this theme, so congenial to the maiden, betokened some mystery that he was anxious to penetrate. If the incitement to this inquiry was rather the impulse of fancy than of occasion, it was to him on that account the more captivating, and became the sole object of his desires. She, in solitude, recalled her bewildered thoughts, to lament with anguish, and blame her first immolation: she execrated, as no less detestable, her present connexion with a person to whom she owed esteem, but whom she now felt she had never loved. In the bitterness of repining, she wept over the incident that had enlightened her to a sense of her past and present misery; and, cursing the irremediable hardness of her condition, accused the wisdom and justice of Providence.

But thoughts of another kind now alarmed her sensibility, and aggravated her distress. In repeating the stranger's delicate, yet fervent sentiments, she imagined that his praises and professions were adorations at the shrine of



innocence and purity; and that, on the discovery of her misfortunes, he would regard his soul profaned, by bestowing devotion on a being so unworthy of its love. The severe maxims of his native education, she said, must harshly pronounce guilty, a destiny which they who pity my participation of it forgive; and he will spurn me as a siren from his thoughts. She feared that her name might be so sullied to her prejudice in his esteem, and her character and deportment so distorted, that her emotions should appear to him the wiles of a courtesan fawning on his youth and innocence.

It was amidst the undetermined conflict of these sentiments that the lovers met again: each anxiously sought an explanation that might pronounce their misery or bliss; though both hesitated alike to precipitate the moment. But the chord must needs be again sounded, however unharmonious its tones. Constantia told the tale of her marriage, and its woes; and acknowledged, with tears, the expressed sympathy and indignation of her listener, but she shrunk from the display of its most fatal sequence; and it was not till her suitor had, with undiminished ardour, asked if she would risk her future happiness on his pledged faith, that, overborne by his generosity, she mourned herself the enslaved creature of another's will. Fears and surmises that had flickered before his fancy, but which were suppressed as base, now reacted with fearfully augmented force, and his deadened intellect only awoke from its agonising pause of distraction, to name Natalis as her paramour. Confirmed in this suspicion, he turned to look his rival in the face, and the fiend of jealousy never shot a deadlier glance at its victim, than did the Englishman, as he encountered the observation of Natalis.

The latter, thus startled to attention, failed not to remark the lovers' perturbation. Ascribing it to some acrimony of their language, he invited Constantia to amuse the stranger with her harp. The desire was applauded by the company, and perhaps not the least so by the two, thankful for any diversion to their overburdened thoughts.

Constantia was an exquisite mistress of her instrument. She had enthusiastically cultivated music, as a tribute of fondness and esteem for her first instructress; and as the motive to exertion was encouraging, so her zeal was rewarded by a corresponding skill. But, on this occasion, she sat down to execute with her fingers, a task which her heart refused to take pleasure in: her trembling hands and faltering voice failed to infuse her wonted ardour in the beautiful "*La ci darem la mano*" of Mozart; and she paused, and confessed herself, for the first time, unable to do justice to the author. But the cheers of her listeners, and the fear lest those who wondered at her strangeness, might penetrate its cause, forced her again to the trial; whilst the pitying look of one who felt and sympathised in her trouble, calmed her spirits, and inspired her with the desire to win his applause. She now selected from her favourite Rosini, his brilliant "*Vincesti iniqua sorte*," as arranged by Bochsà. The sentiments she uttered, and the sounds that charmed them, failed not to touch her heart; excited and exalted as she advanced, the harp was resonant to her words, and these were the images of her own feelings. As the softly swelling notes sounded to her nervous touch, she forgot her pains; and, bursting from their agonising control, abandoned her soul for a moment to all the wildness and witchery of music. Absorbed in the thrilling ecstasy of her creative hand, the written language became her own, and she poured forth its effusions as the accents of self-passion. When she ceased, and the echo of the last-touched string died on the ear, she sat senseless, in the bewilderment of her overwrought energies and emotions, till the plaudits of the admiring throng awakened her to feeling.

But there was one, in especial, on whom her song and harp had produced their most enchanting influence: his reason was fascinated, his heart enthralled, and if his lips spoke not the common praise of admiration, his fixed gaze of hallucination testified full well to her that the spell had not lost its charm on his soul. When they again approached in conversation, his scruples, if not vanquished, were forgotten; and he ardently declared—what he felt—that she was to him the darling object of existence. Though his pas-

sion was debased in its scope, it was the no less violent on that account; and he conjured her, by the ardour of her own bosom, to confide her cares and charms to his protection. Her exposition, on the one hand, of her unworthiness to claim his concern, and on the other, of the danger and disgrace of this fresh dereliction—was overborne by an appeal to her own self-esteem, and to his honour. At length, her mournful reluctance, *non devo*, declined into the silent assent of her feelings, if not of her understanding.

With these feelings their reciprocal attachment was pledged, alike unable to stay the progress of this eventful career, and undetermined on the means by which to ensure its happy issue.

The tranquillity of Natalis had never hitherto been disturbed by jealousy. The phantom even of this hideous monster, dared not intrude on the reveries of their bliss; for the butterflies of fashion that flickered around Constantia, were to her as the fire of the glowworm, which brightens without injuring the texture it illumines. But the senses of the paramour were not so obtuse, as not to remark her strange discomposure during the music-scene, and not to be aroused to the perception of the ardour which Constantia infused into her expression and discourse with the Englishman. His apprehension had not, however, assumed any consistent form, nor did he betray his latent discontent by any discordant language on this subject. On the contrary, he wiled her fond heart into gentle praises of the stranger, and, by acquiescing in, and exalting these, urged her, unwittingly, to dangerous adulation. Fired to wrath by this fervency, he could ill disguise his malicious upbraidings beneath the mask of raillery, and qualify his commands, to check her conversation with him, by a jocose reference to her connexion with him.

She interpreted too well the meaning of his words, and felt full bitterly the hard reality of her thralldom. Her imprisoned thoughts resented his menace, and had then proclaimed their emancipation, if her own safety were alone involved in the shock. But she feared, in so doing, to compromise another's safety; and her sole answer to his reproaches, was the gloomy silence of discontent. Natalis, thus disturbed and undetermined, was impatient to resolve his doubts. The impulse of affection that first moved and graced his intercourse with Constantia, had for a long time degenerated to the mannerism of habit. Sure of her constancy, he bestowed little thought on fostering her affection, beyond the propriety of common attention, and the expediency of an ostentatious attachment. Injured pride, therefore, more than love, exasperated him at this moment, to arrest or avenge the progress of his mistress's wavering delinquency. A fortuitous incident precipitated, if it did not determine, this event.

Natalis, with a craft common to his eastern origin, concealed his malice beneath the show of urbanity—a quality rarely exhibited by a Fanariote, save when its semblance can best lull into false security the victim of his machinations. Mr. B. was accordingly received with peculiar politeness at his next visit. The youth, though ignorant of the extent of the paramour's suspicions, and unapprehensive of his designs, could not help contrasting and wondering at the unusual display of frankness on his part, with the no less unexpected coldness of Constantia. No time was permitted him, however, to meditate on this circumstance, nor opportunity to reconcile its strangeness, before he was requested by Natalis to make one at the whist-table. However desirous he felt to converse with Constantia, and whatever his repugnance to associate with a person against whom he was so much prejudiced, he could not refuse the invitation, and sat down reluctantly to cards, with mingled feelings of chagrin and disgust.

They had not been long so engaged, when a difference of opinion arose betwixt Natalis and the Englishman. To any other person, and in a matter of very trifling importance, the latter might have yielded the point; but in his present temper of mind, a tone or gesture sufficed to unbridle his rancour, overcome all sense of propriety, and give to his responding manner and expression, an animosity that dissipated the forbearance even of the courteous Natalis. He contemptuously mentioned his country and youth, as an ex-

cuse for his unbecoming outrage on polite manners, recommending him to withdraw his intrusion on a society where his purpose was as apparent as dishonourable.

The allusion was the welcome firebrand to the stranger's ire. He rose indignant from the table: his voice, which, the moment before, had been vehement, now sank to the dread calm of disdain; and measuring his words, with a solemnity that gave depth to their impressiveness, and bespoke the enmity of his soul, he demanded the morrow's redress with blood for the insult of that evening.

The company, who, though silenced, had not presumed to interpose in the altercation, now vainly sought to meet its consequences, by entreating the foreigner's composure. He graciously replied to their good intentions, and was bidding adieu to the family, when his progress was checked for a moment by the vacant gaze of Constantia. He paused, and seized her hand, to say farewell. His touch unloosed her fettered senses, and, bursting into tears, she flung herself on him, to implore him, in mercy to her, to be reconciled to Natalis. Perhaps the appeal might have unfixed his purposes, as it had unmanned his soul; for, when he had replaced her, sinking, on a seat, he lingered on the threshold, hesitating whether to advance and grasp his enemy's hand in forgiveness, or retire, uncompromising the affront. But Natalis marked his irresolution, and exasperated still more at the movement and merit of the fair suppliant, he commanded her, in the harsh language of a tyrant, to withdraw, lest, as he said, casting a sarcastic smile at his rival, her influence might unfairly soften and subdue the gallant's hardihood. This was enough. The message too surely nerved his hesitation: he darted from the house, imprecating heaven's malediction on himself, if he did not subject to the chastisement of his sword, him who had thus openly rioted in outrage on his beloved.

The company, thus wildly deranged, soon retired. Constantia had already withdrawn, to weep her agony in solitude; but Natalis, disregarding the decorum due to her griefs, obtruded his fury on her quiet. He abused her for a wanton change of passion, upbraided her ingratitude for his years of affection, and reproached her as the cause of the disgraceful scenes just exhibited. She heard his reproaches in sullen indifference, and treated his vehemence with disdain; and it was not till irritated by her contempt of him, he seized and shook her in his grasp, threatening to abandon and expose her to ruin and infamy, that her indignant voice proclaimed her devotion to the stranger, execration of her paramour, and indifference to all that his revengeful heart might perpetrate.

Natalis's was not the soul to meet his rival on the field. He contemplated to subdue him, by means as dishonourable to the brave man or worthy lover, as the use of the assassin's knife. When, therefore, the Englishman's messenger waited on him on the morrow, he was treated with derision, and told, scoffingly, to prepare his friend for a hasty journey: and assuredly, the menace thus conveyed was not unaccomplished. Natalis's influence with the civil authorities, readily obtained an order for the Englishman's expulsion from the State. The latter, astonished at this dastardly procedure, repaired to his Minister, who, indignant that such an insult should be offered his countryman on so base a pretext, remonstrated so strongly against the unmerited injury thus inflicted, that the order was cancelled.

Natalis, thus foiled in this quarter, and his impotence ridiculed, as well by him against whom his malice was directed, as by her exposed to its secondary influence, determined on an expedient which, if it could not aggrieve his successful rival, nor hinder the bestowing a soul, now irretrievably estranged from him, must, at least, blast the attachment. His plan was to awaken the dormant apprehensions of Count Risponi, and, in exciting his pride and wrath, by reports of his wife's infidelity, so to exasperate him, as that he might be urged to punish her delinquency.

It will be remembered by the reader, that the terms of Constantia's separation from her husband, empowered him to seize on the remnant of her for-



tune, in case of dishonour proven against her. Natalis, accordingly, wrote to the Count's sister—whose good graces he had always propitiated—a false statement of an infamous abandonment of Constantia to the society of an Englishman, exaggerating her profligacy, and his own misery. He implored her to use all her influence over her brother, that he might check this criminal connexion, bitterer than death to him; or, if too far advanced for this, that he should chastise her wickedness, by depriving her of the means of supporting its enjoyment. To accomplish this object most effectually, he entreated her to urge the expediency of his immediate presence at Florence, in order that he might himself judge and punish the dishonour.

Natalis succeeded perfectly in this design. His advocate so thoroughly swayed her brother's dispositions, that he resolved to proceed at once to Florence, to direct and enjoy the catastrophe.

Whether or not it was that Natalis repented him of his outrageous precipitancy throughout this affair, and of the distress he was about to inflict on a house which had been long the solace of his idle hours, or that he only sought, by apparent contrition, to conceal the progress of his machinations, it is certain that he employed every art to entice Madame Malberti to plead his cause with her daughter. He prayed her, on the one side, from considerations of her own interests, to prevent consequences which must involve her family in great trouble; and, on the other, he beseeched her, from a regard to his long devotion, to assuage his sufferings by reconciling him with Constantia.

Madame Malberti, who indeed was the only person admitted to the seclusion of her daughter, accordingly soothed the afflicted one's feelings so as to listen to these representations. When she mentioned the pecuniary loss to which an open *affaire du cæen* would expose her house, Constantia, with becoming respect, acquiesced in the reasonableness of her mother's sentiments; but, when she touched on the other part of her mission, her daughter's bitter reference to the original cause of her present cruel predicament, and her fixed aversion to him who had abused her unhappy condition by every possible calumny and outrage, silenced her expostulations, and hindered her from again exposing herself to the too-just reproaches of her child.

Left to her own musings, Constantia rejoiced at the incident that had forced her from a slavery which she now felt to have been most loathsome; but she murmured not the less *that* wretchedness which made even this violent vicissitude of her lot, the sole mitigation of her griefs, the only reward of her hardships. Nor was the uncertainty of the future, less irksome to her than the loathsomeness of the past. She foresaw and felt that, in advancing a single step in the indulgence of her amorous desires, she should precipitate, on her defenceless head, a mass of discord, then lowering like the rock on the mountain side, which a child's feeble hand might hold in its equilibrium, but once lost, would crush in its thundering course the futile resistance of a giant.

So long as her mind was sustained in opposing the importunities and menaces of Natalis, her heart did not perceive the wreck of its hopes and happiness; but when this excitement was withdrawn, by her imperative desire not to be again harassed by his presence, she relapsed into despondency, and expressed the insufficiency of the world's enjoyments to afford her longer contentment.

It was now the third day since the rupture of her intercourse, and Mr. B. had not returned to the house of Madame Malberti. If the youth had consulted only his own inclinations, he would cheerfully have encountered every obstacle that his enemy had opposed; but his sense of delicacy towards the hapless victim of the strife, forbade him to hazard a fresh increase of her affliction, by any appeal to a breast, whose affections had been already so painfully manifested in his favour. But on the following morning, when he had risen, resolved to seek an interview, he was delighted by a message from Madame Malberti, requesting to see him at her house.

This message was the effect of Constantia's entreaties with her mother, to be permitted to say farewell to the stranger. Her broken heart at length

acknowledged the hopelessness of longer contending against misfortune.—Even setting aside family loss, and the world's opprobrium, she felt that her crushed spirits were alike unfitted to bestow charms to her person, as to receive delight from another's tenderness. She had determined, therefore, to see her lover once more, to acquaint him with her resolution to enter a convent as a refuge from the vexations of her calamity, and therein seek "that peace which passeth not away." Though Constantia had conquered and pacified her own warring passions, yet she chose that her mother should be present to calm the stranger's emotions, and be the spectator of the purity of her intentions.

The scene that occurred was as distressing as unexpected by the visitor. On explaining her intentions and its causes, he blamed himself as the disturber of her quiet,—the preventer of her pleasures—the author of her sorrows; nor did the assurance, that the enjoyment of his esteem would give more tranquillity and satisfaction to retirement, than heartless dissipation had afforded her in society, mitigate his vexations, nor control his self-reproaches, in having, by this banishment, closed on her for ever all access to human consolation. The only favour she granted to his prayers was, that the present should not be their final adieu, and that he would be again permitted to express to her the unalterable homage of his heart.

But though this was the result of his next summons to her presence, it was under circumstances which neither had contemplated.

Count Risponi and his sister had arrived. Natalis, though impelled rather by mortified pride, than regret at her insincerity, or hatred to her personally, was too much irritated to mitigate his former accusation when questioned by these. To support his allegation and justify his conduct, he even directed them to those persons present at Constantia's open manifestation of benevolence towards the Englishman, who would exhibit that conduct in its worst light. Risponi, thus persuaded of his wife's guilt, and instigated by his sister to enforce the harshest punishment on her crime, repaired to Madame Malberti's, accompanied by his sister and Natalis.

Had even an incarnate fiend appeared at that house to summons its inmates to perdition, his presence or purpose had not created greater horror and alarm than did that of these visitors. Madame Malberti was too astounded by the suddenness of the apparition and accusation, to reply to its import; but the accused comprehended at once the extent and contriver of this manœuvre. She named him for whose gratification she had sacrificed her own esteem, and who was the sworn protector of her character, as the vindictive tyrant, the perjured friend, who now sought to force her in infamy from her home, an impoverished outcast on the world.

Madame Malberti's tears and protestations of her daughter's innocence, in no degree softened the obduracy of her accusers; nor did Constantia's indignant appeal to the conscience of Natalis avail more. The calm severity of the Count's replies, with the caustic comment of his sister, convinced Madame Malberti that these came rather as executioners of her child's disgrace, than judges willing that her conduct should be justified. Nor was her opinion erroneous. Count Risponi had never felt towards Constantia the affection of a husband. The character was now assumed, in order that, as the Moslem in his harem, he might doom by its authority. Constantia's energy, however, rose superior to the menaced blow. The crisis had arrived when she must for ever veil her abashed head in penury, unless she could display her innocence in a manner to confound her enemies.

She resolved to call the Englishman into their presence, not doubting that his bearing and voice would prove paramount to this emergency. A person was hastily despatched for this purpose, and her alleged paramour appeared on the instant in the midst of their deliberations:

Ignorant of the presence of the people among whom he was ushered, and equally so of their characters and intentions, he had scarcely recovered from his surprise, and suppressed an involuntary movement of anger at seeing Natalis there, before Constantia discovered to him those circumstances. His

first impulse was that of youth—ever boisterous to chastise calumny with death, and uphold innocence by the sword ; but contempt for one, and reverence for the grey hairs of the other male present, allayed any manifestation of anger. Pausing an instant to compose his thoughts, and turning to the Count, he said, I shall not forswear my sentiments, to deny that I adored your wife. Her beauty and graces captivated my senses in spite of reason, and in spite of her remonstrances ; but I did not then know that my suit could injure a husband's feelings. I do not say this to extenuate my responsibility, for would to God that any sacrifice on my part may embody all the penalties of this love. My love has too truly provoked this disaster ; but only a vindictive poltroon could have accomplished it, by publishing his own ignominy. Mine is the aggrieving fault—his the accursed crime ; but Constantia is guiltless of ought dishonourable in my passion. I offer my name to infamy, if I speak false. I challenge Heaven to judge me by the veracity of my words, that I have never conversed with that much-injured being, save in this house, and in her mother's presence. Nay more, only yesterday she sent me for ever from her sight, that she might, by this purity and firmness of mind, escape the very calamity that now threatens to overwhelm her. But now, he exclaimed, rising with the fervid energy of his words, I shall be the devoted champion of her wrongs—neither subterfuge nor might shall avért my vengeance ; and he who advances to injure her, must needs make his first step across my corpse. Know, too, that if my own name and strength be not enough to uphold this strife, I can command the aid of one illustrious in this land, the Count Risponi of Milan.

The old man, who, for a time, had gazed with much marked emotion on the youth, recoiled, as from a stroke, at the sound of his own name, concealed his face, and faltered in convulsive accents—"You have letters from Baron ———, —your name is Charles—you are my son!" Then, starting from his place, staggered a step, and fell senseless at his son's feet.

C. B.

### ODE TO LIBERTY.

MAJESTIC goddess, ever good and great!  
Rear high thine arm, thy standard bright display ;  
Descend from where thou sit'st enthroned in state,  
And cheer the nations with thy glorious ray ;  
Restore to men the great triumphant day,  
When earth's oppressed nations shall proclaim,  
Their every bane and thralldom swept away ;  
When thou'lt be welcomed with one loud acclaim,  
As over all the world in peace, shines freedom's flame.

In concert, now, the tyrants of the world,  
With iron hand and bloody sceptre sway ;  
They've yet to learn that Freedom's flag 's unfurl'd,  
And blinded ignorance long past away ;  
That never will despotic edicts stay,  
Or crush again the people's rising might,  
Which stronger yet will grow from day to day :  
Then let them not their nation's wishes slight,  
Lest ere long they be hurl'd from their present lofty height.

O Liberty ! O precious, sweetest name !  
For thee the noble of the earth have bled ;  
Often, in thousands, round thy banners came,  
And oft have been to death or glory led :  
Patriots for thee their precious blood have shed,  
In every age, in every land and clime,  
And tyrant armies oft before them fled—  
Whose worthy names on History's pages shine,  
And to all future ages show their feats divine.

O ! o'er the world that Liberty would dwell,  
And peace and freedom rest on every land ;  
That freedom's love would in each bosom swell,  
Bursting the bonds of all unjust command :—



Then would all nations free and mighty stand ;  
 The sun of justice pour on all her beams ;  
 No more would tyrants rule with iron hand,—  
 Their past despotic acts would seem as dreams,  
 And peace, and love, and truth, form men's enlighten'd themes.  
 J. M.

## MANUFACTURING AND COMMERCIAL GAMBLING.

"When the trade and commerce of a nation have attained to a high degree of prosperity, they are in danger of being ruined, or at least greatly injured, from two sources;—first, by the luxury and indolence of the great merchants, who become ambitious of living like Princes and Sovereigns, and are thereby led to neglect their business, and to expend on their domestic establishments too great a portion of that wealth which ought to be applied to the extension of their trade. The trade of the once flourishing cities of Lisbon and Oporto, and also that of the Italian Republics, is said to have been greatly injured by this cause. The second source, is a too eager desire to become suddenly rich, which induces a great number of persons to feel dissatisfied with the slow gains of regular industry, while, by grasping at every possible and contingent advantage, they reduce trade to little better than a species of gambling."—*Lord Kames' Essays.*

ALTHOUGH it is undoubtedly true, and has been repeatedly demonstrated, that a great proportion of the numerous, complicated, and severe evils, under which all the great interests of the British Empire are now, and have long been suffering, are directly to be attributed to the vicious, corrupt, and proverbially blundering and reckless system of Government, under which we have so long lived; that the long-accumulating and now wide-spread mass of wretchedness and want, by which so many thousands, and tens of thousands, among the hard-working and industrious classes of the community, are reduced to a state of physical and mental suffering, which is truly painful to contemplate, is the result—the natural and necessary result—of a long-continued system of taxation and expenditure, extravagant, profuse, and wicked, beyond anything which the former history of mankind exemplifies; yet, on the other hand, it is equally true, that there are many serious evils now intimately interwoven with the constitution and usages of our civil, social, and commercial system, in the creation of which, the Government and administration of the country, bad as they are, have been little, if at all, concerned. They are rather to be accounted the natural and necessary effects of that long-continued and high-swollen tide of commercial and manufacturing enterprise and prosperity, which has flowed in upon us, in spite of all the evils produced by a bad Government. No interest, or separate branch of industry, in this great community, is entirely free from the baneful operation of those evils to which we are alluding, and the causes and effects of which we mean to point out and explain; but they exist chiefly, and to the greatest extent, among the trading, commercial, and manufacturing classes, and it is also among these classes that their disastrous effects are felt with the greatest severity.

One great cause of much evil and suffering amongst us, and the fruitful source of much vice and crime, is very accurately pointed out by the distinguished writer whom we have quoted at the outset,—an eager desire to become suddenly rich, under the influence of which, young men who are "beginning the world," as the established phrase has it, and who are of an enterprising disposition and sanguine temperament, are led to despise the slow and small profits which can be acquired by entering into any branch of trade on a small scale,—such a scale as is commensurate with their capital, their prospects, and their experience. In this extensive manufacturing and commercial community, and in other communities of the same kind throughout the country, such persons see around them, on all sides, instances of men, who, either themselves or their immediate predecessors, arose in a few years from plain and humble tradesmen, mere working mechanics, to be men of great wealth;—and they think that what has been done by others with so much apparent ease, may also be done by them. Unfortunately, they never take into account, or, at all events, not sufficiently, the well-known fact, that the circumstances under which those men acquired their great for-

tunes with so much ease, have now altogether changed and passed away. They forget that, thirty or forty years ago, the cotton trade and the iron trade, in all their branches, as well as several other kinds of trade and manufactures, were in their infancy and steady youth, and consequently in the full flow of prosperity. Matters then were very different indeed from what they are now, and have been for the last ten or fifteen years. At the period referred to, the supply of these various kinds of manufactures was very limited, while the demand for them was, comparatively speaking, unlimited, and constantly increasing, both at home and abroad. The consequence of all this was, that though the persons engaged in these branches of trade and manufactures enjoyed no monopoly by law, they, in fact and reality, did enjoy a most lucrative monopoly, for their profits were at their own naming; nobody knew anything about them but themselves; and sometimes even they themselves did not very well know, as great prosperity made them indifferent to the task of nice calculation.

This golden age, however, passed away, and, like its fabled predecessor in the history of Grecian antiquity, it was succeeded by the age of Brass, during which the supply of all kinds of manufactured goods approximated much nearer to the demand, and the profits of the manufacturers were in consequence greatly reduced; while now—to keep up the parallel—we are to a certainty experiencing all the rigour and sterility of the Iron age. No single branch of trade or manufacture can now be mentioned, in which the supply of goods is not constantly and at all times equal to the demand; while there is such a perpetual tendency to exceed this critical point, that we are always living in apprehension of that over-speculation, and those periodical stagnations of trade, the effects of which are so fearful and so distressing. Profits are nearly equalised throughout all the various branches of trade, commerce, and manufactures, while, even in the most favourable fits of what we now call prosperity, they are still sufficiently moderate. Besides, everything connected with trade and manufactures, is now so well known, that the rate of profit afforded by any one branch, is no longer a secret to any body. In stating these things, we do not pretend to have made a discovery, or to have brought to light any facts which were formerly unknown. They are all well known and generally assented to; but the mischief of which we are complaining, arises from the constant liability of the public to forget them, or at least, from their being so much overlooked and neglected in the every-day practice of society, that the lesson they are fitted to teach, is never learned. Thus we every day see persons of what is called an enterprising disposition, which, in plain English—at least in the great majority of cases—merely means a grasping, ambitious avarice, that makes the acquisition of the greatest possible amount of wealth, in the shortest possible time, the grand concern of life, the *summum bonum* of existence, contriving to enter almost at once—by a single step, as it were—extensively into some branch of trade or manufacture, with which they are very little acquainted, and managing, by a variety of expedients, to extend their speculations immensely beyond what their capital will support, and also far beyond what their capacity and experience can manage with success. Indeed, it has been by no means uncommon, within the last twenty years at least, to see some of these “spirited and enterprising” gentlemen enter largely into several distinct branches of trade and manufactures at the same time, while in reality they were not practically acquainted with any one of them. Such persons generally go on very dashingly for some time—their “industry and enterprise” are the theme of general admiration—for they are neither lame nor lazy; they rise up early, and sit late; and if you will take as authority the word and opinion of those wise and busy persons, who never look farther than the outside of such matters, they will in a few years be independent gentlemen, possessed of princely fortunes! It is surprising, however, that so little attention is paid to the plain and undeniable fact, that, even in this trading and manufacturing community, among this “nation of shopkeepers,” there is scarcely an instance of these persons ultimately realizing a fortune, and retiring from business, or even of their being able to secure a

competency, and continue in their business for any considerable time. After making a great figure for a few years, they almost always go to ruin as suddenly as they arose—involving in their fate hundreds of persons, less ambitious and avaricious than themselves. Nor do the consequences which result from the conduct of such persons cease, when they themselves disappear from the scene: they too often spread far and wide into society, and produce effects which are permanently injurious.

How many melancholy and memorable instances have we among ourselves, of persons who, all at once, pushed themselves to the very highest rank in the mercantile community, and as suddenly sunk to the bottom of the scale; while the splendid and apparently flourishing speculations in which they were engaged, when examined by persons of more sober judgment, were found so utterly without any real foundation, that they would not afford to the unfortunate and too-confiding creditors, more than the miserable wreck of from two to three shillings in the pound—in some instances, not half so much! Upon reflection, it certainly does seem not a little surprising, that, although we have every now and then examples of this sort of conduct and its effects, yet those whom it most intimately concerns—even those who suffer, and suffer severely, do not become one whit the wiser by their experience. They, no doubt, while their misfortune is fresh, curse their own folly and simplicity, and bestow some not very handsome names upon the person or persons by whom they have been wronged; but instances happen almost every day, in which all this does not prevent them from putting it in the power of the same persons to play them the same game over again; and, at all events, they are generally very forward to give every assistance in their power to others, who are preparing to run the same ruinous race.

It cannot, perhaps, with propriety be said, that such persons as we have described, are swindlers or dishonest persons; for there is every reason to believe, that, as already observed, their entire aim and object is to make a fortune in the shortest possible time, without indeed being over-scrupulous about the means; and a very small portion of common sense is sufficient to convince them, that, unless in all their transactions they exhibit an average amount of mercantile honesty, they will speedily defeat their own object. But, certainly, to all intents and purposes, they are little better than gamblers. They conduct their business without any other fixed rule or principle, than the determination to secure every possible opportunity of making money. They enter into extensive speculations, with the nature and management of which they are entirely unacquainted, and, at the same time, with a perfect certainty that they have no means, but such as chance may afford, of carrying them through with safety to themselves and others. All their operations are, in fact, nothing else than playing at dice, or drawing a lottery. The result may be a blank or a prize, for anything they can foresee, or for any control they can exercise over the issue of the adventure.

It has been several times observed, by persons who, either from motives of curiosity or necessity, have paid attention to the minute regulations of trade and manufactures in other countries, on the Continent and in America, and who have made themselves acquainted with the habits, manners, maxims, and usages of the mercantile and manufacturing classes in those countries, that, above all others, Britain is the country where debts can be contracted with the greatest facility, where every trading, mercantile, and manufacturing operation, is more or less conducted upon credit,—some of them entirely so; and these observers have not failed also to remark, upon comparing the state of things regarding these matters among ourselves, with what it is in other countries, that a very great proportion of the evils under which we are at all times suffering, is directly to be ascribed to the great ease with which people engaged in trade and manufactures can get into debt, and the avidity with which they avail themselves of extending their operations upon credit, to a much greater length than they can ever carry through, unless their speculations be successful, or rather lucky, to a much greater extent than they can have any reason to expect. As a specimen of the difference between the



manner in which matters of this kind are managed "at home and abroad," it appears that, in France, and very generally over the Continent, a person in ordinary circumstances might as soon expect to get a carriage and six horses upon credit, as a house, shop, or workshop for a year, or even for six months, as is almost universally the custom among ourselves. In France, and other Continental countries, no such thing is either asked for or given. Rents are generally paid beforehand; and, when this is not done, the term during which the tenants have a right of possession, at the end of which they must either pay or remove, is very short,—generally a fortnight, and almost never exceeding a month. Nor does this usage prevail only, or chiefly, among the poorer and more inferior classes of tradesmen and manufacturers. It is universally the case, from the richest and most extensive manufacturers, down to the poorest tradesmen and mechanics: and, if we be correctly informed, "Brother Jonathan" finds it his interest to manage his affairs of this sort on the same principles, and nearly in the same way. There is, however, another fact nearly of the same kind, or at least belonging to the same part of our subject, which is of still greater importance than this matter of rent-paying. Such a thing as a man building and fitting up an extensive manufactory, filling it with the necessary machinery and implements for carrying on the manufacture, and even contriving to keep that machinery constantly and busily in operation for several years, all upon credit, and with no real capital; or at least with an infinitely disproportionate amount of real capital of his own;—such a thing as this is entirely unknown in France and the other Continental nations; and it has been found a matter of no small difficulty to make the best informed and most intelligent merchants and manufacturers of those countries, comprehend how the thing can possibly be done at all, even in this country of debt and credit. But *we* know that it *is done*, in numerous instances, in every one of the more extended branches of our trade and manufactures. Of its effects upon these, and the persons engaged in them, we will speak by-and-bye.

Now, it is evident, beyond all doubt or contradiction, that the class of persons whose mode of operation we have already sketched, and who may be called *Fortune-hunters*, with as much propriety as those who, under false pretences, endeavour to raise themselves by matrimonial speculations, are entirely indebted to the facility with which they can obtain credit for the many seemingly-wonderful things which they are enabled to do. It is difficult to say, with any tolerable degree of accuracy, what portion of the mercantile community is most to blame for this over-abundance of credit, which such persons are able to command in all ordinary circumstances; for the truth is, that it is too easy a matter to get into debt throughout all the branches and departments of trade and manufactures. A considerable portion of the blame certainly belongs to the bankers, but a still greater share of it must be laid to the door of those tradesmen and merchants who furnish them with workmanship and goods; for the banker is generally old-fashioned enough to have two or three, and sometimes four or five securities for his advances; while tradesmen and merchants are often foolish enough to involve themselves to a great extent, without any security at all. In every branch or department of trade, there are certain fixed and understood terms of credit and payment, well known to all concerned; but in every business, except banking, these terms are constantly violated, and in favour of persons who are, all the time, deeply injuring the community, without benefiting themselves or any one else.

The extraordinary facility with which persons who can make anything like a fair show, or plausible pretence, can get their names enrolled as creditors in the day-books and ledgers of almost every person around them, and which, when calmly and dispassionately examined, will be found an evil, and a sore evil too, inasmuch as it is the source of many others, is the means of calling into existence as traders, merchants, and manufacturers, another set of persons, whose conduct, although it is in many respects similar to that of the class we have already described, and attended with equally bad effects to

the great body of the community, yet results from different motives and principles, in so far as it can be said to be the result of *any* motives or principles. We refer to those reckless, unprincipled, and frequently evil-designing persons, who often, by a wonderfully short process, contrive to push themselves into what appears to be a very flourishing business—certainly a very extensive one—entirely upon the credit of others. They are very often the distant relations of men of known wealth and long-established credit, and it is astonishing how much assistance they derive in going through the process of getting deeply into debt, from the circumstance of their being nephews, cousins, or brothers-in-law, or the sons of brothers-in-law, to some rich merchant or leading manufacturer, although they be not worth a shilling themselves, nor worthy of being trusted a shilling's worth. Such persons have usually a very brief period of greatness, for they not unfrequently shorten what is, from its nature, an exceedingly quick process, by their own reckless extravagance or gross misconduct. The grand point at which they always aim, may be pretty well expressed by an old Scotch proverb, "either mak' a spoon, or spoil a horn." Their leading maxim appears to be, "dash on, never mind; buy *dear*, and sell *cheap*; we have all the chances in the world to make a fortune; and, at all events, can be no worse than we are;" and their mode of "dashing on" is, to get as much into debt as possible, without ever taking into consideration what is to be the ultimate consequence, either to themselves or others. This mode of "doing business" lasts for a short time; they break down all at once, after having done a great amount of mischief to society. Such persons among this class of characters, as are mere reckless, unprincipled fools, when they have in this manner "strutted and fretted" their brief hour upon the mercantile stage, are, for the remainder of their lives, turned over to their original poverty and insignificance; to the bitterness of which is now added the contempt and scorn of the honest and rational portion of society;—while those among them who have, from the very outset of their career, been deep, designing swindlers, contrive, when they perceive that their machinery is about to stand still, to gather together the spoils of the campaign, with which they very quietly make a "moonlight flitting" beyond the reach of law and danger, leaving their duped and deeply-injured creditors to console each other in the best way they can.

We have not thought it necessary to describe, or point out, otherwise than in very general terms, the many and various ingenious plans and contrivances, by which both these classes of persons manage to "raise the wind," and keep themselves afloat for a period of time, which, although in one sense always short, is in many cases so long in another sense, as to excite the wonder of all around them, when the result of their affairs is laid open to the public. Their general system of operation is unfortunately too well known; and if, in some particular instances, there have been singular modes of management, we are of opinion that, like the tricks and devices of swindlers, thieves, and pickpockets, "the less that is said about them the better." Nor will we at present enter farther into anything behind the scenes, because it is of more consequence to point out the effects resulting from the conduct of such persons generally, than to detail the various tricks and expedients by which that conduct is sustained.

Such persons as we have described, are always the main instruments in producing and pushing forward that excessive speculation, over-trading, and over-production of all kinds of manufactured goods, which, every now and then, with an anxious, feverish, and fluctuating interval of a few years, ends in a universal glut of the markets, and a consequent stagnation of trade,—the very idea of which, pours a drop of poignant bitterness into the cup of the poor man's humble enjoyment, because he has so often and so long suffered under the dreadful effects of these "panics," that he lives in continual terror of their recurrence.

It is a fact, and a very curious fact,—curious, chiefly, because it has received so small a share of attention, that the excessive over-trading and over-production, of which we are always complaining with so much reason, is only to

a very small extent produced by the conduct and operations of our long-established, extensive, and really wealthy manufacturers and traders; those men who have, by slow degrees, and with cautious, prudent steps, extended their business in proportion as their real available capital accumulated. A principle of self-interest, strongly felt and clearly perceived, renders these persons as keenly alive to all the evils which result from over-production and a glutting of the markets, as any other portion of the community. Indeed, it is perhaps not going too far to say, that they form the only portion of the busy part of the public, that does pay a constant and regular attention to such matters; and it is therefore but seldom that such persons, either taken singly or collectively, are guilty (*if* we may so express it) of doing much to produce an evil of which they are always afraid. They rather, so far as circumstances give them power and opportunity, do everything they can to ward it off.—They act in this manner, it is true, not from any principle of patriotism or philanthropy inducing them to protect the interests and promote the comforts of the great body of their fellow-citizens; but merely from a regard to their own interest, and the protection of what concerns themselves: yet this, since in accordance with the general welfare, is laudable, and productive of good. It has long ago been explained at great length, by the most celebrated of all the writers on Political Economy, Adam Smith, that when the supply of any article of trade or commerce considerably exceeds the demand for it, the price immediately begins to fall, and generally continues to fall from time to time, so long as the supply continues to exceed the demand; and also, that the profit of the manufacturers or traders employed in bringing such articles to market, falls along with the price; and farther, that although all this may be beneficial to the public generally, who are purchasers and consumers of the particular kind of goods referred to, it is hurtful to the interests of the manufacturers and traders, and therefore such persons generally endeavour to prevent the fall of prices and profits, by as nearly as possible suiting the supply to the demand. That these are the principles and maxims by which a large trading or manufacturing company conduct their business, when they have, either by a positive law or particular circumstances, virtually a monopoly of the manufacture or branch of trade in which they are engaged, every body will at once admit;—but although it be not so clearly seen, nor so easily understood, it is nevertheless true, that the rich and substantial manufacturers and traders engaged in any particular branch of manufactures or commerce, endeavour, as far as they can, to conduct their business on the same principles, and by the same rules. There may not be amongst them any formal or understood bond or agreement to this effect—indeed there is seldom or never any such thing, for it but rarely happens that they are on very good terms with each other, but in spirit they are all naturally monopolists and exclusionists. Their constant aim and object is to prevent prices and profits from falling, and therefore they anxiously endeavour to ward off the cause of this evil—an overstocking of the market with that species of goods in the production and supply of which they are engaged.

We have been at some pains to show that there is a natural principle or feeling of self-interest—and in this case they mean one and the same thing—which prevents men of real capital and substance from giving encouragement or assistance to that “enterprising” spirit of excessive speculation, over-trading, and over-production, about which we hear so many complaints, which has already produced so much distress and suffering, and is daily producing more. But it must be understood that we mean our statements and reasonings to apply generally; being well aware that, in this matter, as in every other where the general conduct of mankind is concerned, there are many exceptions: and we cannot dismiss the point without referring to some general and well-known facts, that afford a practical proof of the general correctness of our reasoning. In all the great branches of our national trade and manufactures—we mean in Scotland; for with the manner in which things of this kind are managed in England, we do not profess to be so well acquainted—in the cotton trade in all its branches; the iron trade, the mining or coal trade, the



different branches of the woollen manufacture, and several other branches we could mention, the rich, extensive, and long-established traders and manufacturers, are almost constantly on the watch to prevent that over-trading and over-production, which produce such a choking up of the market, and a ruinous fall of prices; they are, in short, doing all they can in this way, individually,—and, each being actuated by the same motives, the effect is nearly the same as if they had agreed to act collectively. Such persons, both from past experience, and the habits of mind which their business has a tendency to produce, are remarkably far-sighted in such matters. They immediately, when they see occasion, check their powers of production, slacken their operations, and, by little and little, lessen the quantity of goods which they send to market. They take various methods to produce this effect: sometimes by dismissing a portion of the people in their employment,—a harsh and very injudicious step, when it can possibly be avoided,—but much more generally by giving them a less quantity of work to do, or employing them only a part of the usual hours of labour. And when, in any particular instance, it happens, as it frequently does, that the market becomes overstocked with goods, and a fall of prices and profits ensues, it is not unusual—indeed it is very common—for rich manufacturers and traders to throw themselves on the resources which their command of spare capital affords, to a much greater extent than the public generally are aware of, rather than aggravate the evil to themselves and others, by sending their goods to a market which is already overstocked. We could quote several instances of wealthy and extensive manufacturers, belonging to the city of Glasgow and other places in the west of Scotland, who, within the last ten or twelve years, have continued their operations, and kept their work-people, or at least the greater number of them, partially employed for three months together, without ever selling or offering to sell a shilling's worth of the produce; and some of them have even gone so far as to borrow money on their property, to enable them to act in this manner to a greater extent, or for a longer time, than they would otherwise have been able to do. Their intention was, to allow the overflow of the market to subside, to produce rather a deficiency than an excess in the supply of goods, by means of which the prices and the rate of profit would rise to their former level, or perhaps so much above it, as would compensate them for the loss sustained by having so much of their capital locked up unprofitably in their warehouses in the shape of manufactured goods, for an unusually long time. To what extent they were successful in realizing this expectation, it would perhaps be difficult for the parties themselves to state distinctly; but this much at least appears certain, that if, by so acting, they did but little good either to themselves or the public generally, they prevented a great amount of loss and suffering; and, in this wicked world, even *negative* virtue and merit must count for something.—But here we must pause, and resume the subject in our next.

## SONNET,

## ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF THE COVENANTERS IN DUMFRIES-SHIRE.

YE martyred heroes of that iron age,  
 When sinful Pride and bigots' frenzied rage,  
 Bedewed the land with blood—a pilgrim hear,  
 Who, trembling, to your honoured graves draws near.  
 Oh! in yon spotless realms of Light above,  
 Where joy to joy succeeds, and all is Love,  
 E'er muse ye on the former scenes of wo,  
 In contemplation wrapt, on earth below,  
 When Persecution reared its blood-stained head,  
 And for THE TRUTH, ye holy martyrs bled?—  
 E'er in your minds revolve those awful days,  
 When it was death to sing the hymn of praise?—  
 Then turn, exulting, to this valley green,  
 And see, how changed the former gloomy scene!

## HABBIE THE HUNTSMAN.

IN the new forest of the Glenkens of Galloway, Robert the Bruce had a Lodge at Castlemaddy, where he spent much of his time during the hunting season. When not engaged in the pleasures of the chase, he frequently roamed about that upland district, unaccompanied by any attendant. Walking one day alone through the forest glade, he came to a person actively employed in throwing newly-felled branches of trees on a blazing fire, at whom he inquired the way to Lochinvar. The fiend-like man of the wood raised his head, till his red eyes, staring under the rim of his broad black bonnet, scanned his Majesty from head to foot, with seeming surprise at being so accosted,—as he thought every one knew the way to the Castle of Lochinvar; but, seeing the stranger waiting his answer, he replied, “I can show ye that, brawly; but whar do ye wun, gin I may speer, when ye dinna ken the gait yoursell?” “At Lochmaben, when I am at home,” said the King. “O then, ye’ll nae doubt be ane o’ the King’s gillies, come to prepare the Lodge for his reception. I daursay ye will find things in gude order there,—for we hae a’ been very busy here for some time past.” A significant nod made by his Majesty, upon being taken for a servant, left no doubt whatever on the mind of Charlie the charcoalman, that he was a servant, and he consequently treated him afterwards as a fellow-servant. “What preparations have been made for his Majesty’s reception?” rejoined the disguised Monarch. “The matrons of Muie have stript the heath of its purple bells, to make his swats; the maids of Maddy have made his bed of canna. I am here, you see, charing wood, to warm him when the heat of the chase is over; and the fattest bucks in the forest have fallen before Habbie the huntsman, for his entertainment. But, whilst providing for the King, his servants have not neglected to keep plenty of prog to themselves: we can even boil a buck in his skin here. Have you ever seen that done at Lochmaben, my trusty?” “We hunt in the greenwood of Rammerscales, and on Tinwald Downs the bounding buck falls before us; but we never deign to boil him in his skin. The Royal gillies are never in such want of prog at Lochmaben; and why should they be doing so in the Glenkens? Your foresters seem to be as voracious as their old neighbour, the Boar of Curridoo, who, the moment he seized his prey, began to devour it. Do you know, my good friend, if the King’s people are kept short of provisions at Castlemaddy?” said the King. “Provisions scanty at Castlemaddy!” replied Charlie: “No—the King’s dogs are better fed there than the liverymen at either Thrieve or Raeberry, for as great folks as the Douglasses and M’Lellans are. The truth is just this: Habbie the huntsman loves a spree, and, to raise one, he just kills a fat buck now and then; and as he has aye routh of cronies ready for the guzzle, to be out of the way he just boils the buck in his skin, and makes merry in the forest here. I know the King would care as little for a fat buck as a Manksman would do for a fresh herring; but, for all that, it is not right for people to take what is not their own: the servants of a King should just be as honest as the servants of a cadger. But, ah!—I forgot you are ane of the folks I’m finding fault wi’—perhaps such things are common among you all. Well, be that as it may, I should na scad my lips in ither folk’s kail. I am only detaining you on your journey; but, before proceeding farther, just come into my little hut here, and you shall have some capital prog that was left at the last merry-meeting of Habbie the hunter and his friends; you will require some scrand, before you go to Lochinvar, as your kyte will not be sair stented wi’ a’ that you will get there, otherwise you will fare better than ever I did.” So saying, he stepped into his sod-built hovel, made hard by the fire, and put up in a temporary manner just to shelter him from the inclemency of the weather, and large enough to accommodate one person only; but the King squeezed himself into it likewise, and sat down upon an earthen bink beside his murky host, who lifted up the lid of an old chest, and brought out a wooden platter with a fine

haunch of venison in it,—and presenting it to the King, said, “Come, eat, my good fellow! Fingers were made before knives and forks: and we have a saying in the Glenkens, that graceless meat grows weel; so, if you cannot make a hearty meal of this, you deserve to want meat till your stomach be empty. It is as good, I can assure you, as any you ever tasted at Lochmaben,—and you are just as welcome to a bit of it as I can make you.” Then, putting his hand into the old box again, and bringing out a black leathern bottle of wine, he drew the cork with his teeth; and, as he repeatedly wiped away the dust from the mouth of it with the palm of his hand, smacking his lips at the same time, he said, “This is a drop of what they call Burgundy; it was brought only a few weeks ago from the King’s cellar at Turnberry. It is, no doubt, too good for such persons as we are, to guzzle; but, to show you it is not poison, I will drink before you.” With that he put the bottle to his mouth, took a hearty draught, and then handed it to the King, who freely followed his example. Having finished this repast, and cracked several jokes, the King proceeded on his way to Lochinvar, guided by the sooty charcoalman to the skirt of the forest, whom, at parting, he requested to bring a bag of charcoal next day to the hunting-lodge, at an early hour, with directions, upon his arrival there, to inquire for Black Cap,—at the same time assuring Charlie, that if the royal suite had not then arrived, he would be happy to have the opportunity of allowing him to partake of some fine prog that had been recently brought from Lochmaben.

A great number of nobility had assembled at Castlemaddy, for the purpose of being present at a stag-hunt that was to take place next day upon the hill of Craignuie; but, before setting out, his Majesty had resolved to show them sport of another kind.

The black woodman, in the anxious hope of enjoying a fine feast, long before the appointed time filled his bag with charcoal, flung it on his back, and went away waddling under his load to the royal lodge, dressed in his usual habiliments, which were as dark as ebony. Upon entering the servants’ hall, he asked for Black Cap, who, upon hearing the voice of his old forest friend, came forward to meet him. Then taking him by the hand, he led him to the head of the table, which was surrounded by all the party assembled for the hunt. The King then placed himself beside Charlie, and putting his hand into an old oaken chest, he brought out a haunch of venison in a wooden platter, and, handing it to the charcoalman, said, “Come, eat, my good fellow! Fingers were made before knives and forks: and we have a saying in the Glenkens, that graceless meat grows weel. If you cannot make a hearty meal of this, you deserve to want meat till your stomach be empty. It is as good, I can assure you, as any you ever tasted in the New Forest,—and you are just as welcome to eat as I can make you.” Then, putting his hand into the old chest, and bringing out a black leathern bottle of wine, he drew the cork with his teeth; and, as he repeatedly wiped away the dust from the mouth of it with the palm of his hand, smacking his lips at the same time, he said, “This is a drop of what they call Burgundy; it was brought only a few weeks ago from the King’s cellar at Turnberry. It is, no doubt, too good for such persons as we are, to guzzle; but, to show you it is not poison, I will drink before you.”

From the restless agitation of Habbie the huntsman, who had been ordered to attend, equipped in rockley green, with a bugle, for the chase, and the wild glance of the charcoalman’s eye, who had now seemingly discovered his mistake in taking the King for a servant, the nobles soon perceived that a disclosure of some improper conduct, on the part of either of these menials, was to follow the joke which his Majesty had played off with such effect; but the hilarity ceased when he was apparently about to put the bottle to his mouth, by his calling forth the forester, and ordering him to change clothes with Charlie the charcoalman, “who,” he said, “is now, and henceforth, Keeper of the New Forest of the Glenkens; and, as a punishment for your infidelity while in that station, you must now burn sticks under his direction, till you can find him boiling bucks in their skins, and drinking Burgundy, at his merry-meetings with his cronies in the woods.”



## SONNETS.

ON CORA LINN.

FIERCE-ROLLING, high-toned, foamy-crested Linn !  
 Thou sweetest o'er the friction-polished breast  
 Of the stupendous rock, which deep within  
 Lies wrapt in thine aquatic hoary vest,  
 That veils its flinty ribs, and to the west  
 Thy waves dash on with reckless frantic pace,  
 Through labyrinths and caverns rudely drest,  
 Where latent gems their echoing chambers grace.  
 Soon shall they sleep in Ocean's great embrace,  
 Or dash their surge against the sea-green side  
 Of some storm-troubled vessel, where the face  
 Of terror grins—where eyes, dilated wide,  
 Flash strangely o'er the billows of the sea,  
 And supplicate a calm with soul-sincerity !

ON THE CELEBRATED GERMAN PATRIOT AND POET, THEODORE KORNER.

AT—rest thee there, thou truly gallant wight !  
 Beneath the boughs of thy respected tree,  
 Thou lord of many a long-lived dreadful fight,  
 Where spirits of the brave were passing free.  
 Thy fatal sword was sternly grasp'd by thee,  
 And waved with joy victorious o'er thy head  
 'Mid hostile ranks, and foes of high degree,  
 Who viewed its gleam with eyes of sacred dread.  
 Thou once fond teeming son of song ! I shed  
 The sympathetic tear o'er valour great,  
 And mourn the demon-ball that mark'd thee dead,  
 And sealed, so soon, a glorious patriot's fate.  
 O ! may the honour'd pile raised over thee,  
 Proclaim thy genuine worth till time shall cease to be !

ON THE BUTTERFLY.

BEHOLD ! the gay-clothed Butterfly extends  
 Its wings to kiss each odour-breathing flower.  
 How fair it seems ! yet, when the Summer ends,  
 'Twill drop, a victim to the Winter's power,  
 And fall asleep in some cool, leafless bower,  
 Bestript of beauty and of gay desire.  
 Ah ! life is short, and only lasts an hour,  
 Compared with that to which our souls aspire.—  
 For we must from this varying scene retire,  
 And mix with spirits once embodied here,  
 When quietly laid to moulder in the mire,  
 And once lamented by a friendly tear.  
 Yes !—every hour that passes o'er our head,  
 Bears on its wing the knell of some fond spirits fled.

P.

Glasgow, Aug. 30, 1832.

## THE CHARACTER OF SOCRATES.

AMONG the many illustrious persons who have flourished in the classic ages of antiquity, none perhaps have a juster claim to our esteem and veneration than Socrates. The poetic genius of Homer—the wisdom of Solon and Aristides—the valour of Epaminondas—and the patriotism of Leonidas, are covered with a veil of comparative obscurity, when contrasted with those virtues which shone with such refulgence in the character and actions of Socrates. To enable us to judge how far this commendation can be awarded, it will be necessary to consider the history of the period immediately antecedent to his time, and also the history of Greece and of Athens, particularly after his decease ; and this we do, not only as a duty, but in compliance with that venerative feeling, which the very name of Socrates spontaneously pro-

duces within us. The administrations of Themistocles and Pericles, are celebrated in history, as the brightest eras of Grecian prosperity. Athens, Sparta, and the neighbouring states, victorious over the arms of Persia and Carthage, seemed destined to enjoy a long reign of undisturbed superiority over these vanquished monarchies. Athens, whose citizens had acted such a prominent part in the late campaigns, regained her national importance, and usurped a sovereignty over the other divisions of the Grecian confederacy: the spoils of the plundered camps, and the trophies of victory which they raised on the fields of strife, were commemorative at once of the defeat of their foes, and their re-establishment in their pristine fame and magnificence. The Athenians, now disengaged from the toils of war, with their accustomed alacrity, rebuilt the temples, and other public buildings that had been demolished. Themistocles, displaying more of the statesman and philosopher than of the man of taste, constructed harbours and warehouses for the accommodation and convenience of the shipping. He completed the walls of the Piræus, or harbour of Athens, uniting them to the city, which he fortified against foreign aggression. Pericles, on the other hand, aimed at imbuing their minds with a lively affection for their mythological institutions and ceremonies; aware of the cogency of those pleasant sentiments—that a love of country, and a reverence for its religious customs, are the levers that continue in motion the complicated machinery of the state. But Pericles was not satisfied with their implicit adherence to their sacerdotal government; he wished not only to make them eminently moral, but also liberal in their patronage of the fine arts. Ardent in promoting this, the darling object of his ambition, he inspired them with a taste for architectural grandeur; the treasury of the state was intrusted to his management, and Athens soon could boast of temples, theatres, and monuments, which gave an additional grace to the situation she now assumed, of being the mistress of Greece.

Such is a faint description of the state of affairs on the Grecian continent, when there arose a deceitful philosophy, distinguished in modern times by the appellation of the Sophistical. So rapid was its success, that, in a few years, it had acquired an almost supreme ascendancy over public opinion. Its propagators, with that ardour which so often attends the usurpation of wrong over right, were unremitting in their labours for its advancement. Professing to teach every art and science, they accommodated their subjects of discourse, so as to be congenial to the prevailing inclination, with as much versatility as they altered their opinions to suit passions and prejudices. By administering to the unrefined appetites of the vulgar, they were rewarded with their acclamations—by sycophantic adulation and submission to the wealthy, they gained their esteem and reverence, as illustrious for talents and refinement—and, even by the more intelligent and discriminating, they were tolerated, if not befriended, for assiduity in educational avocations. Happy, indeed, would it have been for Greece, if their pretensions to superior eminence in the cultivation of the intellect, had received the testimony of experience. Need it be told, that the whole aim of their philosophy, if it can be so called, was to sacrifice truth and virtue at the shrines of sensuality and ambition? Had they, like Anaxagoras, defended truth and virtue against the malice and raillery of those who knew no purer pleasure than the enjoyment of unhallowed gratifications, how invaluable would have been the *use* of their popularity? But, mark, their influence arose from the prostration of moral purity, the consequence of belief in their assertions. The system of Anaxagoras struck at the very foundation of their fabric; therefore, whatever advanced the one, would prove prejudicial to the other: and we have not a better guide for knowing the state of character in Greece, than the rise or declension of these opposite schemes of philosophy. At this remote period, we cannot have a succinct account of those local circumstances, in time and place, which influenced public opinion, sufficient to decide accurately about them. We must, then, be charitable in censuring the errors of the sophists, and cautious in giving Anaxagoras that praise to which he seems entitled. But there are principles by which we

judge of right and wrong implanted in every mind,—there is a law of Nature which enables us to form an opinion of events, however ancient, with almost unerring accuracy. There was in the conduct of the Greeks, a want of that acute discrimination in judging the principles of the sophists, for which they were so remarkable. They appeared heedless of the responsibility of adopting them, without sufficient evidence; and they evinced a sad insensibility to their own welfare, and that of posterity, in not discarding such an hypothesis, when a very little experience must have proved its fallaciousness. The mischievous effects of such a vitiated system began to be developed; and what the wealth of Persia and the armies of Carthage could not achieve—the downfall of Greece—the diffusion of unsound principles was silently and certainly accomplishing. Enough has been stated for the purpose of illustrating the transactions in Greece, previous to the age of Socrates. It is with pleasure we give a few remarks, delineative of the character of that philosopher, reserving our notice of events, subsequent to his death, to its proper place,—the sequel of this essay.

Socrates was born at Athens, in the fourth year of the seventy-seventh Olympiad, four hundred and sixty-seven years before the coming of Christ, of parents in the middle rank of life. His father's name was Sophroniscus. Of him, history furnishes us with no farther information that is worthy of attention. In early life he followed the trade of a statuary. Some historians have supposed, from this circumstance, that he was of obscure parentage. If we notice for a little the rank that was assigned to statuary as a fine art in the days of Pericles, and the fact of his being left by his father with a sum equal to three hundred pounds of our money, this will appear an unwarrantable and unjust supposition. The cultivated taste of Pericles would not allow the professor of an art which had aided so materially the rise of Athenian opulence and splendour, to languish in obscurity; and, if we consider that the value of money was ten times greater than at present, the birth and early life of Socrates could not be so obscure as hath been represented. But, admitting that it was so, it would take nothing from Socrates, the lowliness of whose descent would have been no disparagement to his merit as a philosopher. On the contrary, it would go to prove more strikingly (if such proof were required) the pre-eminent genius of Socrates, which, bursting asunder the fetters of poverty, acquired a fame which has not been surpassed in the annals of profane history. In youth, we are informed by Plato, he studied physics under Archelaus, and geometry under Theodorus,—names but little known in science. The popular theories of these masters had no charms for the scrutinizing mind of Socrates. He unveiled the fallacy of their speculations concerning the formation of matter: shortly afterwards he engaged in the consideration of those sublime truths which had recently been disclosed by Anaxagoras, and were overthrowing the infidel systems of Leucippus and Democritus. His mind, acute and decisive, embraced with eagerness the doctrine of the existence of an Omnipotent and All-wise Intelligence, the immortality of the soul, and everlasting happiness or misery. The belief in a Supreme Being, governing the universe, independent of assistance from gods or goddesses, may be thought by some to require no such depth of judgment as is here supposed. They may say that it is abundantly demonstrated in the works of nature; and as to the two other doctrines, they tell us, that if we believe the first, we must believe them—because they are consequences of the former; and so far we dispute not with them. But here is the error: they imagine that, at the present day, our attainments in science are no greater than theirs of the pristine ages; and they do not consider that the revelations of Scripture have given us an immense advantage over the ancients, whose acquaintance with things that are divine, was circumscribed by ignorance, and debased by superstition. Having, we say, from the attributes of the Supreme Governor, deduced his unerring impartiality in the administration of the world, Socrates followed up this conclusion by explaining and enforcing, in his energetic manner, the proper duties of society, and the moral, religious, and political importance of those interests which



connected it together. Endowed by nature with talents which ably facilitated the dissemination of his principles—his persuasive eloquence—his vigorous illustrations—his comprehensive judgment—his retentiveness of memory—his temperance, humility, and unrepining submission to misfortunes, charmed his friends, and awed into silence the wrath of his enemies. In the language of an eminent historian,—“The actions of men furnished the materials—their instruction formed the object—their happiness was the end of his discourse.”

The difficulties which Socrates encountered, were such as would have deterred most persons. The high estimation in which the Athenians held their accomplishments, their satirical humour, their blind adherence to antiquated customs and prejudices, their pride, their arrogance and inconstancy, and the opposition of the sophists, raised a formidable barrier to improvement. These inauspicious features of national character must be kept in mind, if we wish to know the full value of Socrates.

As a husband, he was honourable in his attachments; as a parent, he was tender, affectionate, and persevering in the instruction of his children. Like Cicero, nature was as sparing in her favours to the offspring, as she was prodigal in lavishing them upon the father,—they inherited not the great abilities of their progenitor.

As a friend, he was constant in his regards, ardent in doing whatever he could to oblige and instruct,—sincere when he praised, just when he censured: unlike many others, he did not confine his means of doing good to a few, to the exclusion of the rest; if he thought them worthy of the name, he bestowed on them its privileges. He had much of the milk of human kindness, and all the refined sensibility of genius; and that has been imputed to him as a crime which we consider a virtue,—a constancy in affection. His friendship to Critias and Alcibiades, when they despised it, showed the goodness of his heart more than the strength of his judgment;—the dignity of the sage, was lost in the warmth of a generous passion. But this palliates not their ingratitude. It is best to err upon the side of generosity: it is a fault, but it ennobles human nature.

As a soldier, he united the independent spirit of the patriot, with the obedience of the man of war,—the courage of the hero, with the humanity of the philanthropist,—the experience of the general, with the simplicity of youth. Let it not be said that this is the language of a blind idolatry. His behaviour at the battles of Potidæ and Deluium, and others in which he fought, shows him in each of these characters. As a judge, he displayed an intimate knowledge of the laws, and an inflexibility of purpose in the administration of them. When presiding at the trial of the nine captains, who had neglected, in a sea-fight with the Spartans, to pay a proper attention to the burial of the dead, he united firmness with mercy. The assembly was clamorous for capital punishment; he withstood their rage, and saved the lives of the commanders.

As a philosopher, he established morality as a science in Greece; he introduced a new scheme of instruction, which subverted the foolish opinions of the sophists. He proved that happiness could only be attained by moral purity, and by sincerity in religious duties,—that national prosperity is best promoted by mental improvement,—that truth should be sought after for its own sake, as well as for the advantages it gives its followers,—that virtue and vice have a perpetual warfare with each other,—and that a few rules only are required for the just regulation of our conduct: by observing these rules, they become principles, supporting the intellectual system, and guiding it in all its operations. He confuted those complex and mystical theories of the early philosophers, which had been adopted in ignorance, and maintained by an unjustifiable esteem for antiquity. In his estimation, a state of inactivity was criminal; as our minds, being essentially active, must be incessantly urging us to exertion; and lastly, he demonstrated that the belief in an omniscient Deity was consistent with reason, and necessary for our advancement in true wisdom. These were the distinguishing characteristics

of his system,—a system at variance with the popular institutions of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and in harmony with those sublime revelations of Scripture, which Providence has unfolded, as “profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.”

It was not till after the death of Socrates that the Greeks, and the Athenians in particular, were sensible of the real value of him whom they had so cruelly persecuted to death. Their animosity had so effectually darkened their minds, that they could not, or would not, perceive the truth. But the seed, though scarce, was sown in a fruitful soil, and carefully nurtured by his disciples: like the plant that grew up in a night, and overshadowed the prophet of Nineveh, it soon spread over a wide extent of surface, diffusing life, and light, and joy, over the benighted realms of the East.

The Athenians atoned for their ingratitude to him while living, by their admiration of his virtues when dead. They erected a temple, which they consecrated to his memory; at whose altars arose the incense of gratitude to heaven, which, in its goodness, had sent them such a friend. The fact of their having built this temple, proves, beyond contradiction, that a great change of sentiment had taken place in Athens. It proves that that esteem for his merit that hath come down to our time was then general, and furnishes us with a reason and an excuse for attempting to delineate his character.

P. L.

### THE REDBREAST.

O! sweetly sings the little wren,  
Among the branches green,  
And blithely lilt the pauky thrush,  
In greenwood shaw unseen.

The lark among the milky cluds,  
Maks merry minstrelsy,  
But redbreast maks the hazel wood  
A paradise to me.

It's Annie's voice I listen to,  
When he begins to sing;  
It's Annie's auburn locks I view,  
When I behold his wing.

He has a dark and flashing e'e,  
So has my Annie too—  
But hers is like the violet,  
Wet wi' the silver dew.

Then, come, enchanting bonnie bird,  
When cranreuch cleeds the tree,  
An' dwell in my sweet Annie's bower,  
For winter's ill to dree.

Young love and pity shelter there,  
Dear inmates o' her breast,  
An' neither could nor hunger mair  
Will ever thee molest.

Thou'lt sit upon her lily hand,  
And carol saft thy lay,  
An' think her bower mair pleasant far,  
Than glen in simmer day.

An' when the spring's reviving breath,  
Maks infant buds appear,  
Thou'lt seek again thy native grove,  
An' herald in the year.

### FORTUNE-HUNTING.

DIDST thou ever, most learned Theban! go a fortune-hunting? Nay! stretch not thy lily hand pokerwards: our head is somewhat of the thickest, and we boast our trick of fence. But moderate thy choler—we meant not to insult thee by propounding the question; being somewhat garrulous to-night, we are willing, for thy edification, to detail our first attempt in that way. So, ring for Betty,—another tumbler, and more hot water, and, when we have brewed our modicum of gin twist, we will a tale unfold.

'Twould be needless to drivel out the causes; suffice it thee to know the effect. We were, at the age of twenty-one precisely, by a concatenation of unavoidable evils, thrown on the world without a sovereign, but possessed of a pair of stalwart legs, shoulders to match, and hair of the colour it pleased heaven. That nothing might be wanting, so far as poverty would go, to secure us a portion in Paradise, we were blessed with a profound ignorance of every profession, trade, or occupation, on this terrestrial ball.

What on earth were we to do? We had only two resources open to us; cutting throats in an honourable way, or marrying an heiress. After debating

the *pros* and *cons* over a bottle of claret, we came to the resolution, that the pay of a "full private," which was the limit of our expectations, was far from counter-balancing the danger; so we girt up our loins, and forgetting, in our absence of mind, to disburse for our claret,—for a reason we had, "because we couldn't,"—betook ourselves to the search for a wife. "Life," says the Persian poet, Ali Ben Riddle-faddle, "is a plant to which marriage is a cheerful autumn, but death an everlasting winter." *Verb. sap.*—of two evils we chose the least.

Behold us, then, "in all our splendour drest," stepping leisurely out of the Black Bull, on a fine evening in May 18—. Suddenly you perceive us lift our castor from our ambrosial locks, making, at same time, a reverential salaam. "Who is that, Julia?" whispers that short-sighted, fat, old dowager passing, to the young lady with her, fantastically "bedecked ornate and gay." "Nobody, Mamma," simpers the blushing Julia M'Fudge. "The very thing," mutter we, as sternly and resolutely we pass on.

"But who is Julia M'Fudge?" *Festina lente*, gentle swain; we have ever loved our way, and it pleases us to refresh our tumbler. The lemon,—thank you.

Deacon M'Fudge was risen from the very dregs of the people—sprung from sugar hogsheads and cotton bales, he was proud as Lucifer, and rich as Dives. In our happier days we had toyed with Julia a short while, purely for amusement, and flattered ourselves, at the time, made some impression on her heart. We had long forgot her, however; and on her side the Deacon had forbid her, under pain of his displeasure, encouraging a broken man, as we afterwards became; besides hinting something to us personally, about spring-guns and man-traps at same time. We now, however, determined to make "the gentle Julia" our stepping-stone to fortune and to fame.

We opened the trenches with the following sonnet:—

SONNET ON PASSING THE LOVED ONE, WITHOUT DARING TO SPEAK TO HER.

Was it an Angel's form that met my gaze,  
As past Virginia Street I took my way;  
All bright and pure as an ethereal ray,  
From that high throne which keeps the world ablaze?  
No! 'tis a Mortal! beauteous more, by far,  
Than those in ancient days, by Eden's bowers,  
Who tempted, e'en from Heaven's celestial towers,  
The angelic ones, (the gates being left ajar.)  
But I, alas! must from a distance sigh—  
A watchful dragon guards the Hesperian fruit;  
A veil is drawn 'tween every meaner eye  
And thy fair form, through which no sight may shoot:  
Oh, would to Heaven I might, on bended knee,  
Give vent to the flame consumes my heart for thee!

This was enclosed in the following billet:—

"Most adorable Julia,—Do not, I conjure you, think harshly of me for my presumption in thus addressing you. Conscious, as I am, of thy worth, most perfect chrysolite, and the poverty of my own deserts, I have long sighed in silence; but unable longer to subdue my aspiring passion, I throw myself on your clemency for an interview. Say, tyrant of hearts! may a faithful subject bend the knee at thy shrine? Ah! Julia, could you but see the heart of

"Your devoted admirer,

"TIM SLASH.

"Deign to accept, as a token of homage, of a poor sonnet, inspired by a glimpse of your heavenly countenance to-day."

This billet, a kiss, and half-a-crown, prevailed on Julia's abigail to drop carelessly on her mistress' toilet.

By the powers! that swizzle of yours is bewitching. No more water. We like a *stiff cheerer*, with Dandie Dinmont.

As we expected, our letter was favourably received. We next day received the following answer:—

"Sir,—Improper as it may be, I have not so hard a heart as to resist the soft impulses of respectful affection. I too—but no—you shall never know it,—doated over your sweet sonnet! I cannot grant you the interview you desire. I am indeed



guarded by a watchful dragon. My papa, 'tis true, will have a nap in the afternoon, and mamma has Miss Oldface to tea—but the garden wall is very, very high, and I don't think I shall walk there at 7. So adieu,

“JULIA.”

“Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we marched on without impediment.”

At 7 o'clock we had clambered over Mr. M'Fudge's garden wall, equipped in our best pocket-handkerchief ('twas “the last rose of summer”), and a most sentimental face. From a rustic arbour at a short distance, we heard the voice of Julia breathing forth the soul of melody; and conceiving the compliment meant for us, thought ourselves bound in duty to repay,—so screwing up our pipes, we chaunted the following serenade, composed in the days of our calf-love :—

Fairest, see the pale stars twinkling,  
And the gentle moon appear;  
Calm'd is universal nature,  
No rude sound disturbs the ear.  
List the scented zephyr blowing,  
Running waters murmuring flowing;  
Leafy branches lightly swinging,  
Soothing languor sweetly bringing  
To the city-vexed ear.  
Oh! arise! appear!  
Sweetest, hark thy love's orisons,  
Graceful, bless him hovering near;  
Let thy mild eye melt in pity;  
O reward him with a tear.  
If thy heart his love returning,  
In thy breast with passion burning,  
Melts to see him here despairing,  
O reward his ardent daring,  
No discovery need'st thou fear.  
Oh! arise! appear!

“Who the devil have we here?” sung a rough voice from the aforesaid rustic arbour, mimicking our style and the air we sung, in an excruciating manner; and into the calm moonlight walked Mr. Josiah M'Fudge, Mrs. Josiah M'Fudge, Miss Julia M'Fudge, and half-a-score friends, who had come unexpectedly to take “pat luck,” as he called it, and had afterwards (may their fathers be burned!) stopped tea.

We had nothing for it but flight, so made off to a part of the wall apparently lower than the rest, with the whole flock cackling violently in our wake. Far in the rear came M'Fudge himself, puffing and swearing like a dragoon. *Misericorde!* We fired off a spring-gun, and the next step were brought up by a man-trap! Sprung like a woodcock!

What will you have on't? We were horse-pounded.—*We*, the veritable man of men—the writer of this true history—the observed of all observers—drawn through a horse-pond by hired menials. *Faugh!*—There's madness in the thought.

We vowed revenge!—Yea, glaring with maddened eyes on our torn inexpressibles, did we vow it! and revenge we have had.

Do not suppose, however, that we bear malice; far from it. Here's Julia's health,—

“Let the toast pass—drink to the lass—  
I warrant she finds an excuse for the glass.”

Mayhap you think we abandoned the gentle Julia at once. Foolish man! you know not the stuff that is in us. No, Sir, we were but the more determined in our purpose.

No more tipple? Pshaw man! 'tis but the fifth tumbler. *Perge puer.*

Refreshing our outward man at the cost of a certain buckish tailor in Queen Street, we opened the campaign in good style. We soon achieved another assignation :—for time, midnight; when it was presumed that, in the course of nature, every soul in the house would be snoozing;—for place, Julia's

dressing-room :—think of that Master Brook. She was reclining on a sofa when we entered.

Censorious mortal ! we see thy lip curling into a sneer ; but thy insinuation is false.—Jenny never left the room.

“ Rash man !” began Julia, pompously, “ what tempts thee thus to seek one, between whom and thee fate seems to have interposed an impassable barrier ?” “ Fatalism, dear Julia,” replied we gaily, “ has no part in our creed : stricken like a wounded deer by Cupid, we fly to thee for relief.” Here, as a matter of course, we knelt, and kissed her hand ; which she, as a matter of course too, vainly tried to withdraw from our grasp. “ O fly we to some desert isle !” murmured we, enraptured ; when suddenly a direful noise arose, and in an instant the whole *posse comitatus* rushed in upon us, headed by Mr. M’Fudge in his shirt.

’Twas picturesque. In one corner stood Mrs. M’Fudge, *en chemise*, scolding the weeping Julia ; in front were we, well fixed on our pins, scowling at Mr. M’Fudge, who, more to his own danger than ours, was brandishing a huge flail full in our face, and the back ground was filled up by every maid and mother’s son in the house. “ No, villain ;” roared M’Fudge, hoarse with rage, “ but *you* shall fly to a desert isle—I’ll have you transported.” The scoundrel seemed to have a natural genius for the bathos. At last, however, we got off with a slight application of the bastinado.

Talk of soldiering ! said we, as we issued from the portals—fortune-hunting is twenty times as dangerous. Well, no more on’t. That evening saw us a private trooper in his Majesty’s ——— regiment of heavy dragoons.

Shortly afterwards, the divine Julia was married to Mr. Peter Jogtrot, a merchant of the M’Fudge kidney ; and from that hour to this, we have never set eyes on her.

But hold—the candles are out, and so is the fire, and the bottle. Why, zounds, you haven’t been asleep, have you ? N—n—no !  
K.

## POLITICAL AND LITERARY COMMENTARY.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR IN LONDON.

### No. VI.—POLITICAL.

THE last month of the eventful year eighteen hundred and thirty-two, has been signally distinguished. It has witnessed the working of the Reform Bill in Great Britain and Ireland, and the working of the Protocols in Holland and Belgium. It has seen a large portion of the people of the United Kingdom exercise, for the first time in their lives, the peculiar attribute of freemen—approach, at last, to the dignity of rational beings, and take that attitude which, as the most important portion of society, it well becomes them to assume ;—and it has seen, in other lands, the wordy affair of protocols terminated by the rearing of the cannon, and the soldiers of France once more in motion, in pursuit of glory, if not of conquest. The first of these subjects stands foremost with us in interest, and the importance of the considerations connected with it claims immediate attention.

The issue of the present elections has, to a certainty, cleared away many misconceptions that were entertained by great numbers of people with reference to the extent of the franchise, and has shown to a demonstration, that, although a great deal has been accomplished, there is still much that remains to be done. The fears so vividly portrayed by the old Tories, at the bare idea of the people being possessed of any portion of substantial power, have proved to be as groundless as the hopes of those who fondly imagined that that power would be as extensive and as ample as the welfare of the country, and the increased intelligence and resources of the population, rendered necessary. The dreamers on all hands have been at fault.

The "settlement" of the claims of the British people has not yet been effected. They have been content with the part-payment for the time being, but the demand of the balance will, notwithstanding, be firmly insisted upon, and will also be obtained. To be sure, the old cuckoo-cry of "innovation" will be echoed by some of the old women who will still contrive to find their way into St. Stephen's. But it will signify nothing. The laugh has fairly set in against it. It is one of those bugbears which have been overmuch put in request, and its power to alarm has at length become quite worn out. As the acute and philosophic Bentham observes,—“Of all the old things ever seen or heard of, there is not one that was not once new. Whatever is now *establishment* was once *innovation*. He who on this ground condemns a proposed measure, condemns in the same breath whatsoever he would be most averse to be thought to disapprove. He condemns the Revolution—the Reformation—the assumption made by a House of Commons of a part in the penning of the laws in the reign of Henry VI—the institution of the House of Commons itself in the reign of Henry III;—all these he bids us regard as the sure forerunners of the monster Anarchy, but particularly the birth and first efficient agency of the House of Commons—an innovation, in comparison of which all others, past or future, are for efficiency, and, consequently, mischievousness, but as grains of dust in the balance.” The truth is, the time is come when things will be regarded and valued according to their necessity and their utility, and not in proportion to the time-worn covering with which they may be adorned. While knowledge was limited to a few, the cant which was urged against every measure that went to benefit the condition of the many, unfortunately prevailed; but now that the many are alive to their true position in society, the crafty policy of the little despots will not longer do them service. Had the Reform Bill gone no farther than extinguishing the rotten boroughs, I should have hailed it with the utmost cordiality. That it went farther, gave me additional gratification; but I never understood that, because a great advance was made towards giving the country a *real* instead of a *mock* representative form of government, that the popular cause, when better strengthened in that House, where it most needed reinforcement, was therefore to be halted in its course. I should say, it was out of all probability to expect that the late Parliament would at once make the measure of Reform what the condition of the country required it to be—and it is therefore to a degree absurd in the Ministers and their supporters to be indulging in the idea, that the people will look upon the Reform Bill as it stands, as a *final measure*. The necessity of the country, and the intelligence of all ranks and classes, cannot submit to it. There are still three great points to be attended to—namely, *shortening the duration of Parliaments, Vote by Ballot, and a further extension of the Suffrage*. There is not a man who has taken his stand upon the Reform question, who has ever conceived that any Reform could be effectual, that left the two first of these considerations totally unattended to. One of the most prominent of the grievances proclaimed by the early reformers, was the duration of Parliaments. Can any measure be a final one, that has not in any way attempted to remedy this glaring defect? Impossible. In connection with the borough system, it led to the worst of those corruptions which so long deformed the representative system, and it is one of those defects which, if suffered to remain, will in time spread a taint throughout the portion which has been regenerated. It is one of those evils, too, which are among the most manifest, and for the continuance of which, there exists no kind of pretext. There is no man who would be bold enough (certainly *no candidate*) to proclaim, in the face of any public assembly, that a Parliament should be permitted to exist for seven years. The very idea is monstrous; and the people, who have had the courage and the firmness to persevere in defiance of all difficulties, till they succeeded in placing the cause of the nation on the high vantage ground which it now occupies, will not slacken in their exertions, till the repeal of the corrupt septennial act is cited as another of their



triumphs. It will be recollected that the aristocracy, over and over again, proclaimed that the people would be the first to repent of the Reform Bill. The charitable prophecy has failed. The people only complain that the Bill does not go far enough. Every rational and disinterested man is already satisfied, that the shortening of the period of elections is alone a most salutary improvement. The number of booths which must be erected in distant places, has one admirable effect of dividing the interest—a circumstance which, in large cities, must tend greatly to the preservation of the peace; and the time to which a contest is limited, must, to a very considerable extent, put an end to those disgraceful scenes which contested elections heretofore exhibited in this country. To peaceable well-conducted people, the very idea of an election contest was most alarming, and frequently they would let Lord this, and Lord that, have the course clear to themselves, rather than make their district a scene of outrageous rioting for two or three weeks, to the total destruction of business for that period. Little wonder that the mass of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom showed small desire for the more frequently calling together of Parliaments, when a popular election assumed so alarming a character. We can easily, therefore, account for the dislike of the aristocracy to this portion alluded to of the new bill. They had managed to make the exercise of the elective franchise a very disagreeable affair, and they would sometimes even go the length of contrasting the quiet of a close borough election, with the noisy and turbulent character of a similar affair in the county. This was great tact on the part of the boroughmongers, and it would not be difficult to prove that much of the apathy which so long prevailed among the people on the subject of Reform, and much of the insolence of the oligarchy on the same question, had its origin in the feeling which the election system generated under *our* "old regime." Anything, therefore, that simplified this system, was striking a hard blow at oligarchical ascendancy. Anything that made the use of the franchise, *under any circumstances*, a simple and quiet affair, an easy and a safe one, rendered its possession doubly valuable, and made the hold which the oligarchy had on parliamentary seats doubly precarious, the ousting of them being made a matter of comparatively little trouble. But we want the exercise of the franchise made still more simple and quiet—still more easy and safe. **WE WANT THE VOTE BY BALLOT.** All Reform Bills, without this safety-protector to the elector, can never realize that necessary substantial good which it ought to do, and which, with the ballot, it would. It is impossible—clearly become impossible—for any administration or parliament to refuse it. Unless the people of England obtain the ballot, the work of Reform is only half done. Those within the qualified line have merely obtained the franchise *nominally*—they have not the power to use it as they wish. Dependent as the different classes of society are, in this country, one upon another—and especially dependent as the great bulk of the people everywhere are upon the wealthy and the influential, to whom they look up for employment, and the means of supporting themselves and their families, it is morally out of the question to imagine that individuals so placed, without the protection of the ballot, can give an independent vote. How is it possible they can? For months before an election takes place, the different candidates and their friends are canvassing in every direction, and the greatest court is paid to the man who it is supposed has the greatest number of voters dependent in some way upon him. And how is this man to obtain the votes of those so placed in a dependent condition? Can any one plead ignorance on such a subject? Or is there a town in the country where a popular election has taken place, in which numerous instances of the tyranny exercised in such cases cannot be cited? Not one. But, under the Reform Bill itself, the ballot has been proved, beyond all dispute, to be necessary. And plainly for this very strong reason, that all the principal means which the boroughmongering tribe could formerly put in requisition, to forward their corrupt views, being cut off, they are now narrowed almost altogether to one point of attack,—their great chance now is to destroy the independent use of the franchise.

Unfortunately, it cannot be denied, there exist too many ways of doing this ; and, in the elections which have just taken place, it is generally admitted that the instances of oppression in this way, have, if possible, increased. The disgraceful, and—melancholy to state—fatal riots which have occurred at some of the elections within these few weeks, could never have happened—at least to the same extent—had the rational mode of the ballot been adopted. The independence with which this system of voting invests the poor and needy elector, and the security with which he can laugh at all threats, and scorn all attempts at intimidation, give it invaluable claims to our estimation. In all discussions relative to the ballot, the sticklers for the “wholesome usages” of the defunct boroughmongers very prudently avoid *reasoning* on the subject, and their appeals are mostly made to the *vanity* of the public. These gentlemen say they dislike the ballot—and why ? Because, forsooth, it is *un-English* ! O, mockery unparalleled !—O, insolence, beyond compare !—*Un-English* !—These men talk of the Ballot being *un-English* !—These leeches—these blood-suckers !—These *are* things which these hypocrites know *ought* to be un-English ; but among the number, that proposition is not to be reckoned, which has for its recommendation, and for its object, the protection of the weak against the strong, of the poor and the needy against the wealthy and the powerful. But it is un-English to see misery, in its most appalling form, meet us in every corner of the land ; to see the young and the healthy, able and willing to toil, totally unable to obtain employment, and yet, however ashamed to beg, compelled to solicit the poor pittance of the parish to support their existence !—It is un-English to see, upon our streets and our highways, the houseless parents and their children, wandering, hungry and naked, and appealing, in the extremity of their wretchedness, to the charitable sympathy of their fellow-beings !—It is un-English to see the bread, for which the poor thousands daily and nightly toil, *taxed* ; the very bread—the staff of life—*actually taxed*, to support a bloated aristocracy in rioting and luxury ! It is un-English to see the ministers of the religion “of the meek and lowly Jesus,” wring from the poor cottar, at whose bedside they had never sat, and under whose humble roof they had never stood, the last coin he possesses upon earth,—drive from his door, and the sight of his distracted and famishing little ones, that cow which was their last and sole support ; or, drag from him the last blanket, or the last potato which clerical rapacity had left him !—But why enumerate the list ? why swell out the catalogue, which would almost “stretch to the crack of doom,” of all the miseries which these invokers of English pride and vanity have inflicted upon the country ? Yet these are the men who oppose the ballot. They desire, they say, to see Englishmen give their votes openly and avowedly. Doubtless they do—and their reasons for their wish would not be long unknown to the luckless wight whom chance or necessity had left at their mercy, and who had ventured to give his vote freely and independently. Their doctrine is of the true legitimate school, and their conclusions all deduced from an equally disinterested and noble source ! *They* talk, indeed, of the ballot being un-English ! The minions who prostrated themselves at the feet of the Holy Alliance, and did their utmost to erect a military despotism upon the ruins of the representative constitution of England ! But we are told that the most important public body in the kingdom—the House of Commons itself—votes by voice ; and that, therefore, no higher authority can be cited for the continuance of the present mode of voting at the elections of representatives. But there is as wide a distinction as can be imagined in the two cases, and that very distinction it is which makes the strongest argument for the ballot. The House of Commons *is a deputed body*, and no other mode of voting in it could be adopted but the one that is practised, if the constituency are to be informed how their representatives have shown their fitness for their high and important duties, and supported the solid interests of the country. If the votes of the House of Commons were not registered, the representative system would be reduced to a mere fiction, no matter how extensively the suffrage might be conferred.

The Member of Parliament has no consequences to fear from giving an independent and conscientious vote. His great anxiety is to proclaim his hostility to arbitrary measures, because he knows that, by doing so, he will best recommend himself to future support. In short, the object of both modes of voting,—openly in Parliament, and by ballot at elections, is one and the same,—*the security of personal independence, and the advancement of popular rights*,—and no man who is not opposed to both of these great essentials to the prosperity of the country, can be opposed to the system of voting by ballot. It happens, however, that sometimes, when the opponents of this popular demand are hard pressed, they give the real definition of what they mean, when they say that the ballot is *un-English*,—and they emphatically declare that it would be the means of “severing those ties that exist between the landlord and the tenant.” This is the grand secret. I always, however, give another reading of this common-place remark,—and instead of “severing those ties,” &c., I say—breaking those fetters which have for ages bound the poor, harassed, care-worn tenant, hand and foot, body and soul, to the will of an insolent, purse-proud landed proprietor. This is my reading of the saying,—and I meet the champions of the oligarchy on this point, and at once candidly state, that it is my object in advocating the ballot to *sever those ties*, as they delicately explain them; to render the tenant, who pays, God knows, enough for leave to till his patch of ground, be it more or less, completely independent of landlord, or of any man, in tendering his vote for a representative in Parliament. Why is the tenant invested with the franchise at all, if he is not to exercise it freely? When he pays the landlord his rent, he pays all that can, and all that ought to be demanded of him. If the landlord be a good man, and a kind one,—if he be considerate and charitable,—if his visits to the industrious tenantry be not “few and far between,” or only made for the purpose of exacting a few pounds more of rent,—if he encourages their improvements, increases their comforts, and acts as the father of his little circle,—his opinions will be respected—his wishes will be consulted,—and no mode of voting—ballot or no ballot—will be able to break those kindly and *real* ties which naturally will exist between such a tenantry and such a landlord. I say then, that it is the object of the ballot to create the state of things here described. It must be made the *interest* of the landed proprietor to cultivate the good opinions of those who live under him; for, unless it be made his interest, the condition of the poor man will never be other than it is. Unless it be made his interest, the arrears of rent will always be held up to the view of the refractory voter, and the steward or the bailiff will be sent to warn the tenantry to the poll, as he would direct the cattle to be driven to the fair. There is no exaggeration in all this, as every man’s experience will tell him. What is stated has, time out of mind, been the invariable practice; and the result has not been so flattering to the prosperity and the liberty of the country, as to make us wish for its continuance. The condition of things must be changed. The possession of the elective franchise is almost the only thing which confers a degree of importance on the poor man—which makes his good opinion worth cultivating, and enables him to feel that he also, as well as the titled and the wealthy, occupies a place in society. Another advantage which the ballot possesses, and which has been frequently and judiciously urged, is—that it prevents bribery better than any other mode of voting that is known. This statement is denied, but I confess I cannot see on what grounds. It is impossible, no doubt, to prevent bribery altogether—but the ballot throws many impediments in the way of carrying it into effect. You may give the elector a bribe, but then, if he votes by ballot, you have only his word for the performance of the contract, and under the circumstances that would be considered of little value. Few men, I apprehend, would be so silly as to throw money away in the state of uncertainty the purchaser of a vote would then be placed in—and such a state of things is the best security we can expect to have against bribery at elections. View the matter as we will, every one who considers the question disinterestedly, cannot fail to come to the conclusion, that we are



now arrived at that point in this country, when the ballot is indispensable to the free exercise of the elective franchise, and unless it be exercised freely, it were almost better that it were not possessed by the people at all.

Much as has been done by the Reform Bill in extending the franchise, it unfortunately happened, either by design or otherwise, that the details of the Bill were so drawn up as to shut out a great number from the exercise of that right which the public were led to believe had been conferred on them. It is of no use now to ask, how the pernicious clause, requiring a man to pay up his rates and taxes, found its way into the Reform Bill. The business of the people at present is to insist that the clause be repealed, and to see that their representatives express the public opinion on the subject. The idea of making a man's inability to pay his public debts at a particular period, the test whereby his fitness to give his vote for a representative is to be decided, is the most preposterous thing imaginable,—*public* debts, too, which must be paid of all others, if there be an article in a man's house convertible into money. This clause the people must have repealed; and this we may suppose it will not be difficult to do, as it is understood that Ministers wished to have expunged it, by way of amendment, after the Bill had been finally passed, but that they were fearful it might lead to the attempt to introduce amendments of an opposite tendency, and they wished then to avoid a revival of the struggle with the boroughmongers. But granting that the clause were repealed to-morrow, will the people be content with the limitation laid down in the Bill? If they do not demand universal suffrage, ought they not at least to insist that the right to vote should be vested in *ALL householders*? Most assuredly they ought—and most assuredly, until the franchise is extended at the very least thus far, the people will not be satisfied—nor should they. The aristocracy, to be sure, say, that if every man has the privilege of voting conferred on him, the consequence will be, that improper representatives will be returned. What right have the aristocrats to draw such a conclusion; and, above all, who are they who express such an opinion? The men who have brought ruin on the country—who have plunged it in debt to an amount almost frightful to name—who collected the taxes under the bayonets of a standing army, which army they have bequeathed to us—and the great object of whose government was the providing of places and pensions for themselves and connexions! And these are the men who express so much concern about the choice of representatives the people may make, if all classes were invested with the franchise! Truly the jest is an excellent one; but the jesters have been somewhat expensive.—To conclude the subject: The people of this country have yet to exert themselves for the completion of the Reform Bill; and confining the question at present as to the duty of the new Parliament to the representative system, the people should determine upon rejecting every candidate, when next asked for their suffrages, who does not do his best to obtain—*Voting by Ballot—the Repeal of the obnoxious, disqualifying clause in the Reform Bill—and the Repeal of the Septennial Act.*

# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IN wishing our dear Patron, the Public, 'A gude New-year,' we have the advantage of a goodly assortment of important new works before us, which will enable us to enter upon the new annual course of our duty in the capacity of 'taster,' with pleasure and alacrity. As the most interesting of these, we select "The Travels and Researches of Baron Humboldt,"\* to commence with. This work forms volume x. of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library;" an undertaking which, from the important nature of the subjects treated of, as well as its general excellence in other respects, has long been an established favourite with the public.

The renowned Cornelius Scriblerus, at the important epoch of the birth of his son, is said to have broken out in this manner—"What! bred at home! Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is to lead the inglorious life of a cabbage, to suck the nutritious juices from the spot where he was first planted? No; to perambulate this terraqueous globe is too small a range; were it permitted, he should at least make the tour of the whole system of the sun. Let other mortals pore upon maps, and swallow the legends of lying travellers, the son of Cornelius shall make his own legs his compasses; with those he shall measure continents, islands, capes, bays, straits, and isthmuses: he shall himself take the altitude of the highest mountains, from the peak of Derby to the peak of Teneriffe: when he has visited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucasus, and the famous Ararat, where Noah's ark first moved, he may take a slight view of the snowy Rhiphæans; nor would I have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned for poetical fictions. Those that vomit fire will deserve a more particular attention: I will therefore have him observe with great care Vesuvius, Etna, the burning mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla, the greatest rarity in the northern regions. Then he may likewise contemplate the wonders of the mephitic cave. When he has dived into the bowels of the earth, and surveyed the works of nature under ground, and instructed himself fully in the nature of volcanoes, earthquakes, thunders, tempests, and hurricanes, I hope he will bless the world with a more exact survey of the deserts of Ara-

bia and Tartary, than as yet we are able to obtain. Then will I have him cross the seven gulfs, measure the currents in the fifteen famous straits, and search for those fountains of fresh water that are at the bottom of the ocean."—The three wits, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, scarcely supposed that in chalking out the course for their imaginary hero, they were, in fact, describing a great deal of what would be accomplished by the science and enthusiasm of modern times, and which has been in great part performed by the illustrious Humboldt.

"With the name of Humboldt we associate all that is interesting in the physical sciences. No traveller who has visited remote regions of the globe, for the purpose of observing the varied phenomena of nature, has added so much to our stock of positive knowledge. While the navigator has explored the coasts of unknown lands, discovered islands and shores, marked the depths of the sea, estimated the force of currents, and noted the more obvious traits in the aspect of the countries at which he has touched; while the zoologist has investigated the multiplied forms of animal life, the botanist the diversified vegetation, the geologist the structure and relations of the rocky masses of which the exterior of the earth is composed; and while each has thus contributed to the illustration of the wonderful constitution of our planet, the distinguished traveller, whose discoveries form the subject of this volume, stands alone as uniting in himself a knowledge of all these sciences."

The chief part of the present volume is occupied with an account of Humboldt and Bonpland's visit to the Western World; and, in condensing his materials, Mr. MacGillivray has managed to present the most interesting part of the details given by the Travellers, with a succinct narrative of the life of Humboldt prior to his crossing the Atlantic.

"Suffice it to observe," says he, "that some notices respecting his early life introduce the reader to an acquaintance with his character and motives, as the adventurous traveller, who, crossing the Atlantic, traversed the ridges and plains of Venezuela, ascended the Orinoco to its junction with the Amazon, sailed down the former river to the capital of Guiana, and, after examining the Island of Cuba, mounted by the valley of Magdalena to the elevated platforms of the Andes, explored the majestic solitudes of the great cordilleras of Quito, navigated the margin of the Pacific Ocean, and wandered over the extensive and interesting provinces of New Spain, whence he made his way back by the United States to Europe. The publication of the important results of this journey was not completed, when he undertook another to Asiatic Russia and the confines of China, from which he has but lately returned."

There is not much of personal adventure or startling incident to be met with in the accounts of this traveller; but the magnificent descriptions of the sublime

\* The Travels and Researches of Alexander Von Humboldt: being a condensed Narrative of his Journeys in the Equinoctial Regions of America, and in Asiatic Russia. By W. MacGillivray, A. M. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1832.

appearances of nature in the wild regions to which his investigations were directed, certainly invest his narrative with an interest of the most attractive kind. Of these descriptions we select the following, not as being one of the grandest, but as being one of the most curious in the volume.

"Among the many curious phenomena," says Humboldt, "which presented themselves to me in the course of my travels, I confess there were few by which my imagination was so powerfully affected as the cow-tree. All that relates to milk and to the cereal plants inspires us with an interest, which is not merely that of the physical knowledge of things, but which connects itself with another order of ideas and feelings. We can hardly imagine how the human species could exist without farinaceous substances, and without the nutritious fluid which the breast of the mother contains, and which is appropriated to the condition of the feeble infant. The amylaceous matter of the cereal plants,—the object of religious veneration among so many ancient and modern nations,—is distributed in the seeds, and deposited in the roots of vegetables; while the milk which we use as food appears exclusively the product of animal organization. Such are the impressions which we receive in early childhood, and such is the source of the astonishment with which we are seized on first seeing the cow-tree. Magnificent forests, majestic rivers, and lofty mountains clad in perennial snows, are not the objects which we here admire. A few drops of a vegetable fluid impress us with an idea of the power and fecundity of nature. On the parched side of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year its leaves are not moistened by a shower; its branches look as if they were dead and withered; but when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing milk flows from it. It is at sunrise that the vegetable fountain flows most freely. At that time the blacks and natives are seen coming from all parts, provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface. Some empty vessels on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One imagines he sees the family of a shepherd who is distributing the milk of his flock."

From the Orinoco to the Nith, from the swellings of the Amazon to the canterings of the Solway,—is an easy transition, induced by Messrs. M'Diarmid, Masson, and Gellatly's pleasant "Picture of Dumfries."\* The illustrations of this volume are remarkably well executed, and, together with Mr. M'Diarmid's letter-press, form a very interesting addition to the *Topography of Scotland*. The view of Dumfries "from the New Bridge" is particularly good, and we have no doubt that the whole work will be looked upon by the good citizens with a very favourable eye, as being much calculated to extend the fame of their pretty town and neighbourhood far and near. Perhaps the most interesting view in the volume, is that of Burns' Mausoleum—of which Dumfries has reason most justly to be proud. Mr. M'Diarmid takes occasion, of course, to

give us a good spell about Burns—a subject on which it is certainly not easy now to say anything very new. The account of the exhumation of the Poet's remains, as given by Mr. M'Diarmid, is extremely interesting; and there is no doubt that the spot will be a place of pilgrimage for many generations. We are not fond of Mr. M.'s style of writing in general; it is too much of the slip-slop to suit our taste; but his description of the race of Solway in this volume, is rather a favourable specimen; and therefore we shall give it:—

"During spring-tides, and particularly when impelled by a strong south-wester, the Solway rises with prodigious rapidity. A loud booming noise indicates its approach, and is distinguishable at the distance of several miles. At Caerlaverock and Glencaple, where it enters the Nith, the scene is singularly grand and imposing; and it is beautiful to see a mighty volume of water advancing foam-crested, and with a degree of rapidity which, were the race a long one, would outmatch the speed of the swiftest horses. The tide-head, as it is called, is often from four to six feet high, chafed into spray, with a mighty trough of bluer water behind—swelling in some places into little hills, and in others scooped into tiny vallies, which, when sun-lit, form a brilliant picture of themselves. From the tide-head proceed two huge jets of water, which run roaring along, searching the banks on either side—the antenae, as it were, which the ocean puts forth, and by which it feels its way when confined within narrow limits. A large fire-engine discharging a strong stream of water, bears a close resemblance to this part of the phenomena of a strong spring-tide: but the sea water is broken while the other is smooth, and runs hissing, or rather gallops, along in a manner or fashion to which no language of ours can do justice. Sir Walter Scott must have been familiar with this peculiarity of our river and Frith, when he penned the well-known line—

'Love flows like the Solway, and ebbs like its tide.'

In the novel of *Redgauntlet* he returns to the subject, and pictures scenes, the reality of which not unfrequently exceed the fictitious description. The village of Whinnyrigg, in the neighbourhood of Annan, is situated opposite to Bowness on the English side; and when fairs occur, it is a great object with dealers to cross the sands at low water, in place of riding round by Carlisle, a most tantalizing circumbendibus of not less than 30 miles. During the day, and particularly when the weather is clear, the ferry, which is not more than two miles broad, can be crossed without serious difficulty or danger, although two rivers intervene—the Eden and the Esk—which, when flooded, must be crossed at some hazard. Their business transacted, the Scottish dealers and farmers, aware that time and tide will wait for no man, leave the town of Wigton by appointment, and ride smartly to the beach, that they may re-cross the ferry at low water. Very generally they travel in numerous parties; but the hour is sometimes late, the night dark, and the path not a little uncertain. In all such cases, they are accompanied by a guide who carries a lantern; but as mists are exceedingly apt to arise, the pilot himself sometimes gets bewildered, and when unable to descry some friendly beacon on the Scottish side, lengthens and prolongs the journey by deviating either to the right or to the left—meeting rather than fleeing from the coming danger. The noise of the tide naturally excites the greatest alarm; and the party by separating—some attempting to return, and others to "go o'er"—frequently compromise their personal safety. Again and again the most distressing accidents have occurred; and if this were the place for such a detail, many touching anecdotes might be given. Within the

\* *Picture of Dumfries; a Series of Nine Views, Engraved by John Gellatly, from Drawings by Andrew S. Masson; with Historical and Descriptive Notices, by John M'Diarmid, Author of "Sketches from Nature," &c. Edinburgh: John Gellatly. 1832.*



last hundred years, at least the same number of persons have perished amidst the rapid tides of the Solway—some of them men of great respectability, whose loss was mourned by a whole community."

Here is another interesting tographical article, of a very handsome appearance—"The Castles of Mary Queen of Scots."\* This work does great credit to the rising talents of our young friend Mr. Sargent, and we hope that the very favourable specimens of his abilities which are here presented, will be the means of ultimately conducting him to both fame and emolument in the way of his profession. Mr. Mackie, the compiler of the work, has introduced into it much traditional lore of a very amusing description; whilst the most important incidents occurring in the story of the Life and Death of the lovely but unfortunate Mary Stuart, furnish a bond of union for the narrative of no ordinary description.

"And what, it is humbly presumed," says the author, "peculiarly enhances the value and interest of the present volume, is the associations connected with the melancholy public life, joyless captivity, and tragical sufferings, of the lovely, but unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose eventful history has invested every place which she approached with a painful, but powerfully attractive interest, that will never cease to be felt, while a vestige remains to mark one scene of her mournful career; and which, from the cradle to the grave, exhibits a moral lesson, more intensely interesting, and more powerfully impressive, than perhaps any other which the annals even of thrones have produced. Her beauty, her talents, her misfortunes, her errors, the great contention which her name and history have created, in the minds of opposite partizans, have contributed, in no small degree, to excite an engrossing curiosity respecting the ruins which have become doubly celebrated as memorials of her chequered fate; and the Author now attempts to link together, in an historical chain, the principal events connected with these venerable structures, all of which he has personally visited and explored."

The interest connected with Mary's "eventful history," commences here with the Palace of Linlithgow, in which she was born 7th December, 1542; and closes with her bloody exit in the Castle of Fotheringhay, 8th February, 1587. "Notwithstanding the Castle has been demolished, the walls of Mary's prison levelled with the dust, and the hall of judgment now no more, Fotheringhay will, to the latest posterity, transmit the deplorable event, and record, in its name and site, the nefarious transaction which stained its halls." It is a remarkable circumstance, that although Elizabeth was all her lifetime a prosperous individual, and at the time of her death was in the full possession of power, and fortune, and fame; whilst her rival, Mary, unfortunate in everything, was hunted down in all quarters, and persecuted to the death,—notwithstanding of all this, the memory of

the former comparatively stinks in the nostrils of posterity, whilst that of the latter is surrounded with a halo of sympathetic endearments, which seems to increase rapidly with the progress of time. "On reading and reflecting," says Mr. Mackie, "on the lives and deaths of these two rival Queens, one can scarcely avoid exclaiming, 'Remember, Elizabeth, that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Mary evil things; but now at the hour of death she is comforted, and thou art tormented.' To the attentive student of History, it is certainly a singular thing to remark, that the English nation, which may be considered, in general, as the most *generous* in the world, has been guilty of three of the most *un-generous* acts that are to be found disgracing the annals of any European people—we mean the base murders of Joan of Arc, Wallace, and Mary Queen of Scots; all committed under the legal authority "of the powers that be."

The Engravings which illustrate this volume are extremely beautiful. "Linlithgow Palace," and "Lochleven Castle," in particular, are delightful; and the work altogether is calculated to afford a rich treat to the local antiquary, and to all who take an interest in the most impressive portion of Scotland's chequered history. The following curious fact, relating to the consummate vanity of the rival Queen, and in allusion to the portraits of Elizabeth, is highly amusing:—

"In 1596, Elizabeth, never engaging, was 62 years old, when her ministers for the second time were called upon, *gravely* to interpose their authority to put an end to the distribution of *unfavourable likenesses* of the Queen, as appears from the Register of the Privy Council, 30th July 1596. 'Warrant to her majestis Sergeant Paynter, and to all publicke officers, to yield him their assistance touching the abuse committed by divers *unskilful* artizans, in *unseemly* and improperly painting, graving, and printinge of her majesty's person and vysage, to her majestis great offence, and disgrace of *that beautiful* and *magnanimous* majesty wherewith God has blessed her. Requiring them to cause her majestis Sergeant Paynter shall first have sight of it. The mynute remaining in the Council Chest.'

Coming a little nearer home with our statistics, we have here an excellent account of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary.\* To the philanthropic mind there can scarcely be presented a more interesting volume, than the one which Dr. Buchanan has here offered to the public. The aggregate of human misery which is to be met with in every large community, particularly in a manufacturing district, is a matter of careful consideration at all times to the mind of the benevolent; and nothing can tend more to encourage such minds to exertion, than to see distinctly the practical good which has been effected in the Establishment here spoken of.

\* The Castles of Mary Queen of Scots; being a Historical Description of every Castellated Erection which formed a Residence or a Prison to that Queen. By Charles Mackie. With Engravings. Edinburgh: Adam Black. 1832.

\* History of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, from its commencement in 1787, to the present time. With an Appendix. By Moses Steven Buchanan, M.D. Glasgow: James Lumsden & Son. 1832.

"Objections have frequently been made to all such establishments," says Dr. Buchanan, "as encouragements to improvidence, dissipation, and idleness; and though in a qualified sense I may feel inclined to subscribe to the aphorism of the celebrated Montesque, '*Malheur au pays qui a beaucoup d'Hopitiaux*,' still, of all charitable institutions, Infirmaries are, in my opinion, the most laudable; and whether publicly or privately endowed, if properly managed, do more towards the relief of suffering humanity, and are less liable to abuse, than any other species of eleemosynary endowments. How often do we find the most industrious in the labouring classes of society, arrested in their laudable career by severe accidents, by fever, or by dangerous internal diseases? And what situation at such a moment can be so fitted for their treatment as an hospital, where, I hesitate not to say, they enjoy advantages, from which those in a higher rank of life are precluded? But not only are these receptacles for our diseased poor of great advantage to the community at large, by thus freeing them from the effects of contagious diseases, and all the evils of pauperism,—they at the same time prove of incalculable benefit, by the advantages which they present for the cultivation of medical and surgical science.

"Actuated by these views, the late benevolent Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow, with a few friends, set himself to the work of commencing an Infirmary in this city, in the year 1787, with all that zeal and philanthropy which so much distinguished him. In this laborious and praiseworthy undertaking, it could not be imagined that Professor Jardine would be able to prosecute inquiries, either as to the medical or surgical department, with that accuracy and effect which was necessary,—here, however, he fortunately found a most valuable and active coadjutor in the late Dr. Stevenson, who, till his death, which occurred in 1789, continued to give much useful assistance and advice, in all that concerned this infant establishment."

In pursuance of this laudable plan, we are told that the Royal Charter was obtained on the 1st of December, 1791, and the feu grant of the site of the Archbishop's Castle, and adjoining grounds, now occupied by the Hospital, passed the Exchequer, and Court of Chancery, in Edinburgh, towards the commencement of the year 1792. The foundation stone of the building was laid on the 18th May, 1792; and so much activity and zeal was displayed by every individual concerned in this philanthropic cause, that, on the 8th of December, 1794, the Institution was thrown open for the reception of the diseased poor. From that time, till the end of the year 1831, it appears, from the Tables in this volume, that more than 50,000 persons have been received into the Hospital, at an average expense, for the last year, of 14d. each per day. The revenue for the support of this excellent Institution, arising from Annual Subscriptions, Students' Fees, Interest and Rent, Donations, Legacies, &c., amounts to nearly £6,000 a year; and the expenditure, on an average, to somewhat more. The following, says Dr. Buchanan, may be assumed as the state of the account at the present moment of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary:—

|                                                      |         |    |   |
|------------------------------------------------------|---------|----|---|
| Surplus Capital yielding interest,                   | £15,996 | 15 | 6 |
| Stock in Ground, 3 acres, - - -                      | 5,000   | 0  | 0 |
| Do. in Buildings, - - - - -                          | 15,000  | 0  | 0 |
| Do. in Furniture, Medicines, Instruments, &c., - - - | 4,003   | 4  | 6 |
| Total Stock of Hospital,                             | £40,000 | 0  | 0 |

This Work is beautifully embellished, and in every respect well got up; and when we add, that the profits are devoted by the philanthropic author to the benefit of the Charity, we are sure that enough has been said to interest the community largely in its favour. "Let us hope," in the words of Dr. Buchanan, "that the spirit of improvement which is abroad over the breadth and length of our enlightened land, may descend on this western metropolis, and raise it still more and more among its compeers, not only as the emporium of commerce and manufactures, but of civil and religious liberty, of mechanical and mental philosophy, of Christian charity, and unbounded philanthropy."

We are not yet done with the site of the Archbishop's Castle and the neighbourhood of the Cathedral; for we have here a Romance, no less, ancient St. Kentigern,\* *alias* St. Mungo, the tutelary Saint of Glasgow! Aboulfouaris, De Foe, Pope, Fielding, Smollet, Morell, Mackenzie, Sir Walter Scott, and Washington Irving, have all given rather unsatisfactory information as to the manner in which the valuable MSS. published by them, came originally into their possession. The public was never in the least gulled by them in this matter, and, therefore, we think it is quite hopeless for the present author to attempt anything of the kind. In order to mend the matter, however, this gentleman makes a double attack upon the gullibility of the public; by employing both a Parson and a Piper in the conveying of the very valuable MSS. to his hands, a part of which is in this volume presented to us. Mr. Hugh Hay of the Grass-market, who is, of course, a man of *Straw*, gravely goes to inform us, in a very long Proem, that the Parson got the MSS. from the Piper, who received them from St. Mungo's corpse, after having his eyes blown out of his head, by what is called, by colliers, the *choke-dump* beneath the Glasgow Cathedral! The story of the piper is a version of the old Edinburgh tradition, that a Highland piper undertook to explore the subterraneous passage which is supposed to exist betwixt the Castle and the Palace, and succeeded (playing his bagpipes all the time,) in gaining as far as beneath the Nether Bow, when the noise of the bagpipes ceased, and he fell a victim to his enterprise. The cell of the renowned Saint Kentigern or Mungo, according to our author, seems to have stood somewhere near the spot occupied, at present, by the statue of another Saint,—viz. John Knox. The following is our Romancer's description of the place:—

"He was now upon a spacious plain, mantled with long grass, and was entering upon the grounds where the city of Glasgow now stands, Glasgow at present covers the whole face of a hill; but in the days of Rederc the Hael, the

\* Tales of the Manse. By a Gentleman gone to the Indies. Edited by Hugh Hay, Esq. First Series. Glasgow: Blackie & Son. 1833.

extremities only of the hill were inhabited. At the foot of it, where the Clyde runs, a few houses stood, the inmates of which were chiefly employed in fishing; and at the summit, where the Cathedral now stands, there were erected several cottages, whose inhabitants had been drawn thither with the view of being benefited by the ministrations of Saint Kentigern, who had taken up his residence in that quarter.—The declivity of the hill was thus unoccupied, and thus a space of nearly a mile in length separated the two clusters of cottages which then constituted Glasgow. Rederc, as he informed Wid, was bound for the cell of Saint Kentigern; and he therefore had to ascend the hill—the then silent and solitary hill, on which the grass grew and the trees waved their branches to the wind—the now noisy and busy stage, on which so many thousands of mortals strut their brief parts in the drama of life. A long and winding avenue, formed merely by the tread of the traveller, led to the summit, into which avenue Rederc entered, and began to ascend.

Before Rederc came within view of the abode of Saint Kentigern, the sun had sunk in the west, but its rays were still gilding in brilliant colours the feathery clouds which had followed its course. Around the whole western horizon there hung a vivid and arched canopy of scarlet, diversified by different degrees of brightness and brilliancy. In the middle of the superb arch, the glare was so intense, that it looked like an actual flame, and seemed to be the ventilation of some gorgeous fire; while the extreme points—where the red was more deeply coloured and less vivid—relieved the eye from its dazzling brightness. By imperceptible degrees, however, the glory of the spectacle faded away; and those clouds, which appeared before to burn in a bright flame, now gradually assumed a dusky shade, and to the fanciful eye looked as the remaining smoke of the newly-extinguished furnace.

The abode of Saint Kentigern was situated by the side of a small rivulet, whose channel rises precipitously on each side. From the sombre appearance which a number of large trees gave it, the spot was then called the *dark glen*; and it was certainly a place, the solemnity of which would serve to heighten, in these days, the character of him who had taken up his abode in it—when a retirement from the world, and a general austerity of manners, were looked upon as the best evidences of sanctity. Rederc could not descend the glen on horseback: he therefore dismounted, and proceeding down a narrow path, cut into footsteps for the convenience of visitors, soon stood before the door of the saint's cell. This cell, so named very pertinently, was originally a cave in the glen, but had been extended for the accommodation of the saint, and consisted of several apartments. Its size was not visible from the outside; the only part of building about it being the front—a rude superstructure of freestone, with a low door, and without any window, except a small aperture formed more seemingly for the entrance of air than of light. This front was surmounted on the top by a large wooden cross, which was the only thing that marked out the abode to the observer above the glen.\*

So much for Saint Kentigern!

We are not yet done with our good city of Glasgow. Here is a poetical tome,\* the production of Mr. Motherwell, a well-known denizen of the western metropolis. Mr. Motherwell's pegasus is no untrained colt, breaking out for a canter without bit or bridle. No, he is a thorough-paced roadster, who, after having made regular trial of the mettle of his heels in various sportive sallies, at length starts in right

trim along the course, and seems determined to be in neck and neck with the foremost. In plain English, Mr. M. has here given us a very delightful volume; and just such a one as we expected, from the specimens of his poetry which we have met with in various Periodicals long ago. Deep feeling, great command of language, and easy flowing verse, are the especial characteristics of these productions; and in respect of these qualifications, the greater part of them are entitled to take their station amongst the finest ballad poetry in the English language. Mr. M. does not attempt anything of great length; and wit or humour he does not attempt at all. In these respects, therefore, he is as yet untried; except in so far as the lyrical ballad, entitled "Tim the Tacket," in imitation of Wordsworth, may be considered as a specimen of the humorous. The ballads entitled "Jeanie Morrison," and "My heid is like to rend, Willie," are possessed of pathos of the most exquisite kind; but we refrain from quoting any part of these, as they have appeared in various Periodicals already. We select the following, as being on a different strain, and better fitted by its shortness for our pages:—

#### THREE FANCIFUL SUPPOSES.

WERE I a breath of viewless wind,  
As very spirits be,  
Where would I joy at length to find  
I was no longer free?  
Oh, Margaret's cheek,  
Whose blushes speak  
Love's purest sympathies,  
Would be the site,  
Where gleaming bright,  
My prison-dome should rise:  
I'd live upon that rosy shore,  
And fan it with soft sighs,  
Nor other paradise explore  
Beneath the skies.

WERE I a pranksome Elfin knight,  
Or eke the Faerye king,  
Who, when the moonshine glimmers bright,  
Loves to be wandering;  
Where would I ride,  
In all the pride  
Of Elfin chivalry,  
With each sweet sound  
Far floating round,  
Of Faerye minstrelsy?  
'Tis o'er her neck of drifted snow,  
Her passion-breathing lip,  
Her dainty chin and noble brow,  
That I would trip.

WERE I a glossy plumaged bird,  
A small glad voice of song,  
Where would my love-lays aye be heard—  
Where would I nestle long?  
In Margaret's ear  
When none were near,  
I'd strain my little throat,  
To sing fond lays  
In Margaret's praise,  
That could not be forgot;  
Then on her bosom would I fall,  
And from it never part—  
Dizzy with joy, and proud to call  
My home her heart!

It is long since Lord Brougham told us of the *schoolmaster's* being abroad; but we think his Lordship might have had the gallantry to have mentioned that the *schoolmistress*, good lady, was employed

\* Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by William Motherwell. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1832.



in like manner. The evidence of this fact the volume before us, entitled "*Nights of the Round Table*,"\* by the Author—or rather Authoress—of "*The Diversions of Holycot*," &c. &c., may pertinently be adduced. "*The Gudeman of Ballengeich*," at his royal residence of Stirling Castle, is known to have exercised his favourite pastime, called *The Knights of the Round Table*: and, in like manner, the work before us is intended to form a fund of amusement, and, we may add, of instruction, to both old and young. The first, and longest, and best tale in this volume, is entitled "*The Quaker Family*;" and when we say that it is an interesting story, and extremely well told, we are barely stating the truth in regard to its most prominent characteristics. It is, indeed, a story which ought to be read attentively by many who occupy the important station of *parents*, as they may from it learn a good lesson as to the training of their offspring. The following passage, descriptive of "*Life*" at Manchester, and, of course, not unlike that at Glasgow,—is all that we have room for:—

"The casual glimpse which the Quaker matron on this night obtained of manufacturing life, confirmed the oracles delivered by her mother Priscilla. What she saw was, perhaps, an exaggerated, but could not be called a distorted picture. The doors opening on each side of the long narrow passage, and generally left ajar, as the numerous inmates went out and in on business or pleasure, completely discovered the interior of the worst regulated of these abodes. Squalor, filth, noisome smells, high, sharp tones, coarse voices uttering coarser words, quarrelling, or what, to the sober ears of Prudence, sounded like quarrel,—family brawls,—sullen husbands,—undutiful wives,—children fighting, and, more horrible still, swearing! profaning the most sacred name!—to which it may be hoped,—dreadful as is the hope,—that they affixed no idea whatever. What a view of life! and such was the life of tens and hundreds of thousands; yet, it must be remembered, that,

as the shews of high life always wear a false and glittering surface to the distant beholder, so does low, city life assume its most squalid and repulsive aspect when looked upon by those who see little of its purer heart. Had Prudence consulted her young friend, Dr. Brudnel, she might have learned, that even in this manufacturing barack there were humble firesides around which gathered comfort, cheerfulness, domestic love; fireside circles, to which men, similar in character to her own ill-fated son, had been drawn back, redeemed and reformed moral beings. But, in such instances, it must be owned that the female genius of the household sanctuary neither resembled Hannah nor yet Nora Brogan.

"Even to her Irish friend, Prudence, in her simple wonderment and natural horror, could not forbear expressing her new feelings. Her hostess heard her with good-humour, not wholly unmixed with contempt. 'This is but Thursday: what would you say if you saw us in our glory, ma'am, on pay-night, Saturday and Sunday.' Yet Mrs. O'Connell prided herself in her superior *dacency*,—'stockings, shoes, and the catechism.' How fervently did the Quaker woman, laid on that uneasy pallet, from which her scrupulous niceness at another time would have recoiled, in disgust of its dirt, thank her Maker and Preserver, for the boundless mercies of her own lot; for the cleanliness, comfort, and quiet of her humble fireside; for the nights of blessed rest,—the days of hard, but peaceful labour she had enjoyed for three score years,—for the virtuous relatives whose kindness had sweetened and sustained her life."

Having paid our respects to the Schoolmistress, we come now to the Schoolmasters, who have here presented us with two Catechisms,\* the one intended to give insight into the foundations of Greek Grammar, and the other into the foundations of the Earth. These matters are both of them too deep for us entering upon at present; but we say briefly, that to all who wish to be possessed of an admirable digest of facts on either of these interesting subjects, the Catechisms before us will be found to be most desirable companions.

\* *Nights of the Round Table*; or, *Stories of Aunt Jane and Her Friends*. Second Series. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1832.

\* A Catechism of Greek Grammar. By the Rev. Geo. Milligan; and a Catechism of the Natural History of the Earth. By William Rhind. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, 1832.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### SCOTLAND.

**ANTI-PATRONAGE SOCIETY.**—The annual general meeting of this Society was held at Aberdeen, last month; Andrew Johnstone, Esq., M.P., in the chair. This question has now agitated the public mind so long, that it must be very early taken up by the Reformed Parliament. In every County and Burgh in Scotland, Candidates have been desired to express their opinion upon it, and those only, who are friendly to the abolition of patronage, have shared in the support of the people. Scotsmen have now begun to feel so keenly upon the subject, that many months cannot elapse until the present ruinous law be amended; and, if the people do not now obtain a law to their mind, they will have themselves to blame. AGITA-

TION must be the watch-word, and the meeting of Parliament the signal for action. The object of every man, in putting his hand to the plough, must be to secure good ministers to the Church, by giving the people a voice in the election of their spiritual teachers; for no one can deny that the present system of election is radically bad. Is it not an insult upon the understandings of religious, intelligent Scotsmen, to say, that one man, who perhaps knows little, or cares less about religion, shall nominate for a whole parish? The very thought is revolting. It cannot be borne any longer. In pressing the question, the country must be united, and Ministers must be assailed with firmness; for, of the parishes in Scotland, the Crown has about 300 pre-

sentations, and 600 are in the hands of laymen, some of whom are Papists, others Episcopalians,—many of them caring nothing at all for the spiritual welfare of the parishioners. If this system is continued much longer, it will lay the Church of Scotland in the dust. If there is one spark of gratitude in his Majesty's Ministers, they will at once concede; for to the People they owe their elevation to office, and to the People they owe their retention of it. And it requires no nicety of discernment to say what the new law shall be. Every communicant, male and female, has a right to be heard in the election of a pastor. From the earliest periods of the Church's existence, and during the brightest days of her history, the right of election lay in the people, until 1711, when the act of Queen Anne took away this right, and vested it in the Crown and others, to serve political purposes,—an act against Scripture, against justice, and against the practice of the Church. By this pernicious law, the right of call by the People has been converted into an unmeaning farce; and, to the great disgrace of the 120 who composed the majority of the last General Assembly, and triumphed over the 80 of a minority, who voted for the People's right of call, be it recorded, that this happened in the year 1832! Now, then, is the time for the People to furbish and gird on their armour, and to swear, man to man, that they will not lay it aside until they have wrought out the Church's purification.

ANTI-WAR MEETINGS.—The subject of war with Holland has furnished the Tories with fresh matter of agitation. Pacific souls! how they deprecate the shedding of human blood! How keenly they feel because of the non-intercourse with the Dutch ports! What will become of them now, for a season, for want of a drop of the *genuine*! Shallow-brained block-heads! do they imagine that the veriest tyro in politics does not see through their schemes? Blood! they have shed rivers of it, to overawe the people, to support despotism, and to strangle every aspiration after liberty. Foiled in every attempt to conserve at home their favourite system of tyranny, they now madly join issue with foreign despots to crush liberty abroad. Plunder and oppression are the objects of their confederation. Who does not see that their outcry is to throw Ministers out of power? But, in every place where they have held meetings, their efforts have been unsuccessful, and their resolutions have been met by counter-petitions, excepting in Edinburgh, and this would have been the case there also, had the Whigs come forward and opposed them; for there cannot be a doubt but the reformers in the metropolis would have supported the Whigs in their opposition, had not the Tories shrunk into a hole-and-corner, as they have more than once done before. Patrick Robertson, Esq., of face-

tious notoriety, was their mouth-piece upon the occasion; and poor Mr. Johnston of Straiton, M.P., N.B., allowed himself to be gulled by the pretensions of the conservatives; for which, before we go to press, it is probable he will have suffered due punishment, by being ousted from his burghs. In Glasgow, however, the liberals gained a most signal victory, although they were excluded from the Henry Monteith meeting, by a very learned editor—a *powerful man*—supported by at least half a dozen of athletic porters. “At one time the business assumed rather a serious aspect, from the violence of the language that was exchanged; but it was soon seen that the war gentlemen were by no means the most powerful, as their opponents kept their ground most manfully, only one man escaping the vigilance of the pass-guardians; and he, poor fellow, had not time to congratulate himself upon his success, when he was seized and pitched to the door like a foot-ball.” Whatever Provost Ewing's views may be regarding the Dutch war, and whether he thinks Ministers have acted properly or not, we do not pretend to know, but we are bound to give him credit for refusing to call the meeting, and also to preside, (which he was asked to do,) when a faction of citizens attempted to gull the country by the semblance of a public meeting, when it was in reality a “hole-and-corner” one, and an assembly of as heterogeneous matter, says the *Scots Times*, as ever met in the Black Bull. To the honour of his Lordship, however, as soon as a requisition was got up, to call a real public meeting of the citizens, for the purpose of discussing the same subject, he at once complied, and forthwith presided. The requisition was signed by 500 persons. Sir D. K. Sandford moved the first resolution,—“That the preservation of peace is of the utmost importance to the British Empire, so long as it shall be consistent with the honour and independence of the nation,” which was seconded by Mr. Oswald. We can only indulge our readers with one of the learned Knight's oratorical bursts upon the occasion:—“We did not call for the protection of city porters,—for a band of native athletics, with a certain literary gentleman at their head, which reminds me of the classical recollections in which I sometimes indulge, of the association of the brutal Mars with the poetic Apollo.”—Mr. Douglas proposed the second resolution, expressive of their full confidence in the wisdom and integrity of his Majesty's Ministers with regard to the affairs of Belgium, which was seconded by Mr. Dunlop of Craigton. Mr. Colin Dunlop moved the next resolution, which we cannot refrain from giving at full length,—“That this meeting views with strong disapprobation, but with no surprise, the attempts of a party, always the advocates of war against liberty, and the determined enemies of reform, to embarrass his Ma-

jesty's Ministers on the eve of an election, by a line of conduct more likely to produce than to avert the war which they profess to deprecate." The meeting first assembled in the Justiciary Court Hall, but it was soon found necessary to adjourn to the open air in front of the Court House. This is not the time to express distrust in his Majesty's Ministers, for there is no other party at present who can fill their places, excepting the Tories, although we hope many years will not elapse before it will be possible to form a Ministry, even of the most liberal composition.

THE ELECTIONS.—In our next number we shall be able to speak of what has been done, after our countrymen have been put to the test, which we consider more judicious than to indulge in idle speculation, upon the very eve of the elections. But, considering that we write, not for the present generation alone, but for futurity, we may express our full confidence in the new burgh constituency, knowing that they will do their duty,—we wish we could say as much of the counties.

#### ENGLAND.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—Upon the authority of the "*Northern Whig*," we have to state, that the expenditure of the current year may be taken at something more than fifty millions. Of this enormous sum, only about fifteen millions, or little more than two-sevenths of the entire, goes, even in name, to the actual service of the State. Of the remaining five-sevenths, four,—that is, *twenty-eight millions*, go to pay the interest of the national debt; and one, or rather less than *seven millions*, is absorbed principally in pensions; or, as the *Spectator* expressly designates it, *dead-weight*, meaning thereby, "a payment for which no present service is required." Thus, had not the Tories and boroughmongers involved the nation in debt, for their own evil purposes,—namely, to put money into their own pockets, and keep down popular liberty,—and had they not followed up that portion of their robbing system, called pensioning, we would be able, at this day, to support our army, of about 100,000 men, and our navy, in a state to defy, as it well could, the combined fleets of all Europe besides; and we could pay, moreover, all the extravagant salaries of all the civil servants of the State, who have anything to do, or the name of doing anything. We could do all this for the comparatively moderate sum of only *fifteen millions*. The Tories, and the boroughmongers, and the aristocracy, however, decreed otherwise; and, in consequence of their decree, we are forced to pay, *this year*, upwards of *thirty-four millions sterling*; not one penny of which is expended in the active service of the public! In other words, we are taxed, unnecessarily, to the extraordinary amount here stated, because we were governed by a dishonest and grasping Oli-

garchy, and the people's voice had no influence in Parliament. In the words of the *Spectator* himself,—“Of the fifteen millions required for active service, three and a half are expended on the collection of the revenue; eight and a quarter on defence; law and justice swallow up three quarters of a million; another million is required for civil government, and the expenses of legislation; diplomacy and the colonial civil service are discharged by half a million; about half a million is spent on public works,—or, to speak more truly, is shamelessly squandered on private jobs. The remaining odd half million out of the fifteen, is expended on the management of the debt, and for miscellaneous services. Of any expenditure for the benefit of the people, of any grants to instruct the ignorant, or to stimulate industry, by opening up communications where it languishes for want of markets, or to transport the labourer, starving and rusting in idleness, to places where his skill and his strength would be a blessing to himself and to others, we see nothing. Two sums, amounting together to two thousand four hundred and fifty-four pounds,—we give the sum with mathematical exactness,—have been voted for education and emigration; but these, we shrewdly suspect, are jobs.” With all due deference to the *Spectator's* general correctness, and the source whence he has gleaned his information, we must in justice observe, that a few sums are granted for the purposes of “education.” It is too late now to call upon the electors to notice this black catalogue of fraudulence; but they will have, at least, some control over the elected, and it will be their duty to keep them to their pledges, or at once call for their resignations. Few, if any, we believe, of the burgh representatives for England will trifle with this momentous subject, and the sooner a Reformed Parliament sets seriously about the matter, the sooner may we look for the regeneration of the country.

#### IRELAND.

TITHES.—The people in Baltinglass are in a state of the greatest excitement, in consequence of an attempt made by the son-in-law of Lord Fitzwilliam's agent to seize for tithes. Everywhere Unions are being formed, to express their opinions publicly; and surely there cannot be a more fit opportunity than the present for a declaration of their principles. The independent club of the city of Londonderry have resolved that tithes and church lands are the property of the people, granted by them, or extorted from them, and which they have a right to resume or appropriate in another way, whenever they have a will and power to do so. They view their present appropriation as unjust and impolitic, and give it as their opinion that they ought to be devoted to the necessities of the country. Church Estab-



lishments, they say, trench on the liberty of the subject, prevent the full attainment of truth, and are injurious to the real interests of religion,—that no man should be taxed to pay priests whom he does not hear, or to erect temples in which he does not worship. This is now becoming the general language of England, as well as Ireland; nay, even in Edinburgh, a meeting, numerously attended, was held in Greig's Riding School, the object of which was to memorialize Earl Grey on the injustice of the tithe system in Ireland. At this meeting, it was moved that the tithe system in Ireland should be abolished, and that the coercive measures which have lately been had recourse to, are unjust and incompatible with the rights of man,—that compulsory assessment is not necessary towards the support of a Church Establishment, but opposed to the very best interests of society. From the numerous applications made by Radical Reformers to become members of the Society, which had been previously called the "Southern District Political Union," it was suggested that it might be proper to form a union, under such an appropriate designation as would unite all genuine Reformers in the city and suburbs,—upon which the suggestion was approved of, and it was unanimously agreed the Society should henceforward be called the "Scottish Metropolitan Union." The heart-burnings with which unhappy Ireland has so long been visited, are fast uniting all ranks, and persons of every creed, to petition for a

**REPEAL OF THE UNION.**—At a meeting composed of Protestants and Catholics in Dublin, a Mr. Scott, an Orangeman, Ex-Sheriff of the city, congratulated himself and the meeting on the high honour and extreme pleasure conferred on them by the presence of Mr. O'Connell. "He hailed it as a bright omen, a happy prospect of the long-wished-for reconciliation of Irishmen of all parties and creeds, for the accomplishment of the Repeal of the Union, and the regeneration of their native land."—Mr. O'Connell, in reply, deemed it the happiest moment of his existence, which he spoke in all the sincerity of his heart. It gave him delight, beyond the power of expression, to meet his fellow-countrymen, for the noble purpose of co-operating, without distinction of sect or party, to regenerate the land of their birth. It was a gross delusion to say, that, by a Repeal of the Union, Ireland would be deprived of a market for her produce. "Before the Union, we had a free trade for our beef, mutton, grain, &c.,—we then had protecting duties for our manufactures and produce." He was no patriot who would not exert himself to see her again in that state. "Let all our nicknames of orangemen, ribbandomen, corporators, agitators, be forgotten, and let us join, hand in hand, to devise the best means of returning Re-

pealers to Parliament." A member said, "May you be the representative for Dublin!"—Another member said,—"Yes, the Repeal Representative!"—To which Mr. O'Connell replied,—"The echo, I am sure, will be a faithful one!" We do not take upon us to say that Government should, or will soon grant the Repeal; but we venture to predict, that if his Majesty's Ministers do not alter their conduct towards Ireland, the measure will be forced upon their attention by the first reformed Parliament, in language, and by signs, that cannot be misunderstood.

#### EUROPEAN POLITICS.

THE misunderstanding between Belgium and Holland has, at length, come to a crisis. France and England are embroiled; the Continental Powers look on with a jealous and threatening aspect; and the political horizon, throughout all Europe, portends a coming storm. In the present number, however, our attention shall be principally directed to the affairs of Portugal, and the SIEGE OF ANTWERP. The French army entered Belgium on the 15th November, in great force. Belgium, it will be recollected, was given to Holland by the Holy Alliance, at their settlement of Europe, in 1815, as if they had had the power to dispose of States and Kingdoms at pleasure; and the Belgians, without being at all consulted, and grievously against their will, were taken bound to support the Dutch King, and to assist in paying the Dutch National Debt. Disdaining such interference, the Belgians rose in arms to assert their liberty; and a bloody war would have been the consequence, but for the timely interference of the Five Great National Powers of Europe, Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and Great Britain, who prevailed upon the belligerents to agree to their decision, and stop the further effusion of blood. Belgium fulfilled her part of the decree; but Holland, by remonstrances and refusals, obtained better terms than were originally fixed by the Alliance. The Five Great Powers had stipulated, that the navigation of the Scheldt should be free, and that the Dutch should no longer keep possession of the citadel of Antwerp. Both of these conditions, the Dutch King contrived to evade for two years. Russia, Austria, and Prussia kept aloof; France and England, the only two of the Powers that have caught the spirit of Liberty, after long and tedious protocolizing, at length thought proper to warn the King of Holland, that if he did not evacuate the citadel of Antwerp, they would compel him to do so by force. The Dutch King, encouraged, it is believed, by the other three Powers, continues to refuse; and France and England, without the concurrence of the other three Powers, proceed to make good their threatening. The order of the day of General Chassé, governor of the citadel, to the garrison of Antwerp, was dated on the 17th, in which he expressed

his determination to defend himself to the last, and to bury himself in the ruins, rather than surrender. The order of the day at Breda breathed a like spirit of indomitable resolution. Early on the morning of the 30th, a French General, attended by Colonel Cradock, the British Commissioner at the French head-quarters, proceeded to the Dutch lines with the summons, in the name of England and France, from Marshal Gerard to General Chassé. An answer was returned by the latter, "that he would not yield the citadel of Antwerp, until he had exhausted all the means of defence within his power." During the night of the 29th, the French made good their first approaches to the fortress without any loss; and at 12 o'clock next day, General Chassé commenced firing on the trenches, but with little effect. During the three successive days the firing continued at intervals, but without energy, so that the besiegers were but little annoyed. On Monday forenoon, guns were planted on sixteen out of the nineteen batteries erected by the French. Nine of these are for bombs. The whole of the French artillery consists of 114 pieces, which can all be brought to bear on the citadel at once. General Chassé refused to respect the neutrality of the city, excepting upon conditions which could not be listened to. A small body of French troops had entered Antwerp, and now there are not fewer than 150,000 French troops in Belgium. The Dutch made a slight sortie from the garrison on the morning of the 2d current, which was repelled with the loss of four or five killed and wounded on the French side; and again, on the afternoon of the 3d, with 500 men, with the intention of destroying the French works; but were compelled to return without effecting their purpose. Great dissatisfaction prevailed among the besiegers in consequence of their being ill provided with sufficient fuel to keep themselves warm. The orders of their commanders were little attended to; they cut down the hedges on the road sides, and robbed the farm-houses with impunity. They grumbled, too, very severely, because an immense quantity of tents had reached the army, and had not been served out. At the commencement of the siege, the weather was wet, and the roads, except those that were paved, almost impassable. The inhabitants of Antwerp residing in the immediate neighbourhood of the citadel had received orders to chain up their dogs, lest their barking in the night should direct the attention of the Dutch to the spot where the French were at work. The emigration from the city had been immense, and the few who remained were in the greatest possible consternation. Accounts from Brussels of the 10th represent Marshal Gerard as having made a demand, six times during the 40 previous hours, to be allowed to attack the citadel from the

side of the town, perceiving nothing before him but weeks or months of useless fighting, and of certain slaughter,—and dreading the loss of thousands of his men. Leopold was said to be terribly non-plussed, and in a miserable state of dejection; but, after the most importunate and incessant entreaties, he had been necessitated to consent to an attack being made on the forces of brave Chassé from the side of the esplanade. To take the citadel, except from the side of the city, Marshal Gerard represented as impossible, from the state of the weather; and, as the inhabitants of Antwerp who remained, were then in a state of incipient insurrection, it was feared by the Government of Leopold, that if an attempt was made in that quarter, there would soon be an open revolt. Before our day of publication, our readers will probably be apprised of the destruction of that fine ancient city; as it is not likely that a high-minded General of France would put his own military glory and the fate of the finest city in the world in competition.

PORTUGAL.—This is the only other point at present of general interest, and from it we learn that the affairs of Don Pedro wear rather an unfavourable aspect. The erection of batteries commanding the Douro by the Miguelites, had defeated the object of Don Pedro so far as regarded reinforcements; but there is nothing to prevent his taking the field with his present force, which consists of 15,000 men, even should he fail in his efforts to open the communication with the sea; and it is highly probable that, by this time, the chief battery of the Miguelites has been either silenced by the Constitutional battery of Monta da Rebia, or by a sortie,—it being stated in late accounts from Oporto, that the Regency could detach a moveable column of 6,000 men for the purpose of a sortie, without endangering the security of the city. It is proper, however, to observe, that Colonel Hodges, who lately returned from Oporto, does not regard the cause of Don Pedro as one of despondency.

FRANCE.—The late discussions in the Chamber of Deputies prove that there is a majority against the left, but they do not prove that there is a decided majority in favour of Ministers. From the present aspect of affairs, it may be safely asserted, that Louis Philippe's government is stronger now than it ever was, and that unless very extraordinary circumstances intervene, it may last for a longer period than is generally supposed. The Emperor of Austria has desired his Ambassador in Paris to use every effort in favour of the Duchess de Berri, and to give assurance to France, that the Allied Powers will not fail, in the event of clemency being shown to the Duchess, to adopt effective measures for the prevention of any new attempt, under her influence, against the new dynasty. Similar repre-

sentations are said to have been made by the Court of Berlin, although not in terms so direct.

Our limits again prevent us from saying a word regarding Foreign Affairs, farther than that the Grand Vizier is said to be actively preparing for a campaign in the

spring against Ibrahim, who would not, it was expected, be able to pass Mount Taurus during the winter months. An army of 40,000 men is said to have disembarked near Gallipoli, for the purpose of encamping in that neighbourhood.

## AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE Report from England informs us, that November has passed off, inflicting but a mitigated portion of its usual wintry accompaniments. The general character of the month has been temperate. The young wheats, as might be expected, look green and lively; but are not prematurely gross or forward, although healthy and well planted. The same may be said of rye and winter tares, of which considerable breadths have been sown this year, to supply the deficiency of turnips. Cattle and sheep have done well, both in pastures and on turnips, especially with the addition of a little hay, a timely supply of which, before the animals begin to sink in condition, keeps them strong and healthy, to face the severities of winter, and proves, in the end, the truest economy. The prices of sheep have advanced at some of the late fairs, probably in consequence of the prevalence of mild weather, which has kept everything in a growing state, and augmented the resources of the farmer for supporting stock. Indeed most articles of agricultural produce have experienced a rise during the last month. As to grain, it is not only higher in the home markets, but also in those of the Continent. Wheat is 4s. or 5s. a quarter dearer than at the beginning of the month; barley, 2s. or 3s.; oats, 1s. or 2s.; and peas and beans are disposed of on somewhat better terms.

In Inverness-shire, the seed-time for winter wheat has been protracted, generally, to a later period than usual, and in different situations it remained unfinished at the end of last month. Comparatively few fields of this grain were then green, but where the braid had appeared, it seemed sufficiently thick and regular.—Turnips turned out a medium crop,—potatoes rather below an average. But, instead of following out the details of the different provincial papers, we will be safer to take for our guide the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, just published.—“The wheat is bulky in straw, and productive in grain; and it is generally of good quality. Its weight runs from 60 lb. to 63 lb. per imperial bushel.—Barley is the most bulky of all the crops of the season. But for the adverse weather at the commencement of harvest, it would have proved, in respect of colour, weight, and prolificacy, the finest crop for many years past, perhaps since the year 1822. Its weight, as it is, runs from 51 lb. to 53 lb. per bushel, on an average,—some of it being so low as 50 lb.,

and other samples as high as 56 lb.—Oats improved towards the end of harvest, and are a better crop, both in point of straw and grain, than was at one time expected. The colour is not generally fine, but a considerable proportion has proved well as to the meal quality. The weight of potato oats runs from 41 lb. to 44 lb. per bushel; the common from 39 lb. to 42 lb.—Both peas and beans are bulky,—the former are more productive than the latter.—Turnips improved very much throughout the whole kingdom during the fine warm weather in September.—Potatoes are a very unequal crop, those upon strong lands proving deficient, while upon light soils they are both productive and of good quality. There has been an extraordinary activity among foreign grain this quarter, and an amazing briskness in the cattle markets. The abundance of fodder everywhere has caused a short supply of cattle in the markets; and the great improvement of the turnip crop in England, has created an unexpected demand from the South. The consequence has been a rise of prices in every succeeding market. At Doune and Hallow Fairs, cattle were £1, and sheep 5s. above the Falkirk prices.”

The demand for horses of a fair quality was very good at Castle Douglas on the 4th; and such found a good market. Best draught horses brought a high price, the best pair brought £80; while the highest price obtained for a carriage mare was £50. The demand for inferior animals and ponies was rather dull. At Newton-Stewart, the show of horses was more numerous, and of better quality than usual,—particularly of strong, young, and powerful farm horses. The breed of horses is fast improving in Galloway, as farmers see the nonsense of rearing from the small boned blood, what is called in the country, good-for-no-purpose animals. A great many dealers appeared from five different counties, and the demand for good horses was brisk.

The following may not be uninteresting to our readers, and this seems the only place where it can be most properly inserted. Of British cattle, one hundred and sixty thousand are annually sold in Smithfield. If we reckon this to be a tenth part of the cattle slaughtered in the United Kingdom, it follows that one million six hundred thousand cattle are sent to the butcher every year; and, ave-



raging the value of British cattle at L10 per head, it will amount to eighty millions sterling. Twelve hundred thousand sheep, thirty-six thousand pigs, and eighteen thousand calves, are also sent to Smithfield in the course of a year; and, if we reckon these to be a tenth of the whole number, and allow only two years as the average duration of the lives of sheep and pigs, and value the calves at L2 10s., the pigs at L2, and the sheep at L1 10s., we shall arrive at the additional sum of nearly forty millions, and a total of nearly 120 millions sterling, or a seventh part of the enormous National Debt!—Fourteen thousand acres are said to be occupied as fruit and kitchen gardens, for the supply of London with fruit and vegetables, the average produce of which, even

at the present reduced price of the various articles brought to market, may be stated at L60 per acre, or about L840,000 per annum. In the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh, there are about 500 statute (400 Scotch) acres employed in gardens, besides those at from 6 to 15 miles distance, which occasionally send supplies to the market. The total produce is stated at L18,000 in all, or L36 per statute acre per annum. In the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, the market gardeners find onions the most profitable article they can raise, procuring for them L45 to L48 per acre. Carrots yield about the same sums. Turnips from L14 to L18; and potatoes from L15 to L20. Is there no similar account for the city of Glasgow?

December 17.

## COMMERCE, MARKETS, AND MANUFACTURES.

DECEMBER 23, 1832.

A FEVERISH state of excitement continued amongst the commercial classes for a considerable part of the past month, induced by the well-grounded anxiety felt as to our conjoint interference with France in the affairs of Holland. No transactions of importance, with the latter country, were entered into—no one seemed hardy enough to attempt a mercantile speculation, until the question of peace or war was decided—and, saving a slight stream of necessary business, as if loth to leave its accustomed channel altogether dry, the flow of commerce ceased, and its late vivacious spirit lay dormant. Whatever, therefore, may be our opinions on the necessity of the interference of this country in the affairs of the Continent, it is greatly to be regretted, in so far as our trade and commerce are concerned, that such necessity has arisen; and we believe that it was less from political motives, than from the feeling of irritation experienced amongst our manufacturing and commercial communities at having the well-being of their varied interests so suddenly broken in upon, that the late meetings throughout the kingdom so much reprobated the proceedings of Government. The movement of this country in the cause of Belgium has been sensibly felt for some time; and although, perhaps, taking an enlarged view of our commercial status, we may still occupy as high ground as heretofore, yet the uncertainty as to what results the steps that have been taken may tend, prevents business from making a desirably extensive and unrestrained progress. The above cause, added to the simultaneous proceeding of the elections throughout the kingdom, latterly caused almost a suspension of business, from which the public pulse has yet scarcely resumed the firm, unperturbed tone, symptomatic of healthful energy. From the way, however, in which

the elections seem to go off, and notwithstanding the disgraceful scenes that several of our manufacturing towns have displayed, confidence promises to spread rapidly among all classes. The stability of the present Ministry is not likely to be endangered; and, with a feeling akin to this view of matters, the monied interest already evince a spirit that flouts at all alarm from electoral results. The cause of the people has, in general, triumphed; and while we write, a proud anticipation swells within us of what a Reformed Parliament and a liberal Ministry must effect of good for this noble country—this excellent, but abused people. The ultras, both of the *Conservatives* and *Destructives*, are likely to be excluded from the new House of Commons; and within its walls we may expect much patriotism, enlightened principle, and practical knowledge will combine—not, like former empirics, to torture and destroy the patient, but to apply to the wounds of Britain, bloated as she is with many corruptions, a hand that will deal tenderly by those of a more vital nature, but yet that will not shrink to use both cautery and scalpel in the removal of every morbid exudation that prevents her return to confirmed health.

The Money Market has by no means been greatly agitated during the month. The decline in the various securities that was generally experienced at the latter end of November continued for some time with but little fluctuation: about the 10th of this month, however, prices had so far veered round, that they reached the maximum point from which they were depressed before hostilities commenced with Holland; and within these few days, such was the confidence of financial men that peaceful negotiations would be brought to operate effectively on the threa-

tening position of belligerent parties, that large sums have been laid out in the purchase of such stocks as were open, and time-bargains kept an equally buoyant pace. Exchequer bills have been, for the most part, at 25 to 27, but latterly the premium has risen considerably higher.—Bank and India Stocks have each been very equal in their prices since our last; but India bonds have risen fully 3 per cent. French stock, both at London and Paris, has maintained its value extraordinarily well; the idea seems to be, that the expense of the expedition against Holland will have to be borne by those in whose behalf it has been undertaken. The Dutch and Belgian securities, which we last noticed as on the decline, rose pretty freely in the fore-part of the month—Dutch in particular—and have lately been very firm, with a good deal doing in them. The rumours connected with the present state of affairs in Portugal have caused considerable fluctuation in the Regency Scrip. At present it looks worse for the cause of Don Pedro than at our last. Portuguese Stock was lately on the rise. In Foreign Stocks considerable speculation took place in the early part of the month, but they have only in a trifling degree risen or retrograded. Of late, the prices of most of the Northern securities have been merely nominal. An application, by the Emperor of Russia, for a new loan, has recently been made to this country, but was received with that scorn and indignation which it merited. The flat denial which he got, will teach him that British capitalists are not to be gulled into a loan, which, once granted, they are pretty well aware the Muscovite cub would have the effrontery to employ in a war, if not against this country, at least against those liberal principles which this country so honourably espouse, to the utter chagrin of despotism.

The foreign trade has been increasingly depressed by the state of both Dutch and Portuguese affairs. Although the blockade of Oporto has been somewhat relaxed, still commercial communications cannot be made with security. Complaints have been urged of the great inconvenience arising to trade from this cause, but the answers of Government give no hope as yet of a speedy amelioration. It has indeed been bruited, that the recognition of Donna Maria as Queen of Portugal, is a subject presently agitated in our Cabinet; but how soon, if at all, this may take place, is likely to remain matter of mere conjecture for some time yet. As the result of the present French hostilities against the Dutch, the fall of the citadel of Antwerp is speedily anticipated, if a capitulation be not effected through a pacific medium. As the latter is still strongly expected to prove the result, the evacuation of their present stronghold by the Dutch, will, in all likelihood, put a termination to the warlike manifestations on the Continent, when our commerce, it is to

be hoped, will again command the firm footing it formerly held, and our manufacturers have a large and ready market opened, from which they have lately been all but shut out.

The re-election of Gen. Jackson as President, and Mr. Van Buren as Vice-President of the United States, has just taken place, after a hard contest—which appointments seem to give general satisfaction to the commercial interests of England, as Jackson and his party are said to be somewhat favourable to that reciprocity system which we have adopted in our intercourse with our rivals. The Tariff is again creating a violent sensation in the Southern States. Accounts state that an ordinance of the Convention of Columbia was about to be prepared, declaring the acts of 1828 and 1832 null and void, and not binding on the citizens of the State; and if the same were attempted to be enforced by naval or military force, the Union was to be declared dissolved. It was thought probable that Congress, which was to have assembled on the 3d of this month, would take the matter into serious consideration, and pass such laws, that the very high duties on iron, woollens, cottons, &c., would be reduced annually by regular gradations, so that in the course of a few years the whole would be reduced to the wants of the Government for revenue, which will not require more than 15 per cent. on the cost. Great dissatisfaction prevailed against England on account of her Corn-Laws,—than these, nothing produced a more popular effect in sustaining the system of high duties. The cotton crop promised to be a large one, but everywhere the paucity of stock appeared loudly to call for this. The wheat crops were likewise good, but the state of the American markets made it hopeless that ours would be sought while such excessive duties existed. Quebec and Montreal papers still speak of the rapidly-increasing prosperity of the Canadian Provinces, and of the advance they have acquired by the unprecedented transfer of industry and capital from the mother country, which has found advantageous employment within their limits. The increase of the population has not been less than one-fourth since the same period of last year. Every town and village exhibits indubitable symptoms of industry and improvement; and bands of English, German, and Swiss emigrants, were fully employed in the various districts in which they had located themselves. Great advantages were in prospect from the lately effected opening of the Rideau canal. The season of navigation was drawing to a close at Quebec; and there were about 30 vessels to sail. The number of ships that had arrived at Quebec was somewhat less than last year, which is sufficiently accounted for by the prevalence of cholera during the season. It is pleasurable to meditate that, with the vast capabilities of these colonies, in 25 or 30 years, a population of two millions, con-

suming exclusively English manufactures, and affording an entrance into the United States of a much larger population, will secure a most important outlet to our products. How much attention ought this country to bestow upon the interests of these valuable possessions, since so much of its own fortunes depends upon the parental manner in which they are treated! On the 30th of October, Earl Mulgrave opened the Session of the Jamaica Legislature with a speech that was expected to produce very favourable results for the colony. The Earl appears to be convinced that the colonists have been labouring under great misrepresentation, and promises to make it his care that their conduct and motives shall be faithfully reported to the Home Government in future. He expresses a hope that, as the Orders in Council are now suspended, some measures will originate with the planters themselves for the amelioration of the slaves. Altogether, the substance of his Excellency's address is reported to have given general satisfaction.—Some excitement prevailed in the island at date of last intelligence; but the firm yet urbane tenor of the Governor's line of conduct afforded hope that all parties would soon be completely conciliated.—The Coffee crop at St. Thomas's is said to be a failure this season; the Sugar crop there and at Porto Rico is allowed to be very unfavourable, and the price is expected to be as high as 4½ piasres.—The colony of St. Lucia has been recently in a state of almost entire insubordination,—the slaves escaping by dozens to Martinique. The country appears irretrievably ruined, and the Orders in Council is the fruitful cause. At Martinique a well-organized plot has been discovered, which was to have resulted in the death of all the whites on the island on the night of St. Bartholomew: the Governor had secured the ringleaders.—Santa Anna continues his course of success in the Mexican Republic, and no doubt remains of its subjugation by his victorious arms. Tranquillity had not been disturbed in Mexico up to the 5th of October, but trade suffered much annoyance, and the transports between the capital and Vera Cruz were greatly delayed.—A packet has lately arrived from Tampico with 150,000 dollars on board.—Late advices from Buenos Ayres state that much alarm existed amongst the merchants in consequence of the abrupt conclusion of negotiations with the United States relative to the Falkland Islands, as a contest with America threatened to prove very injurious to the commerce of Buenos Ayres.—The Directors of the national bank had found it impossible to declare a dividend. At Rio Janeiro the exchange on London had declined to 32½, owing to a falling off in the supply of produce, and the consequent remittance in bills of the sum in course of payment for the claims of British subjects.—Ac-

counts from the Mauritius still inform us that affairs there are in a most distressing state. The Governor has in vain required the inhabitants to return to a sense of civil duty, and to fulfil their engagements to one another. Mr. Jeremie having now taken his departure, accompanied with the 9th regiment of infantry, intelligence of his arrival and reception will be anxiously looked for; but that he will at all effect a landing is more than is expected, in the present state of the island, where the population are almost to a man irritated against him, and have assumed an attitude of stern resolve.—Business in Constantinople for merchandise has been greatly interrupted from a fresh outbreak of the plague. The supply of grain was greatly deficient, and British colonial produce was in much request. Opium was far from being abundant, and the olive crop was likely to be lost. At the various ports in the Black Sea, upwards of 400 vessels awaited cargoes. The accounts from Bombay, coupled with those from Canton, are unfavourable for speculation. From the unprecedented falls of rain, and several serious disturbances throughout the East, the country was much impoverished, and commercial affairs wore but a gloomy aspect. The burning of the arsenal at Fortwilliam, where a vast amount of goods were consolidated in one emporium, has caused an immense loss to the parties concerned. Advices from Calcutta state that the demand for white piece goods and book muslins had greatly subsided. Printed goods, raw silk, silk piece goods, and corahs, were in more active demand, but woollens were very languid, and in metals no business was doing. It is now stated that Government intend to throw open the East India trade, with the exception only of the article of tea, and even that is said to be under consideration, with the view of removing the fiscal difficulties which have alone delayed a decision.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts in England have been withal satisfactory during the month, notwithstanding the continued existence of those circumstances which at our last report threatened to have very injurious effects. At Rochdale, Bradford, and Halifax, the flannel and worsted stuff manufactures have seldom been in a better state, or goods bringing a more satisfactory price, and the markets are brisk. In the woollen trade there has been a sensible declension, but the silk trade continues moderately brisk, although the wages are low. The cutlery trade of Sheffield has materially improved of late, with which the country participates; the orders are larger, and money more plentiful. The leather trade is, as it has been for a long time, truly deplorable. Our Scottish manufacturers are much in the same state as at our last—in several places of the country a spirited business is going on, while in others extreme flatness is experienced. The carpet



manufactures of this kingdom are making rapid strides at improvement; and are in a flourishing state at present, particularly in Ayrshire. At Gallashiels and Hawick, trade has not been so brisk for the last 16 years. Among the several branches of business that continue to thrive, bleaching and calico-printing deserve most to be particularized. Since our last notice, trade in Paisley, at least so far as the workers are concerned, has continued very brisk. The weavers are all employed at a considerable advance of wages, and there is some prospect of the prices rising still higher. As yet, however, there is but little selling—the manufacturers proceeding briskly in the hope of a good demand in the spring months.—Thibet mantelets, with dark coloured borders, are still the articles of which most are being made. The Canton crape houses have begun to do something considerable, which is taking up some of the plain weavers. The Muslin trade of Glasgow is exceedingly low; and, with the exception of some descriptions of coloured goods, very little manufacturing business is doing to good purpose. No decision has yet been come to regarding the table of prices mentioned in last report, but it is easy to perceive that the idea of such a thing is not altogether palatable to the majority of the manufacturers, else they

would not be so long in concluding upon it. The state of the weaving community has long been truly pitiable, and if anything can tend to alleviate their condition, by the regulation of prices or otherwise, it ought to be heartily and at once acquiesced in.

Since the latter end of November, when the prices of grain somewhat advanced, the markets have been very steady. Of late they have generally become stocked, and the usual fall at this period of the year is likely to be experienced. The prices of live stock have been well sustained during the month. Both fat and lean meet with ready sales on this and the other side of the border. Sheep, in most of the markets, are enjoying a brisk demand.—Wool, both white and laid, has experienced a good sale this season; but as stocks are now well laid in, no higher prices may be expected. In the Irish Provision Market an unprecedented dullness has of late obtained, from a great accumulation of stock; and such is the infirm state of almost every article of that country's produce, that prices are entirely nominal. The Colonial produce markets of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, have lately suffered some little interruption from the bustle of the elections, but in other respects there is no striking feature of change to notice.

## DEATHS OF DISTINGUISHED INDIVIDUALS.

### DEATH OF DR. SPURZHEIM.

At the Edinburgh Phrenological Society, on Thursday evening, 13th Dec., Mr. Combe read the following letter received by him from a gentleman in Boston, United States:—

*"Boston, Nov. 15, 1832.*

"DEAR SIR,—Though I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with you, I trust the occasion of this letter is ample apology for the liberty I assume.

"Perhaps the sad and melancholy news may reach you before this letter; but it is with the deepest feelings of grief that I state that Dr. Spurzheim is no more.

"He died in this city on the 10th inst., at 11 o'clock P.M., after an illness of about three weeks. On the 17th of September he commenced a Course of Lectures on Phrenology in this city; and soon after, another course at Harvard University, Cambridge. These lectures occupied six evenings in the week. He delivered, besides, a course of five lectures before the Medical Faculty, on the Anatomy of the Brain, in the daytime. The subject having met with the most favourable reception, he laboured with great earnestness and pains to elucidate its principles. He being personally admired by our citizens, his time and presence were in constant demand. Added to these continued engagements, our peculiarly changeable climate had an unfavourable influence on his constitution. Sudden change exposed him to cold; and an incautious transition from a warm lecture-room to the evening air, was attended with debilitating effects. This variety of causes brought on, at first, slight indisposition, which, if it had been attended to, might have been easily checked. Regarding his illness of less consequence than the delivery of his lectures, he exerted himself for several days, when prudence required an entire cessation from labour. This was the fatal step; cold produced fever, and this imprudence seemed to settle the fever in the system.

"He was confined to his room about 15 days, in which time his disease gradually assumed a more alarming aspect until death. He was averse to all active medical treatment from the beginning, and resorted to simple drinks and frequent injections.

"The most skilful of the medical faculty in this city were constant in their attendance upon him, and we had two or three physicians with him constantly both day and night. The interest, the exertion, and the strong desire to save the life of so valuable a man, were deep and sincere in the hearts of his friends. All within the power and reach of feeble man was extended for his relief—but, alas! it was the will of Divine Providence that he should quit for ever the scene of his labour, love, and glory.

"His death has cast a gloom over our city. It is not lamented with the cold formality of the world; it produces grief of the most poignant character, and it is expressed in the deepest tones of afflicted humanity. Although he had been with us but a few weeks, his virtues and worth were known and acknowledged. His amiable manners, his practical knowledge, his benevolent disposition and purposes, his active and discriminating mind, all engaged the good opinions of the prejudiced, and won the affections of the candid. Alas, how inexplicable are the decrees of Divine Providence!

"His body has been examined by the medical faculty and embalmed. This was thought advisable in case his relations should have a desire to remove it. Casts of his head and brain have been taken, and his heart and lungs are also preserved.

"Saturday next, (day after to-morrow,) the last solemn offices are to be paid to this distinguished man, in a public manner. A eulogy by Dr. Follen, German Professor of Harvard University, will be delivered, and other services to correspond, and suitable to the occasion: an account of which I will transmit as soon as published."

Mr. Combe read another letter from America, stating that the audience at Dr. Spurzheim's lectures in Boston exceeded 300; that the Professors and Medical men of that city, and other scientific gentlemen, had formed themselves into committees, one of which superintended the inspection and embalming of Dr. Spurzheim's body; another took charge of his effects; and a third conducted the arrangements for a public funeral. Several sketches of the face were made by artists, and one by Mr. Audubon, the celebrated Ornithologist. The funeral was to take place from one of the churches, and his body was to be deposited in one of the vaults of the beautiful Cemetery at Mount Auburn, in a leaden coffin; and if his friends do not wish to remove it, a monument to his memory will be erected in the same place.

These honours to Dr. Spurzheim's memory reflect the highest credit on the Americans. They will hereafter boast, and justly, of the kind reception, and honourable sepulture, which they gave to this distinguished individual. Dr. Spurzheim was born near Treves in 1776, and was in his 56th year when he died. His whole life has been devoted to the study and teaching of the Physiology of the Brain, and Philosophy of Mind. His merits were recognised by many adequate judges in this country, and his doctrines continue rapidly to extend and establish themselves in Britain. He and Dr. Gall are now both numbered with the dead. The envy and dislike which, in the minds of some men not destitute of talents, obstructed the reception of their discoveries, will subside, and justice will speedily be done to them by all.

## BANKRUPTS.

### SCOTCH.

*November 22.*  
W. Miller, wood-merchant, Leith Walk, Edinburgh.

*November 27.*  
T. Herbertson, wright and builder in Glasgow.  
W. Ross, coach-proprietor and innkeeper, Portobello.

*November 28.*  
J. Campbell & Co., merchants and flax-spinners in Arbroath, and J. Campbell and D. D. Cargill, merchants and flax-spinners in Arbroath, as partners of that company, and as individuals.

*November 30.*  
W. Rosie, fish-curer in Pulteneytown, in the County of Caithness.

J. Hutchinson & Son, wood-merchants in Leith, and J. Hutchinson, sole surviving partner of that company, and as an individual.

R. and D. Mackinlay, merchants, Bank Street, Edinburgh.

*December 6.*  
T. Cook, manufacturer in Paisley.

*December 8.*  
R. Muide, flax-spinner at Balmule, near Dunfermline.

*December 11.*  
A. MacLachlan, wood-merchant in Helensburgh.  
R. Shearer, shipmaster, merchant, and grain-dealer, in Glasgow and Campbeltown.

*December 14.*  
J. and W. Reid, Distillers at Glenmavis, near Bathgate, as a company, and J. Reid, distiller at Glenmavis, as a partner of that company, and as an individual.

*December 15.*  
G. Begley, hardware merchant in Edinburgh.

### ENGLISH.

E. Gray and J. R. Gray, Liverpool, Lancaster, corn-merchants.

R. Church, Liverpool, Lancaster, coach-proprietor.

J. Emely, Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant and broker.

S. Drucker, Old City-Chambers, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, merchant.

W. Thomas, T. Thomas, and I. Thomas, Narrow Street, Ratcliffe, Middlesex, ship-owners.

J. Shaw, late of Great Saint Helens, London, general dealer.

W. Coles, the younger, No 7, Mincing Lane, London, broker.

M. R. Dun, late of Cawnpore, Oude, East Indies, but now of London Street, Fenchurch Street, London, and W. Cleugh, late of Calcutta, East Indies, but now of London Street aforesaid, merchants and indigo planters.

D. Gorely, No. 91, Great Russell Street, St. George, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, wholesale perfumer.

F. Whitmore, late of Lambeth, Surrey, brewer.  
J. Frost and J. Nelson, of Huddersfield, York, manufacturers of fancy goods.

A. Emmett, of Holden Wood, near Haslingden, Lancaster, cotton-spinner.









